CLASS R051 BOOK 25

VOL. 51

FREE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

DECATUR

ILLINOIS

ACCESSION 27272

From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006

JANUARY 1908

JAN 20 1907

Overland Monthly



ffinities by Gertrude Atherton

an Francisco. Price 15 Cents

88 FINGERS

Absolutely Without a Peer

88 FINGERS

The Melville Clark Apollo Player Piano

It cannot be equaled for the following unanswerable reasons:

1. IT HAS THE 88 NOTE RANGE, OR THE ENTIRE PIANO KEYBOARD, EACH ONE OF THE 88 PNEUMATIC FINGERS STRIKING A PIANO KEY. NO COUPLERS ARE USED. The Apollo is the only player piano in the world that has this range. All others have only 65 notes or 5 octaves. Would you be satisfied with a 5 octave piano when the standard range is 7 1-3 octaves? Certainly not. You will therefore naturally prefer the standard player with 88 notes.

2. ANOTHER IMPORTANT FEATURE IN APOLLO PLAYER PIANO CONSTRUCTION IS THE EFFECTIVE TRANSPOSING MOUTHPIECE, WHICH REPRESENTS FULLY 95 PER CENT OF PLAYER VALUE. By its use the key can be changed to accompany any voice or musical instrument. This one feature gives the Apollo player a great additional value in the musical home. The transposing mouthpiece also prevents the shrinking and swelling of the music rolls, which is oftentimes a source of great annoyance, and interferes with the proper execution of the score. No other player in the world has this transposing mouthpiece.

These important devices give the Apollo an unrivalled advantage and make it

The Player for the Musical Home

None other can touch it in superior features. It is peerless. It plays the compositions of the great composers exactly as they were written without transposition or rearrangement.

Send for illustrated booklet to the manufacturers

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO CO.

STEINWAY HALL

CHICAGO

88 FINGERS

The Apollo plays 58, 65 and 88 note music rolls.

88 FINGERS

Benj. Curtaz & Son, Agts., 1615 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

The Overland Monthly

Vol. LI---First Series

January-June, 1908



The OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

Offices---773 Market Street, San Francisco

R051
25
51

INDEX

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DECATUR, ILL.

A BALL FIELD MONOLOGUE. (Story)	"JAC." LOWELL	85
A CALIFORNIA PETUNIA FARM Illustrated with photographs.	M. E. DUDLEY	537
ACROSTIC. (Poem.)	CHARLES ELMER JENNEY	441
ADMIRAL EVANS TO THE PACIFIC		198
"AFFINITIES." Essay Illustrated with portraits.	GERTRUDE ATHERTON	4
"AFFINITIES"—A REPLY	FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD	250
A FRIEND INDEED. (Poem)	WILBUR LARREMORE	86
A GRAY DAY. Poem	DONALD A. FRAZER	574
A GREATER AND A GREATEST SAN FRANCISCO	JOHN CHETWOOD	459
A MAIDEN'S SONG. Poem	SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT	546
AMERICA'S FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR Illustrated with photographs.	JOHN L. COWAN	515
ANIMAL LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO	MAJ. JOHN B. JEFFERY	574
A PLEA FOR CHEERFULNESS. (Poem.)	MABEL PORTER PITTS	366
A SONG OF PAN. (Poem)	RAYMOND SUMNER BARTLETT	189
A TOAST. Verse	STACY E. BAKER	205
A WOMAN CREW—AN ENGLISH EMANCIPATION. Illustrated with Photographs.	HAROLD MONTAGUE SPARK	216
BANJO SONG. Poem Illustrated with portrait of the author.	STACY E. BAKER	558
CALIFORNIA'S "NATIVE SONS"	JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND	105
CALIFORNIA. Poem	FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER	278
CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES OF THE PAST Illustrated with Photographs.	JOHN A. REID	229
CALIFORNIA ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK Illustrated with reproductions from original paintings.	ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN	25
CHINESE SLAVE GIRLS	MRS. E. V. ROBBINS	100
CHATS WITH THE ADVERTISER		490
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD Illustrated with portrait.	CHARLES PHILLIPS	135
CLOSE OF THE DAY (THE). Story	DAVID HENRY WALKER	261
CLIMBING SUNSET MOUNTAIN	ROBERT M. BARKER	140
COMPENSATION. (Poem.) Illustrated with photographs.	MABEL PORTER PITTS	332
CO-OPERATION. (Poem)	ODELL T. FELLOW	187
CURIOUS TREES	WINIFRED L. BROWN	503
DAY-DAWN. (Poem)	LILIAN HARTZLER WISTRAND	324
DESTINY. (Poem)	MYRTLE CONGER	162
DOWN IN OUR NEXT TWO STATES Illustrated with Photographs.	FELIX J. KOCH	255
EXPLOITING THE MINES OF LUZON Illustrated with photographs.	E. JUDSON and J. LEE	527
FRONTISPIECE. (Portrait.)	ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS	396
FRONTISPIECE	THE TEXAN	491
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES. (Essay)	H. M. B.	190
GLIMPSES OF JAPANESE VILLAGE LIFE Illustrated with Photographs.	CHARLES LORRIMER	221
GLIMPSES OF THE ORIENT. Illustrated with photographs.		386
GOLD IN UMBER. (Poem.)	SINCLAIR LEWIS	82
GUATEMALA—A LAND OF PROGRESS Illustrated with photographs.	HON. JOHN BARRETT	42
HALF-FRIENDSHIP. Poem	WILLIAM H. ANDERSON	287
IN A FAR COUNTRY. Story	JACK LONDON	270
IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT Harrison Gray Otis and His Fight for the Open Shop, by Alfred Holman, Editor of the Argonaut.		288

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT 191
Hon. Victor H. Metcalf, Serious and Solid; Hon. Geo. C. Perkins, Plain, Rich and Affable; M. H. De Young, Successful Publisher.

INCONSISTENCY. (Poem) ROY TEMPLE HOUSE 313
IN LOVER'S LANE. (Poem.) H. O. WISE 344
INSECT ENEMY OF THE MONTEREY PINES . R. W. DOANE 361
Illustrated with photographs by E. G. Dudley.

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT. 52
"The Other Mr. Rogers;" "The Unknown Mr. Ryan;" "William H. Langdon;" "Burns—Star of the Secret Service."
Illustrated with portraits.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND 295
IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND F. MARION GALLAGHER 486
IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND F. MARION GALLAGHER 580
IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND 390

JAPAN—CAPTURING ORIENTAL TRADE . . JEROME K. LEAVATT 12
Illustrated with photographs.

JAPAN DOES NOT WANT WAR SIUZO HAYASHI 15
JOHN AND JOSEPH LE CONTE 389
JUNE. Poem GRACE HIBBARD 526
LOVE'S SWEET PART. (Poem.) LURA BROWER 75
LORD, THY WILL. (Story). J. NORMAN SHREVE 467
LUTHER BURBANK. Portrait FRONTISPIECE
MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD FRED A. HUNT. 408
Illustrated with photographs.

MY CALIFORNIA LADY. (Poem) SINCLAIR LEWIS 51
MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG. (Story) MINNIE OLIPHANT 83

NEW ZEALAND 559
Illustrated with photographs.
NEVADA—SCENES FROM THE SAGEBRUSH STATE. 259
NIRVANA? Poem LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN 536
NOTHING THE MATTER WITH SAN FRANCISCO 61
NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES. (Portraits) 451
James Norris Gillett, Governor of the State of California; Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy; Brigadier-General John A. Koster; Edward Robeson Taylor, Mayor of San Francisco.

NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES . (Portraits.) 380
Professor Joseph Le Conte. Dr. John C. Le Conte.
Drawings by Miss F. Soule Campbell.

OBSERVATIONS OSCULATORY. (Poem) . . THE MAJOR 84
OLD AGE TO CUPID (Poem) FRANCIS E. SHELDON 19
ON THE ROCKS. (Poem.) MARIE WELLS 485
ON THE NORTH COAST. (Illustrations.) 338
ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL CIVILIZATION . JOHN A. HENSHALL 215
OVERLAND'S NOVELETTES.
The Cloudburst on the Mountain . . . KENNETH WALKER 146
JACK'S BOYS, Part II (Story) HELEN WILMANS 159
OVERLAND'S NOVELETTE—JACK'S BOYS . HELEN WILMANS 76
OUR MARITIME OUTLOOK JOHN F. GREATHEAD 397
Illustrated with photographs.

PATHFINDERS OF THE SILENCE . . . AGNES DEANS CAMERON 237
Illustrated with Photographs.

PLANT AFFINITIES MRS. EMMA BURBANK BEESON 163
PHILIPPINE RAILROAD PROGRESS 442
PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS—I DAEDALUS 315
Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings.

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS.—II DAEDALUS 481
Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

QUATRAIN H. O. WISE 260

RALSTON'S CRUCIAL MOMENT. (Story) . . WALTER A. RIVERS 182
RENDER UNTO CAESAR . (Story.) . . . HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS 325
REMARKS BY THE WIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER. (Story.) GRACE ESTELLE WARD 318
RECOGNITION. (Poem.) H. C. N. 430
RICHARD WAINWRIGHT ARTHUR H. DUTTON 415

SAD LOVE STORY OF A COOK. (Poem.) . . HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS 447
SANTA BARBARA. (Poem.) RUTHELLA SCHULTZE BOLLARD 11
SENOR PATRICK. (Story.) RAYMOND W. HENDERSON 382
SECRETARY TAFT IN THE ORIENT 35
With photographs by Robert Lee Dunn.

SEERS. (Poem.) JULIE M. LIPPMANN 41
SEA CUCUMBERS 557
SEUMAS MAC'MANUS F. MARION GALLAGHER 493
Illustrated with photographs.

SHADOWS OF THE PLAINS. (Poem) . . . JOAQUIN MILLER 62
SHATTERED ROMANCE, A. Story WINFIELD HOGABOOM 279
STUDYING MAN'S PHYSICAL GROWTH 555
STORIETTES 93
"The Garden Angel," by Viola Gardner Brown;" "Rattlesnake Jim," by S. S. B.; "Bravery and Buttons," by Florence L. Pierce.

SOCIALISM M. GRIER KIDDER 541
SOME RUINS OF EASTERN MEXICO 547
SURSUM CORDA . Verse JOSEPH NOEL 504
SUMMER SEAS. (Poem) CHARLES WARREN STODDARD 199

27072

INDEX.

TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD A MODERN MAN-O'-WAR Illustrated with photographs.	DIO L. DAWSON	463
THE "JEKYLL-HYDE" HARRIMAN Illustrated with Photographs.	EDWIN WILDMAN	207
THE CITY THAT IS TO BE. Poem	KIRK L. SIMPSON	294
THE "TE KATIPO EXTENDED." Poem.	LOLA RIDGE	298
THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF PLANT BREEDING	LUTHER BURBANK	8
THE HINDU IN AMERICA Illustrated with Photographs.	GIRINDRA MUKERJI, M. S.	303
THE WEST AND THE HINDU INVASION	AGNES FOSTER BUCHANAN	308
THE FAMILY OF PADRE JUAN BAUTISTA (Story)	GEO. WETHERILL EARL, JR.	333
THE STAY-AT-HOME. (Story.)	EDGAR WHITE	340
THE STORM. (Poem.)	GEORGIA L. FIELD	343
THE HISTORY OF CHOP-SUEY AND FAN-TAN	GURDEN EDWARDS	345
THE LASTING ESCAPE. (Story.)	ARMOR JEAN DEAMER	351
THE PEKING TO PARIS MOTOR RACE	CHARLES LORRIMER	372
THE PILGRIM. (Poem.)	JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH	379
THE VOICE OF NATURE. (Poem.)	HATTIE WASHBURN	385
THE LONG WHITE ROAD. (Story.)	BOB FOOTE	387
THE PUBLISHER'S ADVICE		392
THE NEW YORK TO PARIS RACE—AROUND THE WORLD. Illustrated with Photographs.		367
THE LAST STAND AT GOLDFIELD	WINFIELD HOGABOOM	111
THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD Illustrated with photographs.	FRED M. MANNING	121
THE DIAMONDS. (Story)	HORATIO LANGFORD KING	165
THE DECAYED CITY OF URES Illustrated with photographs.	J. E. CARNE	172
THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL Illustration.		188
THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB	HENRY MEADE BLAND	196
THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB	HENRY MEAD BLAND	484
THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB	HENRY MEADE BLAND	511
THE CLOSE OF THE DAY. (Story)	DAVID HENRY WALKER	200
THE DESERTER. (Story)	HOYT MOORE	20
WHEN FADES THE LIGHT. (Poem)	LEIGH GORDAN GILTNER	24
THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB	HENRY MEADE BLAND	64
THE AGENT AT CACTUS DIP. (Story)	BAILEY MILLARD	66
THE RECLAMATION SERVICE AND THE IMPERIAL VALLEY Illustrated with photographs.	L. M. HOLT	70
THE MARKED DOOR	BURTON JACKSON WYMAN	87
THE BOOK-KEEPER. (Poem.)	W. Y. SHEPPARD	402
THE PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTION TO THE NAVY Illustrated with photographs.	ARTHUR H. DUTTON	403
THREE MEN AND THREE DESTINIES Illustrated with portrait.		418
THE GUARDIAN OF OUR NATION'S HEALTH Illustrated with photograhps.	JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE	419
THE LOG OF AN ANCHORED FRIGATE Illustrated with photographs.	FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE	431
THE PHANTOM PICTURE. (Story.)	HENRY WALTER NOYES.	461
THE COYOTE. (Story.) Illustrated with drawings.	EDWIN L. SABIN	474
THE PUBLISHER'S ADVICE		489
THE FLEET AT SAN FRANCISCO Illustrated with photographs.		498
THORNS IN THEIR SIDES. Story	GEORGE A. MILLER	506
THE PERJURER. Story	HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS	521
THE SONG OF THE BUSH. Poem	LOLA RIDGE	540
THE TEXAN. Story	DONALD KENNICOTT	550
THE LAST OF THE PACK. Story	C. NELSON MILLER	571
THE REVERSION OF McGOWAN. Story	WILL C. BEALE	575
TOLD BY THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS. Legend.	HENRIETTE R. KROEBER	553
TO INCOGNITA. (Poem.)	ARTHUR S. EBBETS.	448
TO AN EASTERN FRIEND. (Poem)	VERA MOLLER	119
TO THE FLEET. (Poem)	STANTON ELLIOT	395
TO AGE. (Poem)	EDWIN WILDMAN	103
TRANSPLANTED SURVIVAL, A	GEO. GRANTHAM BAIN	285
UNCLE BION'S FIRST WHALE	THEODORE A. CUTTING	376
WAIT. (Poem)		145
WAIT. (Poem).		359
WESTERN LAND. Poem	EDWIN L. SABIN	570
WHEN THE GREAT FLEET ARRIVES	ARTHUR H. DUTTON	265
WHEN BUD HASTY WOOED THE MUSE Illustrations by O. Riehl.	BARTNETT FRANKLIN	89
WHAT ENDS WELL. (Story.)	BILLEE GLYNN.	436
WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT Illustrated with Photographs.	MISS KATE AMES	513
WOMAN WHO WOULD NOT PRAY, THE. Story.	AMANDA MATHEWS	281

TIFFANY & CO.

Announcement

Many misleading advertisements prompt Tiffany & Co. to caution intending purchasers that rings sold elsewhere as "Tiffany rings," or "Tiffany settings," are not made by this house, as Tiffany & Co. are strictly retailers and do not employ agents or sell through other dealers. Their manufactures can be purchased only direct from Tiffany & Co.'s establishments in New York, Paris and London. Tiffany & Co. are the largest retail dealers in diamonds and other precious stones in the world. Their facilities for securing the choicest gems from first hands enable them to maintain a most extensive stock of precious stones and pearls set in all the modern forms of rich as well as inexpensive jewelry

To persons known to the house or who will make themselves known by satisfactory references, Tiffany & Co. will send for inspection selections from their stock

Tiffany & Co.'s 1908 Blue Book is a compact catalogue of 666 pages containing concise descriptions, with range of prices of jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes, pottery, glassware, etc., suitable for wedding presents or other gifts—Blue Book sent upon request

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York

Vol. LI **No. 1**

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1908

LUTHER BURBANK. Portrait		FRONTISPIECE
"AFFINITIES." Essay Illustrated with portraits.	GERTRUDE ATHERTON	4
THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF PLANT BREEDING	LUTHER BURBANK	8
SANTA BARBARA. (Poem.)	RUTHELLA SCHULTZE BOLLARD	11
JAPAN—CAPTURING ORIENTAL TRADE Illustrated with photographs.	JEROME K. LEAVATT	12
JAPAN DOES NOT WANT WAR	SIUZO HAYASHI	15
OLD AGE TO CUPID (Poem)	FRANCIS E. SHELDON	19
THE DESERTER. (Story)	HOYT MOORE	20
WHEN FADES THE LIGHT. (Poem)	LEIGH GORDAN GILTNER	24
CALIFORNIA ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK Illustrated with reproductions from original paintings.	ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN	25
SECRETARY TAFT IN THE ORIENT With photographs by Robert Lee Dunn.		35
SEERS. (Poem.)	JULIE M. LIPPMANN	41
GUATEMALA—A LAND OF PROGRESS Illustrated with photographs.	HON. JOHN BARRETT	42
MY CALIFORNIA LADY. (Poem)	SINCLAIR LEWIS	51
IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT. "The Other Mr. Rogers;" "The Unknown Mr. Ryan;" "William H. Langdon;" "Burns—Star of the Secret Service." Illustrated with portraits.		52
NOTHING THE MATTER WITH SAN FRANCISCO		61
SHADOWS OF THE PLAINS. (Poem)	JOAQUIN MILLER	62
THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB	HENRY MEADE BLAND	64
THE AGENT AT CACTUS DIP. (Story)	BAILEY MILLARD	66
THE RECLAMATION SERVICE AND THE IMPERIAL VALLEY Illustrated with photographs.	L. M. HOLT	70
LOVE'S SWEET PART. (Poem.)	LURA BROWER	75
OVERLAND'S NOVELETTE—JACK'S BOYS	HELEN WILMANS	76
GOLD IN UMBER. (Poem.)	SINCLAIR LEWIS	82
MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG. (Story)	MINNIE OLIPHANT	83
OBSERVATIONS OSCULATORY. (Poem)	THE MAJOR	84
A BALL FIELD MONOLOGUE. (Story)	"JAC." LOWELL	85
A FRIEND INDEED. (Poem)	WILBUR LARREMORE	86
THE MARKED DOOR	BURTON JACKSON WYMAN	87
WHEN BUD HASTY WOOED THE MUSE Illustrations by O. Riehl.	BARTNETT FRANKLIN	89
STORIETTES "The Garden Angel," by Viola Gardner Brown;" "Rattlesnake Jim," by S. S. B.; "Bravery and Buttons," by Florence L. Pierce.....		93
CHINESE SLAVE GIRLS	MRS. E. V. ROBBINS	100

Issued Monthly. $1.50 per year, in advance. Fifteen Cents per copy.
Copyrighted, 1906, by the Overland Monthly Company.

Application for entry as second-class mail matter has been made at the San Francisco, Cal., post-office, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Northwestern offices at 74 Hirbour Building, Butte, Montana, under management of Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.
773 Market Street.



ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS

$1.00 TO $3.00

AND

BON TON CORSETS

$3.00 TO $10.00

Combine features of Style and Fit which make them the choice of Modistes wherever fine dressmaking is done.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEALERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

1867 1908



ELECTRO SILICON

Is Unequalled for Cleaning and Polishing SILVERWARE.

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15c. in stamps for a full box.

Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.

Grocers and Druggists sell it.

FRED'K B. VOLZ MRS. HELEN FREESE

Volz & Freese

Importers of works of art.

Present some odd, quaint and beautiful things from the art centers of the world: Original Oil Paintings, Ivory, Miniature Carved Ivory, Art Furniture, Bric-a-Brac, Curios, Bronzes, Statuary, Old Capo Di Monte, Antique Rouen, Chelsea, Lowestoft, Bristol, Etc., with prices that are attractive.

An exceptional opportunity for wedding presents

947-949 Van Ness Avenue

Telephone 2917 FRANKLIN

The
BEST
RESULTS
are obtained by
advertising in the
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE
It is therefore
indispensable to
the advertiser.



Ready January 15th

A NEW NOVEL

BY

ELLEN GLASGOW

Author of "The Wheel of Life," "The Deliverance," Etc.

The Ancient Law

Miss Glasgow is not only one of the most compelling novelists of America: her work shows a moral earnestness which causes it to tower above the flood of ephemeral clever books. With such a high aim and with an equipment of literary style, genuine feeling for human character, and an abiding sense of humor—it is no wonder that she has steadily advanced to a position where a new novel from her pen is an event of note to all those who take literature seriously.

"The Ancient Law," a story of Virginia, shows the author at her best. It is a story of human struggle and human love—the triumphant picture of a strong man, Daniel Ordway, dominating, by sheer force of character, a relentless combination of adverse circumstances. One finishes the book with fresh confidence and courage. ($1.50.)

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., 133 East 16 St., New York City

A Song of Autumn and Other Poems

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

A book of verse full of Western spirit, containing "Pictures of Old California."

A story in rhyme giving a view of old time life in the West. One dollar per copy.

SEND A COPY TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

ADDRESS: THE SHORT STORY CLUB, SAN JOSE, CAL.

On FRUITS and CEREALS

BORDEN'S PIONEER BRAND EVAPORATED MILK



(Unsweetened)

IS DELICIOUS



Borden's Condensed Milk Company,

Est. 1857. "LEADERS OF QUALITY" New York.

JUDICIOUS PURCHASING

OF THE MATERIAL IN YOUR BUILDING MEANS MORE PROFIT ON YOUR INVESTMENT. BUY FROM US, AS SALES AGENTS OF CALIFORNIA'S BEST CONSTRUCTIVE MATERIALS. OUR QUALITY IS UNSURPASSED AND SAN FRANCISCO BENEFITS BY OUR PRICES. IT MEANS MONEY TO YOU, WHETHER OWNER, ARCHITECT OR CONTRACTOR.

Our Lines Comprise

CEMENT---Standard Portland Cement
Santa Cruz Portland Cement
LIME---Holmes Lime Co., brands
PLASTER---Marbelite Hardwall Plaster
BRICK---Central Brick Co., Red and Repressed,
Carnegie Brick and Pottery Co., Fire and
Face Brick, Sewer Pipe and Terra Cotta.
CRUSHED ROCK---Good Quality. "Blue Trap."

Western Building Material Company

430 CALIFORNIA ST. Phone Temporary 2647 SAN FRANCISCO

Put Your Money in a New York Enterprise

Particularly, if you can get it in one that is a money-maker and has stood all tests for 25 YEARS MAKING a PROFIT each year.

$9.50 will start you, giving you a $10 interest with a *personal* guarantee "by the Treasurer of the Company," for 6¼ per cent on your money.

$95 will give you 10 shares of stock (the par value of which is $100), or you may secure as many shares as you desire by paying one-tenth of the amount down, one-tenth more each month thereafter, until paid for, beside getting all dividends paid on your stock during that time.

Just a Moment Now

While I tell you something of this company whose stock I am offering, and which you should buy if you want a safe, sound and money-making investment, one that will permit you to sleep well, and makes money for you while *you* sleep.

History of the Business

Mr. John F. Douthitt, "whose name this company bears," established this business *25 years ago,* has made money every year since, last year *cleared over $50,000.* All these years the business has been located on the wealthiest street, in the greatest city in the world, 273 Fifth avenue, New York City.

The *John F. Douthitt Co.* deals in hand-painted tapestries, upholsteries, draperies, oil paintings, water colors, brass goods and antiques of all kinds; besides all this, the company does a large *decorating* business. Mr. Douthitt has decorated some of the finest homes, hotels, theatres, State capitols and court houses in all parts of the *United States.*

The company is headquarters for and carries the largest stock of *HAND PAINTED SILK TAPESTRIES IN THE WORLD.*

The continual growth of this enterprise made it too large for a one man business, thereby necessitating making it a corporation, which was affected last November when the John F. Douthitt Co. took over this excellent business, with a house packed full of goods amounting to over $200,000 AND NOT ONE CENT OF INDEBTEDNESS. Can one ask for anything better?

There is a limited amount of this stock for sale, but only a part of that will be sold at $9.50, and the only notice of advance in price will be when printed on the coupon below.

In filling out the coupon, write plainly the name to whom the certificate is for, but send in quickly before the advance in price.

There is a good position here for several men in the different lines.

Make all checks and orders to G. M. WHEELER, Treasurer.

JOHN F. DOUTHITT CO. **273 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.**

FORMED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF MAINE

Capital stock, (full paid and non-assessable) $300,000.
Par value of shares, $10 each, now selling at $9.50 per share.

Enclosed find $_____ in payment for _____ shares of the Jno. F. Douthitt Co. Issue Certificate to _____, City _____,

Street _____, State _____.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

A Famous Brand of Silver Plate

noted for patterns of unusual character and artistic merit, finish and wearing quality. Spoons, forks, knives, etc., marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "N-37" showing all the newer as well as standard patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

CHARTER OAK
THE LATEST PATTERN



"Silver Plate that Wears"

The PROVIDENT
Life and Trust Company
Of Philadelphia

Insurance in Force -	$187,670,839.00
Assets - - -	61,639,557.56
Excess over Liabilities	8,505.533.56

This excess includes Capital Stock, $1,000,000, and the amount set aside for distribution in current dividends to policyholders, and the amount of Additional or Contingent Reserve.

The new policies of the Provident are unsurpassed for conciseness and simplicity of form and for adaptability and liberality in all essentials.

The premium rates of the Provident are exceedingly low and are still further reduced by large annual dividends.

VAIL & ELDREDGE,
GENERAL AGENTS

Call Building, San Francisco, and 309 Security Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

Is free from harmful elements. Its alkalinity destroys mouth acid germs. It permeates the entire tooth and mouth structure with its healthy fragrance. A tonic to the gums. SOZODONT is an article of merit. Its popularity of sixty years will attest to that.

Remember SOZODONT.

For More than a Century
various disorders of the stomach and bowels, such as indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, biliousness, both in adults and children, have been relieved by

HENRY'S Calcined Magnesia

a mild and pleasant remedy. Corrects acidity. assists digestion and relieves constipation. Take the genuine only—it requires a smaller dose than imitations and is doubly efficacious without harshness. In use since 1772. Bottle sealed with old-style British "Inland Revenue" stamp bearing name *THOs. & WILLm. HENRY* MANCHESTER with the name of Schieffelin & Co. on label, which secures wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes. Ask your druggist.

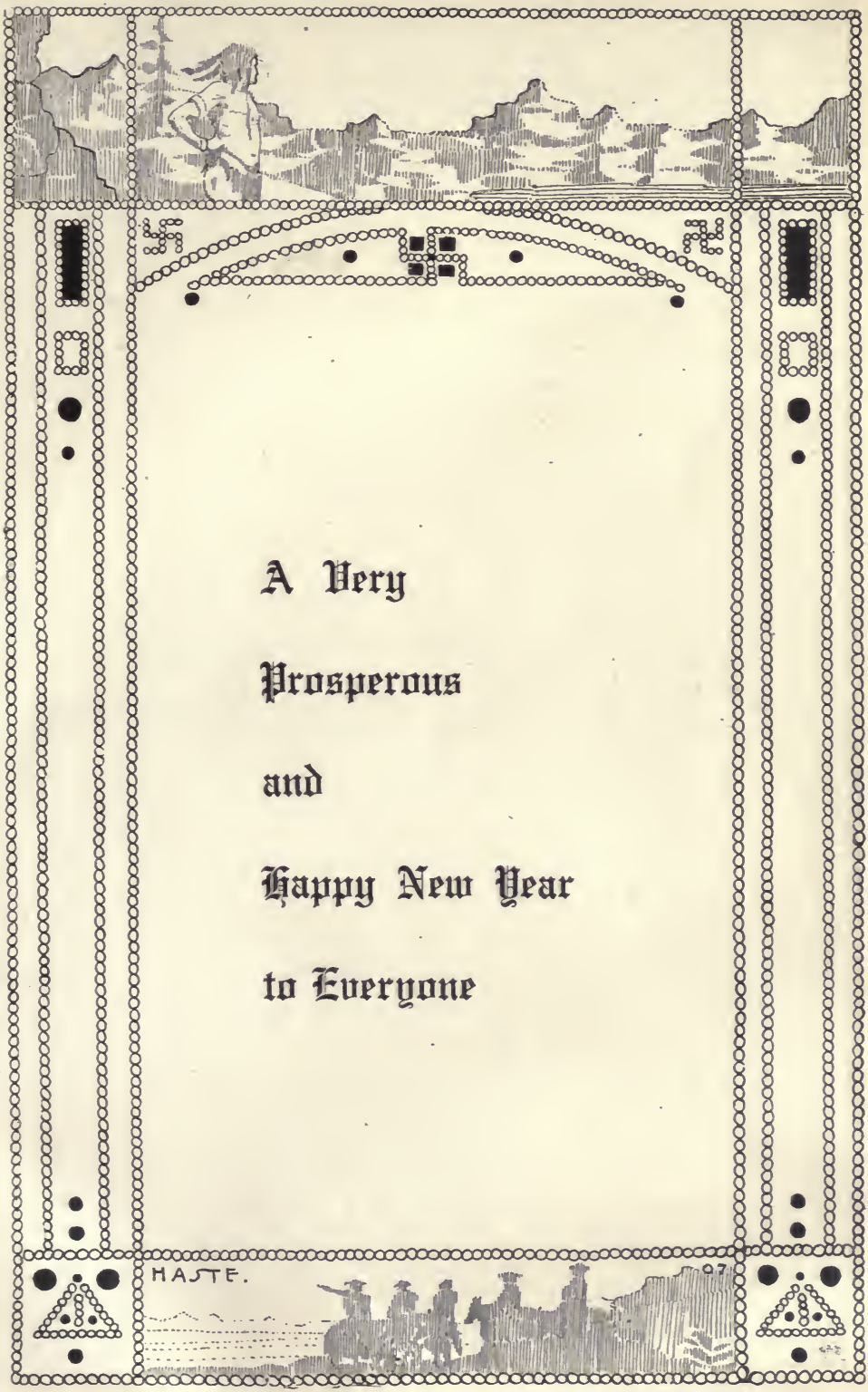
The Sower Has No Second Chance
Good sense says make the most of the first.

FERRY'S SEEDS

have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—merit tells.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1908
tells the whole Seed Story—sent **FREE** for the asking. Don't sow seeds till you get it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.


A Very
Prosperous
and
Happy New Year
to Everyone
HASTE.
97



MR. LUTHER BURBANK, THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLANT ORIGINATOR. ONE OF THE GENTLEST AND KINDEST OF MEN, HIS LIFE HAS BEEN OF SINGULAR BENEFIT TO HUMANITY. (SEE "PRINCIPLES OF PLANT BREEDING," PAGE EIGHT.)

Nov 30 1907

JANUARY, 1908

No. 1 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

AFFINITIES---A BRILLIANT ESSAY

INTRODUCTION.

Gertrude Atherton's essay on "Affinities," in this number of Overland Monthly, makes undoubtedly the primest reading upon the topic in the abstract that has appeared in modern print. Although not of great length, it is, we feel, the most brilliant and conclusive summarization of the subject yet given. The essay has been pronounced by critics a perfect gem in its literary construction, its incisive, clear-cut reasoning, and the profound appreciation of human motives, which it discloses.

Apply the logic of Mrs. Atherton's essay to almost any case you can think of, and at once the depth of her argument becomes apparent. Take, for instance, the case of William Ellis Corey, the Pittsburg multi-millionaire, who divorced the patient wife of his early struggles and cast her aside as one throws away an old shoe, in order that he might marry an ambitious, heartless woman of the footlights. Corey's mind was twisted by his environment of gold. The new wife, he thought, would better help him gain an entre and maintain a position in the exclusive social circle he coveted. As Napoleon put aside Josephine—Josephine, who had helped to make him what he was, so the head of the steel trust saw his "affinity" in a sensational actress. But his wild desire turned to ashes. And now, if press reports be true, this man Corey would be glad to re-marry his first wife and to regain the tried and true companion, having found that an affinity, after all, soon wears out. This is the keynote of Gertrude Atherton's article, and it is sound and sane.

Over and above all, it bears the imprint of the keen intellectuality of its author. No woman writer of to-day enjoys a greater distinction for compelling brain-power than Mrs. Atherton. Her deeply analytical trend is shown in the fact that she has reduced the subject to its fundaments, bringing out clearly, among other things, a summarization of those natural laws which govern the human race in its instinct for race life, and which have been predicated in scientific form by Darwin, Schopenhauer, our own David Starr Jordan and others. Yet even though stated with a precision that is scientifically exact, the essay does not lose value from either a human interest or a literary view-point. The essay is an epitome of the various human motives and impulses that play a part and must form the background in every novel in which love is the theme. Introduce the principals, and you have the novel.

Gertrude Atherton is a Californian, a native of San Francisco. And among the famous writers whose genius has been nursed in California there is not one more intensely loyal to the Golden State than she. Mrs. Atherton's latest novel will give the uninitiated a clearer picture of San Francisco life than perhaps any volume, whether fact or fiction that has ever been published. Her love for the State; her understanding and appreciation of the life and the people have never been excelled by any other writer. It is amazing that an author of novels should be enabled to so draw the black and white contrasts of the environment in which she was reared—the art partakes more of the field of journalism than of the traditional sphere of the

novelist. Yet one of Mrs. Atherton's characteristics is her exacting care in preparing her writings; witness the grasp on our American constitutional history and our early political forces displayed in "The Conquerors," in which, as almost every one knows, Alexander Hamilton is the leading figure. No detail is neglected

After all, we do not think that any subject by Mrs. Atherton could more interest the readers of Overland than "Affinities." Overland Monthly was particularly fortunate in being able to secure it for this issue of the magazine. At the time of writing it, Mrs. Atherton was just recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis, and three days after its completion she left for Europe."—EDITOR.

"AFFINITIES"

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON



GERTRUDE ATHERTON AT TWO YEARS OLD.

Perhaps no word in the English language has become more hackneyed or been more vulgarized than this word affinity, which, no doubt, was invented by the poets and has no place in prose at all. It is worth while to consider it in its various interpretations, and to reflect upon whether it has any real meaning for Earthians.

When a man runs away with another man's wife, when an inexperienced boy and girl marry in the face of all interested advice, they complacently—and stubbornly—invoke the word affinity. (And so do writers when they want to be improper and have not the courage to admit it.) Now, if the world were still frankly material and polytheistic, both the mad and the foolish in love would have ample excuse in the scientific definition of affinity: "chemical attraction which takes place, at insensible distance, between particles of bodies, and unites them to form a compound." But while this definition sufficed for that brilliant pagan world B. C. which infused life with a glow and color that civilization never will know again, the advent of Christianity gave birth to a dweller within the flesh called the soul, and the belief in this separate spiritual entity is a fixed principle throughout the civilized world today; even among those that never set foot in church. It may be an inherited superstition or it may be a fact, but certain it is that civilized man believes in his soul and, whatever his behavior, has a good deal more respect for it than he has for his body. Its chief pro-

duct is conscience, which, independently of the crime of being found out, effects subtle revenges unknown to our pagan forefathers. And even where conscience is quieted by philosophy or sophistry, still the soul sits apart maintaining its individuality, and insensibly meditating upon the day when it shall find it convenient to achieve perfection.

Therefore, can the body no longer be regarded as a mere combination of elements to be acted and reacted upon by other elements, for however strong the violence of its impulses, it can always be controlled by the ego if the ego chooses to exert itself. When a man runs off with his neighbor's wife, or two young fools marry on nothing, they are merely obeying the dictates of the race, as Schopenhauer pointed out long since. No human criminal has ever been brought to light one-half so unscrupulous as Nature where the race is concerned; she cares no more for souls than for mere human happiness; and the same men and women fall again into her snares, each time assuring themselves that the long-sought affinity —i. e., opportunity for perfect happiness—has been found at last. There is no instrument like the popular word, the ready-made phrase, to help people to cheat themselves, to justify acts which that cold, critical brain in the ego understands for exactly what they are worth.



WHEN GERTRUDE ATHERTON WAS FIFTEEN.

Ill-used as this word affinity is, staring at us daily in the scandal columns of the press, still it is equally positive that it is held in reverence by intelligent and high-minded people—to say nothing of the poets. By them it is considered only in its spiritual significance. That being the case the question naturally arises: Is it possible for affinities to recognize each other from the confusing depths of their mortal envelope?

The amount of misery among married people well enough off to command a certain amount of extraneous distinction, or too poor to think, is by no means appalling, and a respectable majority are amiably content with themselves, the world, and each other. But on the other hand, where is that ideal state of bliss to be found (after honeymoon) which the marriage of so many "affinities" should surely bring to pass? The United States divorce courts are taxed to their utmost, and so would be the courts of Europe and Great Britain did they adopt our facile laws; and yet nine out of ten of these divorces are granted to people that married for love, each convinced that the other pos-

sessed every perfection, and that the balking of their desire for union would mean death in life. On the other hand the world is packed with philosophical couples, young, middle-aged, old, who have settled down after all the vicissitudes of honeymoon and disillusion, into the best of friends and comrades, or are held together by the sentimental tie of children. These people have a proper contempt for the matrimonial failures, and get a good deal out of life, but even they do not cherish the delusion that they have been kneaded into that romantic composition which in their youth they referred to so bravely and casually as affinities. Perhaps they smile sadly, perhaps grin when the word is used seriously in their presence; and when their children fall in love too early and unwisely they translate it promptly into "calf love."

The common frailties of human nature and the utter commonplaceness of daily existence dispel the illusion of affinity for the married, in short order. The imaginative existence in which they dwelt while courting and affianced, invoked no presentment of the shabby, ugly, nerve-racking, weak and commonplace qualities of which human nature is so largely made up. The greatest of men are disappointing at close range to the women that have idealized them; how much more so the average man, who, good and kind and clever as he may be, is as ingenuous as an infant in revealing the mass of minor particles of which he is largely composed. Women are cleverer in concealing their shortcomings, but man, whatever his, has in the core of his soul an even higher ideal of human happiness than woman, and is gradually blunted into commonness, or refined into a vague but divine discontent as he feels the disintegration of the foundations that held aloft his Spanish turrets. He may assure himself again and again that he is perfectly satisfied with his lot, as indeed he may have good reason to be, but in that same core he is unconsciously looking on toward the unrealized, unconsciously hoping for something for which he has no name, but which assuredly is not to be found in his best of women. In the average woman this prick in the soul takes form in the mental vision (especially when her husband is a good sort), as an image of all sorts of things life has denied her, and she gets much satisfaction out of day-dreams.



MRS. ATHERTON FOUR YEARS AFTER HER LITERARY DEBUT.

In the woman of a higher organization, this spiritual desire is as strong as in man and more formidable, because she is under no delusion as to its meaning, and in time to its hopelessness.

I once had in mind the story of a woman who had had many lovers in her pursuit of happiness, and who, having convinced herself that Cecil Rhodes, incomparably the greatest man of many times, would have proved to be the real affinity of her fastidious soul, could she but have met him, undertakes a sentimental pilgrimage to his high and lonely grave. There, recalling all she had heard of the man in the flesh, she realizes that she probably would have disliked, might have abhorred him, even while clinging to the belief that that great soul was hers alone. But the great soul could have been seen only in will-o'-the-wisp glimpses, through an intensely practical mind, a hard material envelope, a machine propelled by unstinted libations of whisky, and ruthlessly bad manners. Nevertheless, that a cosmic soul dwelt in that repellant clay there could be no manner of doubt, and the woman suddenly has a vision of it released from the flesh, realizes the impotence of mortals to find their other part on earth; or to pierce the barriers did they blunder into its presence; and recalls the ancient belief that



MRS. ATHERTON AT TWENTY-EIGHT. (A PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ATHERTON AT THE PRESENT DAY IS RE-PRODUCED UPON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE OF OVERLAND.)

embodied souls, with a vast experience of an immaterial and unimaginable life, spent their mortal existence in a vague search both for their lost half and for their first and infinitely superior world. Naturally their limited mortal vision was blinded again and again by the earthly forms of beauty which suggested the greater beauty they had lost; and which so often proved but the trap set by nature to perpetuate the race of man (for reasons as inscrutable as her methods.) Having received this revelation, the woman transfers the scene of her imaginative life to the immaterial plane beyond the grave, where souls may be seen for what they are and mistakes are impossible. This would be cold comfort for many, but more real for the imaginative than the disillusionments of the material union.

When the world realizes that all pursuit of affinity on this plane of mortal existence is doomed to failure, it will marry with its reason, refrain from taking its neighbor's wife under the impression that she is better than its own (an impression caused by a temporary confusion of the mental faculties), and accept the baulking of its loves with considerable equanimity. Expecting less, it would, beyond a doubt, find more; and it would also find a still greater pleasure in frustrating the tyrannical schemes of nature while choosing a mate with the highly developed ego, instead of with a cunningly devised nervous system—always, from birth to death, at war with the brain. The people who can do most to bring civilization up to this pitch are the novelists, and I attempted something of the sort in my last book. The hero and heroine were a long time "falling in love," and when they finally did, it was with their eyes open, after they, as well as the reader, had been brought to see that they were admirably fitted to assist each other in the eternal battle with life. There was no sense of "affinity," no falling in love at first sight; it was emphasized that in other circumstances they would not have suited each other at all, and that the heroine, at least, never would have married; and found life full of other interests. But in the peculiar conditions that arose, their life companionship became as sure as fate, and they had an opportunity to accomplish something together, which is more than can be said of most married couples. No doubt, also, they would be happier than most, not only in this accomplishment, but because as individuals, highly developed, they must find each other more interesting than the average human being, and grow persistently. Perhaps, in spite of many incompatibilities, they might die in the belief that they were "affinities," but that would really make no difference, because the conditions do not exist on this plane for affinities to enjoy each other, even could they be certain of the truth of their hopes, and this they never can be so long as that awkward tangle of systems that make up the visible presence called the body stands between.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF PLANT BREEDING

BY LUTHER BURBANK

A GENERAL knowledge of the Relations and Affinities of Plants will not be a sufficient equipment for the successful plant-breeder. He must be a skillful botanist and biologist, and having a definite plan, must be able to correctly estimate the action of the two fundamental forces, inherent and external, which he would guide.

The fundamental principles of plant-breeding are simple, and may be stated in few words; the practical application of these principles demands the highest and most refined efforts of which the mind of man is capable, and no line of mental effort promises more for the elevation, advancement, prosperity and happiness of the whole human race.

Every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of Nature by the action of two forces—the inherent constitutional life-force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity; and the numerous complicated external forces or environment. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is, and must be, the sole object of the breeder, whether of plants or animals.

When we look about us on the plants inhabiting the earth with ourselves, and watch any species day by day, we are unable to see any change in some of them. During a life-time, and in some cases perhaps including the full breadth of human history, no remarkable change seems to have occurred. And yet there is not to-day one plant species which has not undergone great, and to a certain extent constant change.

The life-forces of the plant, in endeavoring to harmonize and adapt the action of its acquired tendencies to its surroundings, may, through many generations, slowly adapt itself to the necessities of existence, yet these same accrued forces may also produce sudden, and to one not acquainted with its past history most surprising and unaccountable, changes of character. The very existence of the higher orders of plants which now inhabit the earth has been secured to them only by their power of adaptation to crossings, for through the variations produced by the combination of numerous tendencies, individuals are produced which are better endowed to meet the prevailing conditions of life. Thus to Nature's persistence in crossing do we owe all that earth now produces in man, animals, or plants; and this magnificently stupendous fact may also be safely carried into the domain of chemistry as well, for what is common air and water but Nature's earlier efforts in that line, and our nourishing foods but the *result of myriad complex chemical affinities of later date?*

Nature and artificial crossing and hybridization are among the principal remote causes of nearly all otherwise perplexing or unaccountable sports and strange modifications, and also of many of the now well-established species. Variations, without immediate antecedent crossing occur always and everywhere from a combination of past crossings and environments, for potential adaptations often exist through generations without becoming actual, and when we fully grasp these facts, there is nothing mysterious in the sudden appearance of sports; but still further intelligent crossings produce more immediate results and of great value, not to the plant in its struggle with natural forces, but to man by conserving and guiding its life-forces to supply him with food, clothing and innumerable other luxuries and necessities. Plant-life is so common that one rarely stops to think how utterly de-

pendent we are upon the quiet, but magnificently powerful work which they are constantly performing for us.

It was once thought that plants varied within the so-called species but very little, and that true species never varied. We have more lately discovered that no two plants are ever exactly alike, each one having its own individuality, and that new varieties having endowments of priceless value, and even distinct new species, can be produced by the plant-breeder with the same precision that machinery for locomotion and other useful purposes are produced by the mechanic.

The evolution and all the variations of plants are simply the means which they employ in adjusting themselves to external conditions. Each plant strives to adapt itself to environment with as little demand upon its forces as possible, and still keep up in the race. The best-endowed species and individuals win the prize, and by variation as well as persistence. The constantly varying external forces to which all life is everywhere subjected demand that the inherent internal force shall always be ready to adapt itself or perish.

The combination and interaction of these innumerable forces embraced in heredity and environment, have given us all our bewildering species and varieties, none of which ever did or ever will remain constant, for the inherent life-force must be pliable or outside forces will sooner or later extinguish it. Thus adaptability, as well as perseverance, is one of the prime virtues in plant as in human life.

Plant breeding is the intelligent application of the forces of the human mind in guiding the inherent life-forces into useful directions by crossing to make perturbations or variations and new combinations of these forces, and by radically changing environments, both of which produce somewhat similar results, thus giving a broader field for selection, which again is simply the persistent application of mental force to guide and fix the perturbed life-forces in the desired channels.

Plant-breeding is in its earliest infancy. Its possibilities, and even its fundamental principles, are understood but by few; in the past it has been mostly dabbling with tremendous forces, which have been only partially appreciated, and it has yet to approach the precision which we expect in the handling of steam or electricity, and, notwithstanding the occasional sneers of the ignorant, these silent forces embodied in plant-life have yet a part to play in the regeneration of the race which, by comparison will dwarf into insignificance the services which steam and electricity have so far given. Even unconscious or half-conscious plant-breeding has been one of the greatest forces in the elevation of the race. The chemist, the mechanic, have, so to speak, domesticated some of the forces of Nature, but the plant-breeder is now learning to guide even the creative forces into new and useful channels. This knowledge is a most priceless legacy, making clear the way for some of the greatest benefits which man has ever received from any source by the study of nature.

The main object of crossing genera, species or varieties is to combine various individual tendencies, thus producing a state of perturbation or partial antagonism by which these tendencies are, in later generations, dissociated and recombined in new proportions, which gives the breeder a wider field for selection; but this opens a much more difficult one—the selection and fixing of the desired new types from the mass of heterogenous tendencies produced, for by crossing bad traits as well as good are always brought forth. The results now secured by the breeder will be in proportion to the accuracy and intensity of selection, and the length of time they are applied. By these means the best of fruits, grains, nuts and flowers are capable of still further improvements in ways which to the thoughtless often seem unnecessary, irrelevant, or impossible.

When we capture and domesticate the various plants, the life-forces are relieved from many of the hardships of an unprotected wild condition, and have more leisure, so to speak, or, in other words, more surplus force, to be guided by the hand of man under the new environments into all the useful and beautiful new forms which are constantly appearing under cultivation, crossing and selection. Some plants are very much more pliable than others, as the breeder soon learns. Plants having numerous representatives in various parts

of the earth generally possess this adaptability in a much higher degree than the monotypic species, for having been subjected to great variations of soil, climate, and other influences, their continued existence has been secured only by the inherent habits which adaptation demanded, while the monotypic species not being able to fit themselves for their surroundings without a too radically expensive change, have continued to exist only under certain special conditions. Thus two important advantages are secured to the breeder who selects from the genera having numerous species—the advantage of natural pliability, and in the numerous species to work upon by combination for still further variations.

The plant-breeder, before making combinations should with great care select the individual plants which seem best adapted to his purpose, as by this course many years of experiment and much needless expense will be avoided. The differences in the individuals which the plant-breeder has to work upon are sometimes extremely slight. The ordinary unpracticed person cannot by any possibility discover the exceedingly minute variations in form, size, color, fragrance, precocity and a thousand other characters which the practiced breeder perceives by a lightning-like glance. The work is not easy, requiring an exceedingly keen perception of minute differences, great practice, and extreme care in treating the organisms operated upon, and even with all the naturally acquired variations added to those secured by scientific crossing and numerous other means the careful accumulation of slight individual differences through many generations is imperative, after which several generations are often, but not always, necessary to thoroughly "fix" the desired type for all practical purposes.

The above applies to annuals, or those plants generally reproduced by seed. The breeder of plants which can be reproduced by division has great advantage, for any valuable individual variation can be multiplied to any extent desired without the extreme care necessary in fixing by linear breeding the one which must be reproduced by seed. But even in breeding perennials the first deviations from the original form are often almost unappreciable to the perception, but by accumulating the most minute differences through many generations, the deviation from the original form is often astounding. Thus by careful and intelligent breeding any peculiarity may be made permanent, and valid new species are at times produced by the art of the breeder, and there is no known limit to the improvement of plants by education, breeding and selection.

The plant-breeder is an explorer into the infinite. He will have "No time to make money," and his castle, the brain, must be clear and alert in throwing aside fossil ideas and rapidly replacing them with living, throbbing thought followed by action. Then, and not till then, shall he create marvels of beauty and value in new expressions of materialized force, for everything of value must be produced by the intelligent application of the forces of Nature which are always awaiting our commands.

The vast possibilities of plant-breeding can hardly be estimated. It would not be difficult for one man to breed a new rye, wheat, barley, oats or rice which would produce one grain more to each head, or a corn which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, another potato to each plant, or an apple, plum, orange or nut to each tree.

What would be the result? In five staples only in the United States alone the inexhaustible forces of nature would produce annually, without effort and without cost, 5,200,000 extra bushels of corn, 15,000,000 extra bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 extra bushels of oats, 1,500,000 extra bushels of barley, 21,000,000 extra bushels of potatoes.

But these vast possibilities are not alone for one year, or for our own time or race, but are beneficent legacies for every man, woman and child who shall inhabit the earth. And who can estimate the elevating and refining influences and moral value of flowers with all their graceful forms and bewitching shades and combinations of colors and exquisitely varied perfumes? These silent influences are unconsciously felt even by those who do not appreciate them consciously, and thus with better and still better fruits, nuts, grains and flowers will the earth be transformed, man's thoughts turned from the base, de-

structive forces into the nobler productive ones which will lift him to higher planes of action toward that happy day when man shall offer his brother man, not bullets and bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits and fairer flowers.

Cultivation and care may help plants to do better work temporarily, but by breeding, plants may be brought into existence which will do better work always in all places and for all time. Plants are to be produced which will perform their appointed work better, quicker and with the utmost precision.

Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits, and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors, and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, and with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost and destructive fungus and insect pests; fruits without stones, seeds or spines; better fibre, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper, and timber trees, and sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these, and ten thousand more, are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant breeding.

Man is slowly learning that he, too, may guide the same forces which have been through all the ages performing this beneficent work which he sees everywhere above, beneath and around him in the vast teeming animal and plant life of the world.

(In the February issue of Overland will appear an article, "Plant Affinities," by Mrs. Emma Burbank Beeson, sister of Luther Burbank, and written under his direction.)

SANTA BARBARA

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZE BOLLARD

A summer land south-bound by summer seas;
North-rimmed with rugged mountains:
And all between a ravishment of trees
And vines and flowers and fountains.

Above, a soft, soft cloudless summer sky,
Its turquoise deeps declining,
To meet the crescent-bounding seas that vie
With them in sapphire shining.

From curvèd shore to curving mountain brim
The vale, still upward trending,
O'erlooks the liquid sapphire's furthest rim,
The turquoise deeps o'erbending.

The air is rife with song of flashing bird
And rich with balm of flowers,
And sweet with tones of happy children heard
At play among the bowers.

Who would not here in dreamful ease abide—
Calm joys his days extending—
Content to wait that last—last ebbing tide,
On which, when comes the ending,
His soul must glide.



JAPAN---CAPTURING ORIENTAL TRADE

THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT STANDS BEHIND THE JAPANESE MERCHANT, MANUFACTURER, SHIPPER, AND FINANCIER, AIDING EVERY NEEDED INDUSTRY, SUPPRESSING INTERNAL COMPETITION AND BUYING OUT FOREIGN COMPETITORS

BY JEROME K. LEAVATT

EVERY DAY the one great influence in Japan's industrial battle in the Orient becomes more obvious and is now acknowledged by the entire press of Japan. This influence is the Japanese Government, which is helping the Japanese merchant to capture the trade of the Orient. Government dictation of public utilities and manufactures, together with the regulation of private industries, is becoming the keynote in the progress of the Japanese Empire. The Japanese manufacturer who, perhaps, could not stand alone in competition in the Orient with the powerful manufacturing corporations of Europe and America, is assisted in his fight for trade by the Japanese Government. Today competition with Japanese industry is coming to mean competition with the Japanese Government in a sense that it could hardly be applied to any other nation. This fact, so long not understood, is now generally recognized. Japan is the England of the Far East; the purposes of the empire were recently expressed by Mr. Miller, American consul-general to Yokohama, in a recent letter to Washington.

"The chrysalis of Japan's commercial and industrial life has broken the cocoon of opportunity, and she is leading toward the consummation of another hope—leadership in the trade of the Far East * * * The Government is refunding its debt at less than 5 per cent; every industry need-

ing help is specially aided and assisted by the Government."

Many close students of affairs would go much farther than has Consul General Miller. Some believe that the day is not far distant when Japan will be in complete control of the commerce of the Pacific, and, they say, possibly by that time Nippon will issue the proclamation of a Monroe Doctrine in the Orient and cry to the nations of the Occident, "Hands off."

Every Needy Industry Assisted.

The application of Government concern in an industrial sense is making Japan industrially and commercially strong. That this is true, and that the statement of Consul General Miller, who says that the Government assists every industry needing help is also true, is capable of detailed illustration. Take, for instance, the way the subsidized mail lines—say the Toyo Kisen Kaisha—are enabled through the help of the Government, to buy up or offer to buy up, all competitors. In fact, the subsidized lines are constantly devouring their competitors. Paternalism is becoming the keynote of Japan's future progress. The Government is behind the merchant and manufacturer of Japan. The movement is assisted by the Japanese commercial bodies. The Japanese chambers of commerce call for consolidation of banking houses, an extended consular service, and floating museums to exploit Japan abroad.

Government ownership and the direction of public utilities and manufacturing is not a new idea in Japan. Under the feudal system of old Japan it was exercised with the greatest latitude, but according to most historians, and indeed in line with the observations of some of the earliest foreigners here, it was a phase of paternalism which regulated and controlled the industries and people, but did not especially encourage modern development. To-day the Government is paternalistic in the broadest possible way. It does not, however, exact direct tribute as in the olden times, and the producers receive better returns for their labor. But none the less the Government is exercising a supervision over all the industries it does not control, and is fostering in every way the development of new industries. Every industry in Japan is, to a greater or less degree, affected by the Government policy.

In the Government management of private industry the Japanese have developed probably more than any other nation. The Government to a great degree regulates competition and controls the trusts. The moment the proper Japanese authorities find competition among manufacturing concerns, that moment the Government itself steps into the breach. The recent combination of all the match-making concerns in Japan was a typical case. In this instance, the Government, viewing the warring competitors, advised the formation of a trust. The business was then put under the license system, whereby the Government promised in consideration of the combination to issue an imperial license which virtually shut off competition and placed the industry directly under the control of the Government. Take another illustration, the banks, which are in a measure subsidized by the Government for the purpose of assisting the industrial and commercial development: These banks, known as hypothec banks, advance money on the growing crops to help the farmers over a season; the same



A TOY STAND IN TOKYO.

idea, by the way, which the United States Government lately adopted for the Philippines. The Japanese Government is indirectly interested on the directorate of the banks and sees that they do not want for help in the time of need.

Outside Capital Under Control.

To get a foreign capital to help to develop Japanese enterprises under the direction and management of Japanese, the Industrial Bank of Japan, organized in 1902, with a capital of $4,980,000, may be mentioned as an instance. This bank will induce leading foreign financiers to become stock-holders in the bank to the extent of $3,750,000, out of the increased capital of $8,750,000. The first five years dividend of 5 per cent on its paid-up capital is guaranteed by the Government.



BILL BOARD ANNOUNCING THE FAMOUS "DOG'S HEAD" MEDICINE, A WIDELY ADVERTISED PROPRIETORY REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND RHEUMATISM, OSAKA JAPAN.

In fact, a marked feature of Japanese development is the large number of loans floated abroad for industrial purposes.

Such paternalism exists that no one in business, pressed by the exigencies of the times, hesitates to call upon banks, indirectly controlled by the Government, for assistance. In fact, the commerce of Japan to-day is almost entirely supervised by the Government. What such an innovation in Government control means in the struggle of nations for the commerce of their people, only the future can determine.

The subject of Government control, assistance and supervision is too vast a subject to be more than indicated in the space at my disposal in the Overland Monthly. It would require a volume for its thorough



Modernism in Japan.—Twenty kinds of bill boards in Osaka. A closer view of the same billboards is shown in the picture above.

elaboration. Suffice it, that without Government aid, Japan would hardly have made her rapid industrial progress. Though possessing an abundance of dependable and fairly skilled labor which, though by no means equal to American labor, is much cheaper, the private industries of Japan would not have progressed as they have. The paternalism of the Oriental nations is assuming a new phase in this twentieth century.

As is well known, the Government controls to-day many of the important monopolies, a large percentage of the railroads, the telegraph and telephone lines, the tobacco monopolies, the camphor production, are directly under the control of the Government. It controls many factories and industries including printing bureaus, which includes printing, type foundries and paper mills, mints, Tokyo arsenal, Osaka arsenal, Senjii woolen factory, canning factory, clothing stock factories, public surveying and map drawing. Yokosuka shipyard, dockyard and arsenal; Kure shipyard, ship building, marine engine works and arsenal, Maisura shipyard, ship building, ship engine works and arsenal; the naval arsenals, Shimose powder works, Takeshima dockyard, Ominato dockyard steel works, and various telegraph and lighthouse stores and railway works.

In conclusion, I will say a statistical table shows why Japan, with her limited natural resources finds it essential to her life to take these steps:

Japan's trade with various countries for 1906 is as follows:

Country	Imports from	Exports to
America	$35,503,546	$65,188,312
Europe	85,118,822	43,108,521
Asia	82,918,574	99,042,212
Australia	2,064,025	2,112,831
Hawaii	7,035	1,379,110
Egypt and other countries	3,780,052	1,046,460
Totals	$208,392,054	$211,877,446

As shown by this table, the "balance of trade"—that is to say, the excess of exports over imports—is in favor of Japan except in the totals for Europe and for "Egypt and other countries." The trade with the United States for the past ten years shows a consistent increase of exports, but always has the balance of trade been in favor of Japan, with the exception of the years 1900 and 1905, when for the only times in the history of the commercial intercourse between the two countries the United States sent more goods into Japan than it bought.

JAPAN DOES NOT WANT WAR

BY SIUZO HAYASHI

"I am very glad the fleet has started for the Pacific. If it should ultimately touch on our shores we will greet them as friends and give them the warmest reception."

ADMIRAL COUNT TOGO.



AN HONORABLE preacher, in one of the Eastern States, who has recently graduated from a theological seminary, has announced that he is about to start for Japan, and that he will establish a mission to convert the Japanese to Christianity. He has a panacea, a lure, if you please, in the shape of an idea. He will organize a "baseball nine," teach "the Japs" the game, and in their enthusiasm for baseball they will imbibe the beatitudes. There is no doubt that this honorable fledgling in the army of the Lord is honest in his belief. He is undoubtedly of the preacher Sunday type of Christian who believes in proselyting through jiujitsu and noise. It would be useless to mention his name, for in his appreciation of the Japanese character and the Japanese civilization he is one of legions, utterly bereft of any knowledge of the subjects mentioned. He is different from his fellows in that *he* goes forth to teach!

To the Japanese, the average American is singularly obtuse and opinionated on one subject, namely: the Japanese. There is but one race that is more so and that is the English. It was for this reason that



PHASES OF MODERN JAPAN.—HOME IN EUROPEAN STYLE OF A WEALTHY TEA MERCHANT, TOKYO.

the Japanese Government, jealous of appearing well in the eyes of the Occidental nations, gave to each war correspondent and foreign officer attached to Kuroki's first corps, a copy of Nitobe's "Bushido, the Soul of Japan."

After reading the book, most of the honorable gentlemen so distinguished remained in the same blissful ignorance of the Japanese character, as before the presentation of the brochure.

An American woman, Margherita Arlina Hamm, writing in the Overland Monthly some years ago, gave to the world an exhaustive treatise on what she termed "The Mongol Triad." Mr. W. Petrie Watson, in his "Future of Japan," comes as near to understanding the character of our people, our customs and our vices, if such they are, as any modern scholar. I would recommend these books to the student. To the preacher who would convert us to Christianity by the baseball route or the hoodlum "brother-in-Christ," who chooses the brick-bat to bring us to a realization of a general unworth, I would recommend the reading of the "Legacy," or the Code of Iyeyasu, and particularly to that section or paragraph in article 31, which says: "High and low may alike follow their own inclinations with respects to religious tenets."

Tokugawa Iyeyasu enunciated the principles that held to his descendants centuries of supreme power, in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century. Japan has always given credit to the United States and to Commodore Perry for the awakening of Japan, and incidentally the planting of the seed which established the Emperor as the real ruler of the land, and which destroyed feudalism. The abolition of feudalism occurred in 1871, and it may be assumed that from this date begins the march of Occidental civilization in Japan. In 1899 extra-territorial consular restrictions were abolished. No other nation has ever made the rapid advances made by Japan from that day to this! Why should we not be proud of our achievements?

With every day that passes, the United States is making strides to approach the perfect paternalism of my Government. I would recommend to your scholars and your statesmen, to your merchants and to your artisans, the great fundamental of the "Bushido." "The public welfare should be first considered—far in advance of any private interest." We proved our belief in the war and since!

The Japanese do right, because it is right, and not because of a belief in a future reward. The Japanese universally practice tolerance, courtesy and kindness. Do you? Do you dare to claim these as universal virtues? Possession of wealth is no qualification for distinction or preferment. Is this so in the United States? With increasing educational advantages, with a general diffusion of knowledge, we will develop a larger comprehension of the great moral questions. Japan has reached the condition of absolute non-religion, irreligiousness, toward which all nations, Oriental and Occidental, are gal-

loping as fast as convictions can carry. Is she not ahead of all others? Japan has placed education on a throne and dogma has no shrine.

All over the Occidental world there is a vague, nebulous charge that 'the Japanese, according to Western notions, are dishonest!' I am happy the author wrote 'notions,' for, man for man, the standard of honesty is as high in Japan as in most Western countries, and assuredly higher than in the United States! I do not suppose it would be gracious or charitable to mention such names as Rockefeller, Ryan, Morton, Harriman, Calhoun, McClure and others, who have distinguished themselves in the American world of finance. Surely, it would be rubbing salt in an open wound.



THE MODERN SPIRIT IN JAPAN. RACES BETWEEN RIVAL UNIVERSITY BOAT CREWS, OSAKA, JAPAN.

Can any Western country claim and prove the wonderful advance made almost as quickly as a great depleting war was ended? Our statesmen have known how to turn the attention and energies of the people, as by a turn of the wrist, from the paths of war to the paths of aggressive peace.

Since the war we have 314 new undertakings of large magnitude. Their aggregate capital is of $197,151,514 gold. This is one-third of the entire capitalization of the country, previous to the war. This is an increase of 32 per cent within a very few months. This capitalization represents the development of modern industries. There are fifty-one new electric companies, capital $55,000,000; ten new navigation and dock companies, capital $7,500,000. New banking concerns aggregate a capital of $11,000,000. Eleven new steam railways, capital, $6,500,000, and the old corporations have increased their capital to $34,000,000. Direct Government assistance is granted to nearly all of these concerns.

The greatest development of Occidental ideas in Japan is in the national corporation, with a capital of $100,000,000, for the purpose of fostering the advance of Japanese settlement commerce and manufactures in Korea and Manchuria.

Japan manifestly has not the money to carry on these great enterprises. Therefore she has borrowed in the United States and in Europe. Japan wants no war with any one. Japan has no desire that her



WHEN THE BABY CLASS GETS OUT OF SCHOOL, KYOTO, JAPAN.



SNAP PHOTOS IN MODERN JAPAN.

Reading from left to right. Top—1. Satan putting out a fire with a patent extinguisher. 2. Strong man who has eaten noted breakfast food. 3. Delivery boy. Second Row—1. Cart horse. 2. School boys drilling. 3. Native retail shops. Third Row—1. Triumphal arch, coolies in foreground. 2. Railroad station in Osaka. 3. Reinforced concrete building in Tokyo. Bottom Row—1. Schoolgirl and mother. 2. Schoolboy in typical costume. 3. Japanese women loading coal on ships at Nagasaki.

sons and daughters should emigrate to a white man's country when the vast untenanted fertile fields of Manchuria beckon and Korea calls for the development of her mines and her timber. Certainly, no Western nation would wantonly seek to quarrel with Japan! No Western nation would designedly aim to make it impossible for its money to earn the reward of investment in Japanese Government guaranteed bonds? In many respects the Japanese is a better man than is his white critic. He asks to be allowed to work out his destiny, to anticipate the future, unhampered by the religious myths and beliefs the Occident is so quickly casting away as useless, and to be recognized as the equal of his fellowman, brain for brain, caste for caste, individual for individual. Don't be afraid! We wish to trade with, and be friends to, our honorable neighbors.—Sayonara.

OLD AGE TO CUPID

BY FRANCIS E. SHELDON

Love's dead leaves rustle in the winter wind.
 Unchecked the breezes through its branches blow.
No tender green a new spring there will find—
 Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

Let the young lover vital deem his flame,
 And pale and glow contented, in my stead;
Finding more precious far than gain or fame
 That eyes be blue and hair white-filleted.

To him let come the vagrant tender pain
 Of watching love grow in a maiden heart.
I neither praise nor envy him his gain—
 Boy, sheathe your arrow, sheathe your gilded dart.

For now I have so shaken hands with life
 That to its lures I lift but level eyes.
No more for me love's tears and hapless strife,
 Its restless fears and blisses of surprise.

Aye, sheathe your shaft, boy! No more will I lie
 Wide-eyed at sleep's shut gate because love guiles.
Nor tread the pleasing maze, where pulse beats high,
 But heart-break trembles in the train of smiles.

For now the calm sweet quietude of age—
 The warmth of windless sunlight and the glow
Of peaceful dusks—comes as just heritage—
 Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

THE DESERTER

BY

HOYT MOORE



WEN KIRKPATRICK, of the United States cruiser Brooklyn, was thinking. This itself was not alarming, but considering the fact that he had been absorbed in thought for several days, it was at least deserving of consideration. Generally speaking, sailors have but little time for thinking. When off duty there is always some form of recreation that takes the place of thinking, and while on duty—well, thoughts are not much needed.

But evidently there was something weighing on Owen's mind, and weighing very heavily, too, if the heavy black scowl on his face was to be taken as a guide to the state of his mind. He was leaning over the rail, in that picturesque and graceful manner so typical of the sailor, and his eyes were fixed moodily on the blue-green Cuban shores. Grouped about the Brooklyn lay the rest of the vessels composing the North Atlantic squadron, engaged in the very important, yet very tiresome, task of blockading an unseen enemy.

For some reason, unknown to himself even. Owen had been feeling a growing disgust for ship life for many days. In fact, his disgust dated from that day, several weeks before, when he had stood on the deck of the Brooklyn and watched the great troop-ships discharge their loads of fresh. enthusiastic young volunteers, and gray, grim regulars—the American army of invasion. He had watched the troops land and push their way steadily on toward the doomed city of Santiago, and in his heart he felt a great bitterness rise up which he had never understood.

Just now, as he stood at the rail, he could hear the distant boom of the field guns, telling that the troops had met with more opposition and were being compelled to fight their way through. The Brooklyn was lying close in, and as the big guns fell silent a moment, Owen could hear the distant crackle of the Krags.

"Shucks!" he ejaculated disgustedly to himself; "they are having fun over there, while I'm hanging around here like a little department clerk." From which remark one might infer that a name was not the only Irish attribute that Owen possessed.

He was suddenly rudely grasped by the collar and hauled around to meet the angry glare of one of the petty officers. A petty officer is a sailor's pet aversion, and this one, Ensign Tate by name, was no exception to the rule. Owen's hands itched to grasp the little officer by the throat as he snarled out:

"What do ye mean, man, hanging around here? Think you are on your private yacht?"

Owen's face reddened beneath his tan and his jaw set hard. For a moment he faced the officer defiantly, then his eyes fell. The victim of training will rarely ever cast off his discipline.

"Get below," ordered the little officer, pompously.

"Aye, sir," answered Owen very quietly, his hand rising mechanically in salute. His thoughts were with that thin khaki line, moving so steadily forward beneath the blazing rays of the Cuban sun. And an idea, strange, new and daring, had come into his brain, which, try as he might, he could not put away from him.

"Why not," he murmured thoughtfully to himself; "it would not be like desertion, for really I would be of more benefit to the country there than I will ever be here." In another the words would have been bitter, but a sailor is never bitter.

Owen merely stated the matter as a fact, and regarded it as settled. He stared across the waves toward the Cuban coast a moment, and exclaimed suddenly:

"By the eternal, I'll try it, anyhow." And he laughed softly to himself.

That night, after the tropical darkness had completely enveloped the ship, a figure strangely like Owen Kirkpatrick dropped noiselessly over the side into a little skiff, and pulled quietly out into the friendly darkness toward the shadowy shore.

When a safe distance away, he rested on his oars, and looked back toward the fleet. The great, grim fighting machines lay still and silent on the waters with all lights extinguished. But that they were ready was evidenced by the rolling clouds of smoke pouring from every funnel. Some mute feeling of admiration touched Owen dimly as he gazed on these mighty ships of a mighty nation, and his heart was slightly troubled. But as he thought of that long line of American soldiers bivouacking beneath the starlight on Cuban soil, came to him again, and he laughed softly to himself.

With a last look toward the shore to get his bearings correct, he settled down to his task and pulled toward the shore.

* * * *

"Who are you and what do you want?" demanded the officer suspiciously.

"My name is Patrick Owen, and I want to enlist," lied the former sailor very cheerfully.

The young American officer eyed him with suspicion and distrust written extremely plain on his face. It was possible—nay, very probable—that this fellow was a Spanish spy, and this idea, together with a West Pointer's natural skepticism, made the young officer very doubtful.

"Where did you come from?" he pursued keenly.

The question almost took Owen off his guard. He thought rapidly before he replied:

"From the interior of the island. I have been here for several years assisting the natives in their fight against the Spaniards. Naturally, I now desire to join your forces."

"Did you come from the States?"

"Yes," answered Owen, "but I'm Irish," he added, quickly.

"Of course," laughed the other, "that was understood. After all, though, there isn't a great deal of difference between the Irish and the American race."

He paused for a moment, and Owen eyed him anxiously.

"I guess that settles it. A man of Ireland would never be a traitor to us, I think. Then, too, we need men who are used to warfare in this country."

* * * *

Stretched at full length in the trench lay Owen, contentedly blowing smoke rings from his cigarette. A feeling of great content was in his heart, such as he had never known on board the ship, and he whistled softly to himself—whistled a little song his father used to sing. For to-night he was thinking of home and the stories his father used to tell him of the great war between the States.

He was lying stretched out in the trench at the foot of San Juan Hill, and word had just come down the line that they were to take the block house the next day. Just now he was thinking of the story his father had told him of Pickett's charge up the slopes of Gettysburg, in which the father had taken part. He wondered idly whether their charge to-morrow would be anything like that historic charge of forty years before.

"Say, Owen," drawled one of the regulars, rising to a sitting position, and staring up the starlit hill, "it'll be hell crawling up that slope to-morrow."

"Yep," assented Owen carelessly, exhaling a fragrant cloud of smoke, "but I guess it won't last long," he concluded almost regretfully.

The other regarded him curiously.

"Talk like you are going to enjoy it," he exclaimed suddenly.

"It will be the best fight of the whole war," said Owen absently, ignoring the other's remark. And he turned over on his back and gazed dreamily up toward the distant, gleaming stars. Forty years before, his father had slept thus before the heights of Gettysburg.

* * * *

The stirring notes of the bugle called the sleeping lines from the dream-land, and silently they cleaned their rifles, and

jammed their cartridges viciously down into position. The final movement on the city was to begin that day, and San Juan and El Caney were the goal of the American troops.

The artillery was already engaged with the Spanish gunners in the block house, and the hill was swept by a terrific fire. But in the face of this fearful fire, the American troops deployed into the thin, overlapping skirmish line for which they were famous, and moved slowly up the shot-torn slope. The Spanish riflemen now joined in, and the whir-whir of the dreaded Mauser bullet was heard. A moment later the crackle of the Krags told that the American line was in action. The block house was enveloped in smoke, but the American troops, equipped with smokeless powder, were in plain view, moving slowly, but steadily, up that death-strewn hill. Somewhere in the rear, a band was playing. The Spanish forces gazed with wonder on the advancing line, which could not be repulsed, and their wonder was not unmixed with fear. The new blood of the West was facing the old blood of the East, and as ever was destined to triumph.

Owen had been detailed to go forward with the wire-cutting squad and remove the barbed wires and other obstructions placed there by the Spaniards. As he was nearing the block house on his dangerous errand, he glanced back toward the troops. He and his helpers had removed all obstructions, and he glanced back to give the signal to advance. To his horror, he saw that the line was wavering, and seemed on the point of being driven back. The Spanish gunners were pouring an awful fire into the already shot-torn ranks, and at each volley the line faltered, staggered, and came blindly on. The continued advance stirred the fighting blood in Owen's body to boiling heat. He dropped back into the line and approached his commanding officer.

"For God's sake"—the rank was forgotten—"close ranks and charge! They are driving us back!"

The officer's eyes blazed with swift wrath at being told to do a thing by a private of the ranks. But as his eyes glinted along the line, he saw that Owen's words were too true.

"Bugler"—his tones rang out high and clear—"sound the charge!"

As the ringing notes died away, a crashing cheer went up from the tired men, and with closed ranks they went forward at the double. The band ceased a moment, and then the crashing chords of the great battle hymn, "Dixie," came surging through the air. To the same tune that his father had marched to so many years before at Gettysburg, Owen himself went up the slope in the front line.

Terror seized the Spanish men, as these men—the conquering sons of the new nation across the Atlantic—came forward at the double in a compact line and with such seeming confidence. They wavered in their fire for a moment, and a moment later the guns were turned upon their former owners, who were fleeing madly toward the city. San Juan was in possession of the American troops.

* * * *

The tired troops were resting before the final assault upon the doomed city—for doomed she was now without a doubt. The Spanish fleet lay a scattered wreck along the Cuban shores. Not one had escaped the fearful fire of the American fleet, and now Santiago lay almost helpless, beseiged on one side by a victorious fleet, while on the other, General Shafter was drawing his lines closer and closer, preparing for the final grand assault.

But just a few hours before the time set for the grand forward movement, word came along the line that the city had surrendered. Realizing the inevitable, the Spanish forces had surrendered without striking another blow. A few hours later the American troops marched into the city as conquerors, carrying out the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. That night, for the first time in fifty years, an American army bivouacked in a foreign city.

The next day, while passing along one of the streets of the captured city, Ensign Tate of the Cruiser Brooklyn stopped suddenly and stared hard at a soldier passing along on the other side of the street.

"Who is that man?" he asked, pointing him out to his companion, a young army officer.

"Which one," following the Ensign's gaze. "Oh, that man? Why, he is the man who really captured the block house

at San Juan. The men call him 'Devil' Owen, I believe." And Captain Dare proceeded to tell the story of Owen's action, which had resulted in the capture of the hill.

"He is strangely like a man who deserted the Brooklyn a few months ago," mused Tate. "That man's name was Owen Kirkpatrick."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed the other, "this fellow is no deserter. He is a born fighter and don't know the meaning of the word fear."

"A brave man will sometimes desert," said Tate. "And," he persisted, "I am not mistaken. Look how he walks now for one thing. Nobody ever walked that way save a sailor."

The two stood and watched Owen pass down the street with that peculiar swinging walk of a sailor of long standing.

"You are right, Tate. He has evidently been a sailor at some time in his life. But surely he is not a deserter. Why, that means death for him," he finished slowly and gravely.

"So it does," assented Tate briefly. "But we will go down and interview him. I can tell very easily when I get closer to him."

Dare nodded affirmatively, and they turned and followed Owen, who was swinging on down the street.

As the two officers approached him, Owen turned his head slightly and caught sight of Tate. His face paled slightly beneath its bronze, and he quickened his steps, hoping that Ensign Tate had not seen him.

But it was in vain. The Ensign's quick eyes had already recognized him, and the next instant he was called upon to halt.

"Caught at last, eh?" sneered Tate, "but I hardly expected to find you here."

"What does this mean, Owen?" demanded the young army officer. "Did you desert the Brooklyn?"

"Yes, sir," answered Owen composedly, though his face was slightly pale, and as his eyes rested upon Tate they gleamed contemptuously. Tate seemed slightly taken aback with this method of greeting, and stepped back slightly, as if fearing bodily harm. Owen laughed sardonically.

"You are pretty good at finding deserters, Tate, but you haven't got a great deal of nerve." His eyes searched the Ensign's face again coldly and sneeringly. Tate's face was a dull red.

"Well, captain," Owen's voice was very cheerful now as he faced Dare—"what are your orders?"

"Proceed to the guard house and place yourself under arrest. I need not say, Owen, how much I regret this." The young fellow's voice was husky, for he knew too well the punishment which must be meted out to this man—the bravest man in the American army.

* * * *

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the white-haired old General at the head of the court-martial, trying Owen Kirkpatrick for desertion.

"Guilty!" answered the prisoner, slowly. So it had come to this—the death of a traitor! He who had fought so bravely on that death-strewn hill was to be shot like a dog by his own comrades.

"Have you no defense to make?" The old General's voice was very grave.

"No, sir," answered Owen, simply, "but I would like to tell you the story of the whole matter."

"Proceed," said the old officer, gravely.

Owen rose and faced his accusers. There was nothing but simplicity itself in his position, but it seemed that a sudden stern austerity had fallen upon him.

"Sirs"—his voice was very low, but every word was distinct—"what I am to say will avail me nothing in a court-martial, I realize, but it may be that I can at least clear my name of the charge of cowardice.

"I enlisted in the navy when but a boy. I thought then that I loved the sea, so I chose the navy in preference to the army. I was very well contented with my lot until Ensign Tate came on the Brooklyn. Since that time it seems that it has been a favorite sport of his to humiliate me in every way possible. I——"

"I protest——" Ensign Tate was on his feet, talking excitedly.

"Sit down!" thundered the commanding officer. "Finish your story, Owen."

"——of course," resumed the prisoner, "could do nothing in retaliation, he being an officer. But I could feel as well as any one, and often his injustice cut me keenly.

"The end came sooner than I expected. I was on the Brooklyn when the troops

landed, and somehow the idea came into my head to leave the ship and go to the army. My father was a soldier, and I suppose the desire for army warfare came down from him.

"He fought for the Southern States, and somehow it seemed that I, too, should be an army man. Sirs, I surrendered to the temptation and cast my lot with the army." Owen's voice was dreamy and far away as he finished speaking.

"What was your father's name?" asked the old General, suddenly.

"Franklin Kirkpatrick," answered Owen, wonderingly.

"What?" almost shouted the old man. "Why, lad, we fought side by side at Gettysburg." His eyes were misty with unshed tears, and his tones shook.

A moment's silence, and the old General's voice boomed out:

"The prisoner is discharged and declared not guilty. He did not desert but merely came into his own."

A ringing cheer smothered his last words.

WHEN FADES THE LIGHT

BY LEIGH GORDAN GILTNER

When fades the light along the Western sky,
When dies the last dim rose to subtlest gray,
When darkling mere and mead enshadowed lie,
And night's wide arms enfold the wearied day;
When the tired lilies ring their vesper bells
And dusking leaves speak whispered orison,
When cassocked Twilight, breathing benison,
His rosary of flashing fireflies tells—
Then ends the day-long struggle. Strong no more,
I drift far out on Fancy's phantom sea,
Setting full sail for that forbidden shore
Where waiteth Love for me.

When fades the light from out my dying eyes,
And soul and sense seem slipping soft away,
When Death's swift shallop launched on Lethe lies,
Waiting to wing me to the unknown Gray;
When things of time and sense grow strangely dim,
And the pent spirit strains to loose its bands,
Till from the fettered feet and helpless hands
Shall fall life's shackles, pitiless and grim,—
Then shall the conflict cease. Enchained no more,
My struggling soul shall sail the silent sea,
Until it touch the unforbidden shore
Where Love awaiteth me.



SOME NOTED CALIFORNIA ARTISTS.

Ernest J. Cross. Jules Pages. Charles Dickman.

CALIFORNIA ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

BY ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN

IT IS SAID the Roman General, Lucius Mummius, when hiring contractors to carry pictures and statues, spoils of Corinth, to Italy (priceless they were, single pieces being worth the ransome of a kingdom), gave notice that should any of the works of art be lost, others must be found just like them. We are not told what answer the contractors made him, or if all Romans—save Scipio, whom history testifies knew better, were as dense as the Roman warrior. Yet the art of the succeeding ages fully justifies the belief that the ancients generally possessed a better understanding than the doughty Lucius Mummius.

In the face of the precious works of art that were destroyed in the San Francisco fire, what a joy to the artists and sculptors of San Francisco, if they could order the fire fiend "to find others." Then the accumulated sketches, drawings and paintings, plaster and marbles, the product of years of time, labor, study and pleasure, might gladden eyes spent in the tabernacle of art.

The painters of the Pacific Coast, like the builders of San Francisco, are forging ahead with redoubled efforts to again adorn the magnificent residences and buildings in course of construction, as well as to supply works of art to the lordly halls of the continental and transcontinental palaces, for many of our artists carry the honor of international fame. Many more are on the high road to like achievement.

To be in touch with Western art and artists, a trip to Del Monte, California, is worth while. For at Del Monte is perhaps the leading gallery of the coast,



THE JOY PAN. BY MISS G. PARTINGTON OF SAN FRANCISCO.

supplanting the once elegant Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Nob Hill, which now mingles its precious wind-swept ashes with that of the humblest shack of the south side. The Mark Hopkins Institute was indeed a veritable temple of art, and one which would have won recognition in any country. Yet a new abiding place has been found for Western art productions.

The move to Del Monte, the old historic ground of Monterey, came about naturally.

As soon as the art colony was again well moving in old era lines, the question arose: "Where to hang paintings?"

In the past came suggestions from the colony of painters at Monterey, to the authorities of Del Monte, that they be permitted to hang their works in the halls of the hotel there. The suggestions were graciously adopted. The paintings were hung, but the sales were slow, for the numerous and wealthy guests took it that the hangings were there by right of furnishings.

Another start was made last February to secure special space for a gallery for exhibiting artists of the West. Through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. Shepard, with the

co-operation of Mr. Warner, and an appointed hanging committee, the ball room was changed into a dignified gallery, worthy the painters and their achievements.

The object of this gallery is to offer a "clearing house" for all Western painters. Over $3,000 worth of pictures have been already sold.

As we enter the spacious office of the Del Monte, a move toward the entrance to the dining room, shows us, on the left wall, the portrait and crest of the Count of Monterey. After diligent but fruitless search in the Musio del Prado, at Madrid and other noted art centers of Spain, the original portrait was at last found in the National Gallery, at the City of Mexico. Miss Wishaar of Oakland was commissioned to go to Mexico to make a copy of this be-ruffled grandee of the Court of Philip III, after whom Monterey was named by Don Sebastian Viscaino, in 1692.

Father Junipero Serra's portrait will soon adorn the opposite wall as a worthy representation of the great California missionary who discovered and settled Monterey. It was recently found at the Sisters of the Presentation Convent in San Francisco, and through the courtesy of the Sisters, and permission of Archbishop Riordan, it is to be reproduced in oils.

On entering the gallery, two fine canvases of Xavier Martinez attract the eye. One, "The Piedmont Hills," glories in all the luxuriant freshness of a spring day: "Oakland Creek," better still, is a gem in line and color. As a draughtsman, Mr. Martinez cannot be surpassed, and though space does not permit a description of the many beautiful notes of color



INTERIOR OF A CABARET, BY JULES PAGES, ONE OF THE BEST PRODUCTIONS OF THIS FAMOUS CALIFORNIA PAINTER, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.



A PASTORAL. A RE-PRODUCTION OF A VERY FINE PAINTING BY WILLIAM KEITH, ONE OF THE GREATEST CALIFORNIA ARTISTS, WHOSE FAME AS A PAINTER IS INTERNATIONAL.

to be found in these two paintings, yet all are introduced with exquisite harmony.

Mr. Martinez chooses to be known in his work as the interpreter of the comic side of life. His cartoons of Piazzoni, Dixon and others, prove this call of the humorous, probably the best rounded note in the scale of his ability.

The sketch given of Emil Zola, the French savant, was taken from life when Mr. Martinez was studying in Paris. It was considered excellent by the art colony there. In the Paris Exposition of 1900, three works from the brush of Martinez were accepted, which fact speaks more than a passing note, when we consider that the canvases of many other able men were rejected.

Maynard Dixon has a very fine showing of five paintings. His excellent work will be treated of in a subsequent article.

The canvases of Charles Rollo Peters are striking, dignified, "stunning," as an artist expressed it. They stand out in bold relief, singing their story of desolation in the most touching, most pathetic of minor keys. They are full of grandeur, yet they inspire us with saddest memories, and send us into trances of delight. They are like a good sermon.

"The Street of Despair," a scene after the great fire, is truly the abomination of desolation.

"The Guardian of Nob Hill," a mutilated lion in white marble, one of two that held guard by the entrance of the mansion of a Western Croesus, gives play to thought.

"Portals of the Past," as given here, reminds us of the ruins of the land of the Caesars, those silent remains of old Roman greatness; the land that Augustus found in brick and left in marble. Our marble is already in evidence.

Isabel Hunter has three poetic hang-

ings, "A Street in Monterey," "Evening" and "Monterey Bay." Her work for years has created the most favorable comment among our best painters. The reproduction herein given is characterized by unmistakable technique, but it is a difficult matter to make a choice between the three canvases. For sentiment and quality, Miss Hunter's and Miss Brady's canvases prove the master hand.

Mr. Ernest Cross, in his studio at Belmont, was seen among a melange of Santa Clara oaks, figure work, single and in groups. As a pastime, Mr. Cross adds Book Plates to his versatile brush. The Dutch School is his hobby, and a natural leaning to the Knickerbocker blood runs in his veins.

Mr. Cross was engaged on an ambitious canvas at the time of the disaster, "The Raising of the American Flag by Montgomery in San Francisco." The archives of Washington were searched for material and data. They were found, forwarded, and the painter had his work well under way with gratifying evidences of promise when the fire swept the Mechanics' Pavilion, where he had for the purpose a temporary studio.

A remarkable result of his brush, of figure painting and pose is the court scene of the great mining case of Fleming vs. Montgomery, involving many millions of dollars, tried and won the beginning of this year by the Hon. C. W. Cross, his father.

A wolf's head by him, a book plate for Jack London, is one of the best things we have seen in this line.

Miss Gertrude Partington's "The Joy Pan," a salon painting which hung in the favored Champs de Mars, among the works of able painters, is surely one of the finest things accomplished by our Pacific coast artists. It is bold, strong and the color scheme fine. Summer day, summer sky, summer atmosphere. This is the irresponsible "Pan" from the half-witted leer of his face, to the position in which he holds this "Golden Apple of the Hesperi-



MONTEREY CYPRESS. A REPRODUCTION FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES J. DICKMAN, ONE OF THE MOST TALENTED ARTISTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.



PORTALS OF THE PAST. A VISION OF A RUIN OF SAN FRANCISCO. BY CHARLES ROLLO PETERS. THIS IS A MOST DIGNIFIED AND IMPRESSIVE CANVAS.

des," the raped fruit from the tree beside him.

Here we have the Arcadian god shorn of some of his shagginess. It is an excellent version of "Auld Horni!"

Charles Dickman is represented by "Market Scene in Cuernavaca, Mexico," and "Monterey Cypress Trees," both of which are executed in Mr. Dickman's finished style. His Brittany scenes are regretfully missing from the collection. Of late, Mr. Dickman has been giving his time to mural decorations in the home of the Hon. F. W. Henshaw, in Redwood City. These are four panels, painted between magnificent heads of moose, elk, bear, caribou and buffalo. The panels are landscapes of the country those animals inhabit.

Mr. Dickman follows neither Pausius, Giotto, Raphael, nor yet Puvis de Chevannes in this decorative scheme, but it is a delightful series of panels of animal life.

Decorative work is blossoming in the West. It is to be the future mission of our most capable wielders of the brush. "The Soil," by Arthur Mathews, the fifth decorative panel for the Oakland library, is just finished. It strikes a deep-sounding chord that echoes and re-echoes in one's memory. The laboring horses, heavy, powerful animals, fitted for the work of the fields, carry in their wake the plow, with man, the monitor, bringing up the rear. Then towering aloft into stately heights, the noble eucalypti rear their magnificent forms. In "The Soil," the impress of truth, intimacy and deep conviction is brought forth with superb craftsmanship. This conception is as touching in its simplicity as it is impressive.

There are seven more panels to be done for this library by Mr. Mathews.

Nothing stronger or finer appears before the public in art magazines than reproductions from his brush in Philopolis, the San Francisco art magazine. "Babylonian Towers," in the October issue from the pen and brush of Mathews, is an inspiration from the inner temple of knowledge. Sincerity is the telling force back of the man, who for seventeen years cred-

itably filled the place of high priest of the California Institute of Art.

Evelyn McCormick has four hangings, "Old Custom House," "Casa Laritas," and "Old Convent," all Monterey subjects. The reproduction of "Casa Laritas" is done in Miss McCormick's conscientious style. It is a sigh from the Monterey of the Pecos and the Castros. There is a "Pumpkin Study," which is a breaking away from Miss McCormick's old time lines. It is perhaps the most unusual thing in the gallery, striking in its color scheme of green and gold, true in every line. Miss McCormick's place among Western artists has long been established.

Mr. William Keith is represented on the walls by two fine canvases, "Glacial Meadow" and "California Oaks." They are done in Mr. Keith's inimitable style. When seen, he was about to start for the Sierras to get the fall effects of the mountains. This venerable figure is undemonstrative, yet alert. He was surrounded by the product of his brush in delightful glimpses of mountain and valley, winter scenes and summer scenes, many of which are sold.

Here are to be found the Cyclopean

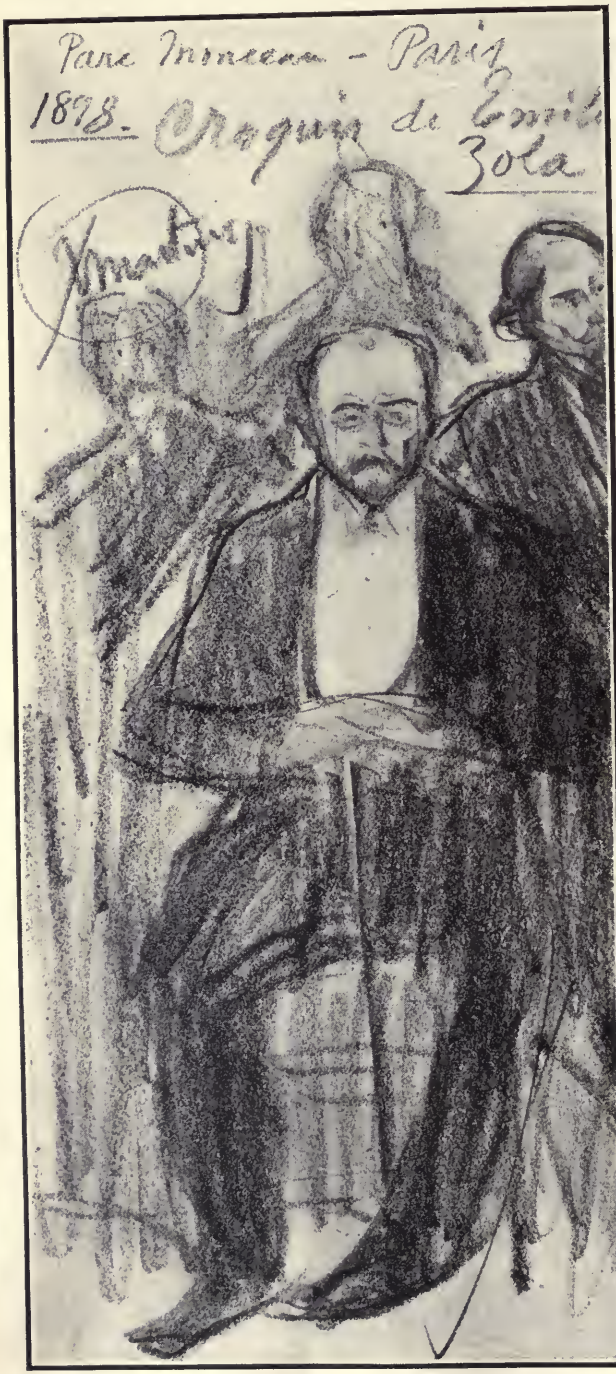


COUNT OF MONTEREY, NINTH VICEROY OF MEXICO, FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MISS WISHAAR, OF OAKLAND, CAL.



MONTEREY SAND DUNES. A RE-PRODUCTION OF A PAINTING BY BERTHA STRINGER LEE, A CALIFORNIA ARTIST WHO IS DOING EXCELLENT WORK.

granite walls of the Yosemite, towering in their mighty strength of countless ages. Here also are to be found the high Sierras, snow-clad and imposing, reflecting the beautiful opalescent tints to which the declining sun gives life. Majestic things are these. Such tremendous heights give us boundless depth for scope of thought, infinite in their complexity and perplexity.



ZOLA, BY XAVIER MARTINEZ, OF PIEDMONT, CAL. MR. MARTINEZ RECENTLY MARRIED MISS WHITAKER, DAUGHTER OF HERMAN WHITAKER, THE NOVELIST.

We have the voice of the valley, too, in mellow notes that speak of human life, human activities that are dear to us; we are part of them. The flowing stream, willow fringed and cool, the oak studded land with a marvelous play of sunlight. There is the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the ever-present shepherd.

Pastoral scenes bring a quickening throb to the heart, while the eye is animated with delight. The pastoral given is worthy a Dupre.

Lord Alfred East, the painter, said of Keith: "A grand old man, a genius who would have received recognition and encouragement had he exhibited in Europe, whereas the product of a new country must needs be dead a hundred years before that country would awaken to the fact that she produced him."

Jules Pages was recently among us in the haunts of his boyhood, many of them entirely wiped out. Of the painters who began a carcer in San Francisco, and have since won name and fame, no one, probably, stands out more prominently before the world than he.

"Les Convives," herein given, was bought by the French Government. It came to life while Pages was in Belgium waiting for dry weather to do the out-of-door work he contemplated. In his idle hours he frequented a cabaret, and a happy inspiration seized him to put on canvas this strong group as he saw it.

Mary Brady has a very fine collection of sketches in the salon. "Telegraph Hill" is one of the interesting places met around this quarter before the disaster.

With a prophetic eye Miss Brady worked and secured numerous sketches of the old, quaint and storied localities; sketches that are priceless now; places reminiscent of former days, and left far behind in the onward march of our city; the ins and outs of the unusual.

There is nothing startling in those sketches to the casual observer, but they command the attention of the master.

As a colorist, Miss Brady is sought for as a teacher.

Few know that Miss Brady and Miss McCormick are the pioneers of the present settlement in Monterey the Mecca, not only for most of the best painters of the West, but also for a pedagogic colony, representing the Universities of California and Stanford, and a literary coterie, among whom are George Sterling and Geraldine Bonner, and with a boyish fondness for the haunts of his early manhood? Charles Warren Stoddard there too wields his able pen, and moves in the atmosphere filled with memories of the days of Robert Louis Stevenson and La Boheme.

Pacific Coast painters possess their own individuality. They are inspired by the beauty, grandeur and bigness of things around them.

They draw their inspiration from great mountain ranges, noble rivers, vast valleys, forests, lakes and plains and awesome desert reaches.

The canvases are full of the dying note of the Redman, Cowboy, Bronco Buster and of a certain per cent of one of the greatest civilizations the world has ever known. A civilization that speaks from the tiled roofs of decaying cases and inglasias. These and a thousand other attractions make this a unique field for the pallet and brush.

While we see glimpses now and then in our studios that remind us of the revolutionists of Barbazon, a breath of renaissance days or Greek days of Apelles, they are only faint notes in the coloratura of Western art.

En passant, we may here state that the stirring impetus given the renaissance after the establishment of Greek culture west of the Adriatic, came from almost our own door.

The wealth of Aztec and Inca Territories flowed into Europe and enabled the promoters of that great movement to build magnificent palaces, public buildings and churches, and to pay for the chef d'oeuvres which embellished them.

In subsequent issues of Overland, not only the work of California, but of other Western artists will be dwelt upon.





SECRETARY TAFT IN THE ORIENT. AROUND AND AROUND THE DECK WENT SECRETARY TAFT, COVERING SIXTY ODD LAPS A DAY IN ALL SORTS OF WEATHER, HIS DAILY WALKS BEING MORE THAN SIX MILES. FEW COULD KEEP THE PACE SET BY THE SECRETARY. HE TALKED WITH HIS COMPANIONS WHILE WALKING, AND KEPT COUNT BY MANIPULATING HIS FINGERS.



SECRETARY TAFT AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL "JIM" SMITH OF CALIFORNIA, WATCHING A BALL GAME BETWEEN NATIVE TEAMS.

SECRETARY TAFT IN THE ORIENT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LEE DUNN.

Written for the Overland from Hongkong.

SECRETARY TAFT'S speeches in Tokio and Shanghai have put new heart in American commercial interests in the Orient, and mark a new era of American prosperity in the Far East. I believe that the Secretary's visit is scarcely second in importance to the coming of the American fleet to the Pacific ocean. Though Mr. Taft is a natural peace-maker, and his jolly, unassuming, yet dignified personality wins him thousands of friends among Asiatics, as well as Occidentals, yet most of all he is a fighter, and although his statements have been couched in diplomatic and kindly language, no one understands better than the Oriental the real meaning of his Tokio and Shanghai addresses, which were no less than an unostentatious exhibition of the famed "Big Stick."

His significant measuring of the almost unlimited resources of the United States against Japan's scanty means, and the hard struggle of Japan to carry out industrial enterprises at home and to further the expansion of her commerce; his assurance that the United States will not in the near future relinquish control of the Philippines, and will properly fortify the islands and adequately patrol the Pacific; and his insistence upon the fact that America will not tolerate the efforts of rivals to secure special privileges in violation of the open door principle, show the Americans who have a stake in the country where they stand.

The position of the United States in the Far East is now inseparably associated with our position in the Philippines, and the statements that the United States would withdraw have acted adversely upon American interests throughout the Orient. Then, too, although our trade is steadily growing, there have been discouraging and uncertain features. The boycott was felt. Japan's victory over Russia, followed by our friction with Japan, naturally affected American commerce adversely, and the Japanese commercial houses were not slow in taking advantage of the opportunity.

The political and sentimental interests of the United States in the Orient were steadily and rapidly waning, and it seemed the time must come when any unusual situation must precipitate a crisis. In any event, every one will concede that the Orient had not been cultivated since Secretary Hay made the Far East a special field for American diplomacy.



SECRETARY TAFT WINS A WAGER. THE SECRETARY IS AN ACTIVE MAN. DURING HIS RECENT TRIP TO THE ORIENT, MR. TAFT, ON A WAGER WITH THE NEW MINISTER TO JAPAN, O'BRIEN, CLIMBED A TWENTY-FIVE FOOT LADDER TO THE SHIP DECK, AND THROUGH A NARROW VENTILATOR, FROM THE ASIATIC STEERAGE. PHOTOGRAPH JUST AS HE EMERGED VICTORIOUSLY.



MRS. TAFT AND SUITE FISHING IN THE ROYAL LAKE, OSHIBA PALACE GROUNDS. THE TAFT PARTY OCCUPIED THE PALACE DURING THEIR STAY IN JAPAN.



SECRETARY TAFT, WHILE ON HIS RECENT TRIP TO THE PHILIPPINES, READING OVER HIS MESSAGE TO BE DELIVERED TO THE PHILIPPINES ASSEMBLY.

There has been a growing bond in the Orient between England, France and Japan, and it looked as though China might be the object of a commercial or other raid.

But Secretary Taft's visit has clarified the situation immensely. He certainly made a big hit both in Japan and China. Here at Hong Kong he was met at the wharf by a guard of honor, with a band and special chairs, there being eight carriers and two criers for his chair, which was gaily decorated. He took luncheon with a prominent leader of the Chinese colony; attended a public reception in his honor at the Hong Kong Hotel, and this evening will be given at the palace of the Governor a ball. Large as he is, he is certainly exceptionally active and vigorous.

H. S.

Mr. Taft in the Philippines.

Since reaching Manila, Mr. Taft has been far more active than most men of slighter physical dimensions. Indeed, it completely fatigues his retinue to keep up with him. I think the photographs here given will afford an idea of some of his divers activities.



SECRETARY TAFT ENJOYING THE OUTDOOR SPORTS EN ROUTE TO THE ORIENT.



SECRETARY TAFT'S RECENT ARRIVAL IN THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. NOTE THE VESSELS GAILY DECORATED IN HIS HONOR.



MRS. TAFT ON THE LEFT, AND MRS. SNOW, IN THE PALACE GROUNDS AT TOKYO. MRS. TAFT TOOK ALL HER VISITORS THROUGH THE GROUNDS, SPENDING MANY HOURS DAILY VIEWING THE SCENERY.



NEW MINISTER TO JAPAN O'BRIEN, MRS. TAFT AND SECRETARY TAFT, AND CAPTAIN AUSTIN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "MINNESOTA."



OPENING OF THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY. THIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



ON SECRETARY TAFT'S ARRIVAL IN HONG KONG, HE WAS BORNE IN A SEDAN CHAIR BY CARRIERS TO THE PALACE, WHERE A MAGNIFICENT OVATION WAS GIVEN HIM.

His reception has been marvelous. Probably no white leader has ever been so cordially entertained by the people of an Oriental colony. The fact that Mr. Taft is making this trip around the world so he would be present at the opening of the assembly impresses the Filipinos. They appreciate the presence of this big, kindly man, who talks to them in their own tongues, more than almost any expression that the American administration could give.

The Filipino people as a whole do not know any more about an abstract form of Government than about the man in the moon. This allegiance to any sort of Government is their allegiance to the men who direct the Government. For centuries they have been under a system of personal rule.

But they understand the kindly sentiment underlying Secretary Taft's present visit to the islands.

Mr. Taft peculiarly understands the Filipinos, and has done much to bring about the cordial relations that now exists between Americans and Filipinos in the Islands. The old ditty:

"He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
But he ain't no brother of mine,"

is heard no longer. So far Mr. Taft has enunciated no new principles with regard to our Philippine policy, nor will he probably do so, although he has reiterated his opinion, "that it will probably take considerably longer than a generation" before the people are ready for self-government.



SECRETARY TAFT'S MODEST HOME.

During the last two years, the islands have experienced unparalleled prosperity. The merchants of Manila are so encouraged that they have appropriated $100,000 to advertise the islands, while the insular Government has added $25,000 more. Twenty thousand Filipinos are now engaged on the construction of the new railway lines, some of which are already in partial operation.

Before returning to the United States, Mr. Taft will be officially entertained in the European capitals. —J. A. C.

SEERS

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN

Ah, World-a-wonder, would you know
Your fortune, Mistress? Aye? Then go
To Mind, the Vagabond; in truth,
He'll say you—gipsy-wise—good sooth
For silver, when he's scanned
The lines, fair Mistress, of your hand.

Poor Heart-a-hunger, would you learn
Your future? 'Tis for you to turn
Aside from life, its fret and stir,
To where the Soul-Astrologer
Abides apart, your fate to guard
By gazing ever Heavenward.

GUATEMALA--A LAND OF PROGRESS

THE PROSPEROUS CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC NOW CONNECTED WITH THE UNITED STATES BY RAIL IS DOUBLY INTERESTING BY REASON OF THE SATISFYING CONCLUSION OF THE RECENT PEACE CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

As a result of the labors of the Central American peace conference, which held its last formal meeting in Washington, D. C., on December 16, 1907, peace is assured in Central America. On Friday, December 20th, the conventions agreed to by the conference were formally signed in a public session in which Secretary of State Elihu Root took a part. One of the most important provisions is that providing for a permanent peace court, to which will be submitted all questions which may threaten the serenity of any of the countries. This court will last ten years. The treaty provides also that no troops shall be permitted to cross Honduras; for the establishment of a Central American pedagogical system; for the building of railroads; for extradition treaties; the establishment of a Central American Bureau similar to the Bureau of American Republics at Washington. There is but little doubt that under the kindly eye of "Uncle Sam" a new era of prosperity is dawning for our Central American neighbors.

The Hon. John Barrett's article on Guatemala has therefore a special interest to readers of Overland, for no one has done more to bring about this permanent peace than Mr. Barrett. The present article is the first of several that will appear from Mr. Barrett's pen in Overland during the coming year.

BY JOHN BARRETT, Director of the International Bureau of the American Republics.*

CENTRAL America has at this moment a particular and timely interest. Always worthy of study or of a visit, it demands our attention now as never before. During the month of November there began in Washington one of the most important international conferences in the history of the Latin-American Republics. Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras, through their ministers in Washington, signed, in September, a protocol providing for a meeting in November at Washington, at which they should consider and endeavor to adjust permanently all of their differences. If a favorable treaty is finally approved by these five republics, there is no reason why all Central America should not enter upon a period of economic prosperity, material progress, and stability of Government that will rival the record of such countries as Mexico, Brazil and Argentina.*

*Mr. Barrett has been United States Minister to Siam, Argentina, Panama and Colombia; Delegate to the second Pan-American Conference; Commissioner General to Asia of the St. Louis World's Fair; and the author of a number of books and articles on both Asia and South America. Mr. Barrett is an international officer, representing not only each one of the Central American nations, but the United States as well. Mr. Barrett's next article will deal with "Trade Opportunities with South America."

*The convention has since met, with satisfactory conclusions.

The editor of the Overland Monthly has requested me, as an international officer representing each one of the Central American nations, as well as the United States, to prepare, for the large constituency of his magazine, an article on Guatemala, as our nearest Central American neighbor. It is with pleasure I comply.



HON. JOHN BARRETT, CHIEF OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

Many reasons make Guatemala a country with which the average American should be more familiar. In a short time, another link in the Pan-American Railway will be completed, so that a traveler can go the entire distance by rail from New York or San Francisco, via Mexico, to Guatemala City, the beautiful capital. Almost at the same time, the trans-continental railroad from Puerto Barrios, on the Gulf of Honduras, Atlantic side, will be completed to Guatemala City, and join with the system coming down from Mexico at Ayutla on the Pacific Coast of Guatemala. It would be difficult to pick out a more interesting route of travel for the American who is weary of the old ways than that of proceeding by rail all the way through Mexico and Guatemala to Puerto Barrios, and then taking a steamer from there to New Orleans, Panama and New York. The Pacific Coast business man, tourist, or student, who is looking for new sensations, should try this experience. He will see much and learn more that will be of value to him in realizing the importance of our Latin-American neighbors.

Next summer, in August, the Pan-American Medical Congress is to be held in Guatemala City. The Government is making great preparations for this occasion, and it is hoped that hundreds of representative medical men from different parts of the United States will attend. Every representative physician or surgeon of the United States who desires to go will be welcomed by the Guatemalan Government.

Only the other day the able Minister of Guatemala in Washington, Doctor Toledo Herrarte, called upon me, and expressed the hope that California, Oregon and Washington would send large delegations to this convention.

Different Routes Leading to Guatemala.

Travelers from San Francisco or other Pacific ports of the United States can reach Guatemala either by direct steamer or in a more round-about route, by rail, according as they have time and disposition. Steamers leaving San Francisco weekly touch regularly at San Jose, the principal Pacific port of Guatemala, and occasionally at Ayutla, Ocos, and Champerico. From San Jose to Guatemala City is an interesting and delightful trip of seventy-five miles from the coast up through the mountains to the high and cool plateaus in the interior.

The capital itself is the largest city in Central America, and boasts of a population exceeding one hundred thousand. It stands at such an altitude, five thousand



TRACES OF A LONG-ESTABLISHED CIVILIZATION. THEATRE STREET, GUATEMALA CITY.

feet, or one mile, above sea level, that it has a delightful and healthful climate. Although the sun seems a little oppressive at times in the middle of the day, the nights are invariably cool. The depressing and humid conditions that prevail in low sections of the tropics are entirely absent. It is well built and possesses many handsome structures, statues, public drives and plazas. Its cathedral and churches are noted for their architecture and size. In a vista of the town they loom up with most impressive prominence. Guatemala City has a picturesque site, situated on an upland plateau, which, in turn, is surrounded by mountains, among which loom the volcanoes of Agua and Fuego. The



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GUATEMALA CITY.

educational institutions rank high in Latin America. In addition to public schools, they have a meteorological observatory, national museum, special institutes for young men and young women, and for the native Indians, together with a children's college and a national university, which includes schools of law, medicine, engineering, arts and technical study. There are also well managed hospitals, asylums and other public institutions.

Physical Characteristics of the Country.

Before going further, it is well to form a better idea of the geography of this remarkable country. Naturally, the first question asked is: "How large is Guatemala?" It is almost exactly the same size as New York State, a trifle smaller than Illinois, and not quite one-third the area of California. In round figures, although authorities differ, it covers fifty thousand square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is three hundred and sixty miles, and from east to west three hundred and ninety miles. The indentations of the Pacific give it a coast line of nearly four hundred miles on that important sea. Its physical topography is striking. The mingling of lofty mountains and rolling hills, temperate plateaus and tropical valleys, primeval forests and banana plantations, cool lakes and mountain torrents, with low-lying bayous and sluggish rivers, give Guatemala a variety of geographical and national conditions hardly equaled by any country of its size in the world. Humboldt was so impressed with it one hundred years ago that he described it as a land of great fertility and possibilities of cultivation.

Although certain sections are thickly populated, there are still vast areas of agricultural land waiting immigration to develop their richness. The main range of the Guatemalan Andes runs parallel to the Pacific Ocean, and its summits rise to the height of 14,000 feet. The north-

ern section, reaching towards Yucatan, and the eastern portion near Belize and the Gulf of Honduras, are lower and more tropical in their characteristics. In fact, there is a considerable area in the northern and eastern portions that is practically unexplored, although it is now rapidly being studied by timber and mineral prospectors. There are several inland lakes which are deep enough for steamer navigation. Of these, Lake Izabel is the largest. It is fifty-eight miles long and twelve miles wide, and has an outlet through the Dulce river into the Gulf of Honduras.

Varying Climatic Conditions.

Everybody who is going to a tropical country makes the inquiry: "How about the climate?" I have already described that of Guatemala City, but this, of course, represents only a portion of the country. Climatically, Guatemala can readily be divided into three sections: the hot lands, or "terra caliente," which comprise the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the low lying levels; the temperate zone, or "tierra templada," which includes the Central Plateau, ranging from 2,500 to 6,000 feet above sea level, and the cold zone, or "tierra fria," which includes the high lands and plateaus above 7,000 feet. Instead of there being practically four seasons, such as we have in the United States, there are only two: the dry or summer season, from November to April, and the winter or rainy season, from May until October. March and April are the hottest months, and December and January the coldest. Winter in that part of the world does not mean cold, and summer does not necessarily mean heat. The synonym for winter is the rainy period, and for summer the dry period, without regard to temperature. Except along the coast, the average temperature is not above seventy-two degrees, and even on the coast there are refreshing breezes from the sea which blow for several hours every day. Guatemala has an inestimable advantage in its mountains which greatly neutralize its rainfall from the coast. The prevailing winds blow from the north and east, although at certain times in the year they come from the south and the southwest. A general rule in regard to rainfall is that the regions confronting the moist winds from the ocean have abundant precipitation, while those protected by mountains from the sea winds are dry.



A GLIMPSE OF PICTURESQUE GUATEMALA CITY.

The visitor to Guatemala should carry an abundance of light clothing for the low country and some thicker flannels to wear upon the plateaus. He does not require heavy, thick suits of outer clothes, provided he has a light overcoat that he



CONCORD PARK, A BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC AIRING PLACE IN GUATEMALA CITY.

can use in the morning and evening. A sun umbrella is always useful, and a mosquito netting would often save discomfort in the low levels. On the whole, the conditions of temperature in Guatemala compare most favorably with those of the majority of tropical countries. The hotels in Guatemala City, while not gorgeous or to be compared with the Fairmonts and Waldorf-Astorias of the United States, are comfortable.

The Population and Its Peculiarities.

Nearly two million inhabitants make up the population of Guatemala. The majority of these are pure Indians, but there is a large high-class white or Spanish element to be found in Guatemala City and most of the other principal towns. The Indians are remarkably industrious and peace loving. Serious crime is rare. The Guatemaltecos could be described as brave, hospitable, generous, jealous and sensitive as to their rights, honorable in business dealings, endowed with natural intelligence, and receptive of modern ideas presented in the right way. While it is true that illiteracy still prevails to a considerable extent among the masses of the people, this is being largely and constantly reduced. The public educational system of the Republic is now so organized that there is not a Guatemalan village without its school.

Among the principal towns, aside from the capital, are Totonicapan, with a population of 33,000; Quezaltenango, with 25,000; Coban, with 23,000; Jalapa, with 13,000; and Antigua, with 10,000, Puerto Barrios and San Jose. Education is practically free and compulsory. In 1903 there were one thousand and sixty-four native primary schools, which were attended by nearly thirty-seven thousand pupils. There were one hundred and twenty-eight private primary and secondary schools, including normal colleges, and fifty-five rural schools. The Roman Catholic religion generally prevails, but the State favors no special creed, and all forms of religious worship are freely tolerated.

The American tourist, who repairs to Guatemala, whether for business reasons or other motives, will find the country full of interest. The life and customs prevailing resemble those of the other tropical Latin-American countries, but yet they have distinguishing characteristics. The contrast between the highly cultured class of society and the masses of the common people is noticeable. The young women



HOW OUR SISTER REPUBLIC OF THE PACIFIC COAST SHIPS AND RECEIVES HER FREIGHT. IRON PIER AT PORT OF SAN JOSE, GUATEMALA.

and girls of pure Spanish origin or of Spanish and Indian extraction are frequently noted for their beauty and grace. The Guatemalan public officials and men of business are equal to any in America. Their homes and families in the capital and chief cities rival those of America and Europe in refinement. Guatemala can justly be proud of the statesmen, scientists, men of letters and politicians whom she has produced in the brief space of less than one hundred years of political autonomy.

The lower classes present a fascinating field of study. Several types of Indians and half-castes can be seen. Perhaps the finest are the sturdy descendants of the Caribs in the mountain districts. Erectness and suppleness of bearing are conserved by the frequent practice among both the men and women in the rural regions of carrying heavy loads on their heads. Methods of doing things in the interior are primitive, as handed down from the centuries. The peons, or laborers, are docile, but require to be trained carefully in order to work regularly and reliably. In trade, the Guatemalans of the lower class, like those of most countries, enjoy a bargain, and expect to have the price of what they have to sell beaten down. The North American, however, who has sympathy, good common sense and tact, can get on well anywhere in Guatemala. The people are hospitable to strangers and foreigners as a general thing.

The archaeologist will find Guatemala a land of intense attraction. Within the country he will see the remains of vast aboriginal temples, palaces and primitive images, pyramids, hieroglyphics and picture writing suggestive of the best of ancient Egypt. The student of history will find, in the National Library of Guatemala City and in the collections of books in other large towns, a vast amount of valuable data, covering the earlier development of the Western hemisphere. It must be remembered that in Guatemala, Spain first began her conquest of Central America three hundred years ago, beginning with the invasion of Pedro and Jorge de Alvarado on the north, and Gil Gonzales de Avila on the south. The former came down from Mexico just before the latter came up from Panama. For a long period of years, Central America



NATIONAL INSTITUTE, GUATEMALA.



A MAGNIFICENT ENGINEERING WORK. AQUEDUCT ARCH, GUATEMALA.



SCENES OF THE COUNTRY.—TOP FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. 1. A NATIVE THATCH. 2. INDIAN WOMEN AT A WELL. BOTTOM LEFT TO RIGHT—1. INDIAN GIRLS AT A SPRING. 2. HOUSEHOLD INDUSTRIES.

From stereographs copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

was known to the world as the "Kingdom of Guatemala," ruled by Viceroys, appointed by the Spanish Government. The Central American Republics achieved their independence about 1821, and remained as one republic until 1847. Since then, various efforts have been made to re-unite them, but none has been completely successful.

Administrative and Commercial Conditions.

During the last nine years, the administration of the Government has been directed by President Estrada Cabrera. Coming into power at a time of political trouble and industrial depression, he devoted himself to restoring public tranquility, and strengthening the national credit, reducing the public debt, and codifying the conflicting systems of legal procedure. When this had been accomplished he also took up the broad question of sanitation, the construction of railways, the building of highways through tropical wildernesses to connect centers of industry and population, and the moral and educational advancement of the Guatemalan people. He, moreover, instituted in various parts of the republic and at stated intervals brilliant floral entertainments known as the "Festivals of Min-

erva." These resulted in getting the masses of the people interested in education and self-improvement. The present Minister of Guatemala to the United States, Dr. Toledo Herrarte, is one of the able and practical statesmen of the republic, and his policy in Washington is to develop most friendly relations with the United States and other American republics.

Commercial, economic and business conditions which characterize Guatemala are naturally of much interest to all North Americans who are watching the progress and development of the Central American countries. Under this head it is well to consider first systems of communication. I have already spoken of the approaches to Guatemala from the Pacific side. There is, moreover, a frequent steamship service between the Atlantic ports of the United States and those of Guatemala. From New York, the time required for a trip to Puerto Barrios, a distance of two thousand miles, is from ten to eleven days. This trip would be made quicker were it not for some intermediate stops. From New Orleans to Puerto Barrios, a distance of one thousand miles, the journey is usually made in five days. The distance from San Francisco by sea to San Jose is two thousand five hundred and sixty-five miles, and requires about ten to fifteen days, on account of the steamers stopping at Mexican ports along the route. Before the railroad from Puerto Barrios was practically open, the journey from New York to San Jose, Guatemala, was generally made via Panama, and required from fifteen to eighteen days. The Mexican Herald of October 5th announced that great preparations are being made in Guatemala City to celebrate the completion of the connecting link between the Southern and Great Northern Railways, which will unite Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic with San Jose on the Pacific. This railway will form an important international route of three hundred miles for foreign commerce.

Productions, Industries and Resources.

Looking now at the productions, industries and resources of Guatemala, we find



GRAND HOTEL STREET, GUATEMALA CITY.

that the most important crop is coffee, of which the exports amounted in 1905 to approximately 856,000 quintals (of 100 pounds). Other noteworthy articles, largely used for home consumption, were sugar, produced to the extent of over 2,100,000 quintals; maize, 1,687,000 quintals; beans, 126,000 quintals; wheat, 77,000 quintals; sweet potatoes, 27,000 quintals; tobacco, 20,000 quintals, and bananas, 787,000 bunches. Guatemala has valuable forests within the northern and eastern portions, but the wood of these is not yet extensively exported. The mineral wealth of the republic is indeed remarkable. Gold, silver, lead, copper, manganese, antimony, sulphur, salt, lignite and other minerals exist, but they are little worked in comparison to their extent. At Quebradas, near Izabel, are placer gold mines in successful operation. In the Departments of Santa Rosa and Chiquimula, silver is worked to a considerable extent, while salt is taken in increasing measures from the Departments of Alta Vera Plaza and Santa Rosa. There are some industries, including the manufacture in a limited way of cotton and woolen goods, cement, brick, earthenware, furniture, cigars and the preparation of ramie, occasional breweries and some distilleries.

Guatemala's Trade with the Foreign World.

The foreign trade of Guatemala is growing, but it is yet in the infancy of its development. The latest figures for the trade of 1906, as given by the British Minister accredited to that republic, place the invoice value of merchandise imported into Guatemala at $5,745,521, but with the addition of twenty-five per cent, covering the cost of packing freight, insurance and commissions, official returns fix the amount at $7,220,769. The export valuations are given at $7,136,271. This makes the total foreign trade of Guatemala with the world about $14,400,000. Although the figures for 1905 were approximately $15,000,000, the seeming slight decrease is not due to quantity, but to the difference of valuation. The general trend is forward, in as much as the foreign commerce in 1901 amounted approximately to $12,000,000.

The United States in 1906 supplied about fifty per cent of the imports of Guatemala, while twenty-five per cent came from the United Kingdom, and the remainder from Germany in the greater proportion. Of the exports, coffee, the largest item, goes largely to Germany. Rubber, timber, hides, sugar, cocoa and various other tropical products, are also shipped in increasing quantities. The portion of the total exports which went to the United States in 1906 amounted approximately to $3,386,000, or nearly one-half. Among imports, over $500,000 worth of railway material was brought in for use on the new roads. Flour was val-



A PHASE OF PICTURESQUE GUATEMALA. NATIONAL THEATRE, GUATEMALA CITY.



INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF GUATEMALA. MODERN RAILWAY STATION IN GUATEMALA CITY.

ued at $400,000. Other prominent articles in the import list from the United States were tallow, coal, lard, timber, iron tubes, iron structural material, sewing machines, and various classes of machinery. The customs receipts of duties for Guatemala in 1906 are quoted at $1,900,000, as compared with $1,970,000 in the preceding year.

It is impossible within the brief limits of a magazine article to do justice to such a resourceful country as Guatemala. This discussion is only a passing sketch. If what is here written excites further inquiries among the readers of the Overland Monthly, the International Bureau of American Republics, of which I have the honor to be the chief administrative officer, will gladly endeavor to answer them as far as its facts and data will permit. In the Columbus Memorial Library, belonging to the International Bureau, is the most complete collection of books and pamphlets about Guatemala and Latin-America in the United States. This can be freely consulted by any one visiting or living in Washington. Perhaps the most practical discussion of Guatemala, in the form of a public document, and therefore available for distribution, is the pamphlet entitled "Guatemala: The Country of the Future," by Charles M. Pepper, Special Agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor. In the Bulletin of the Bureau published each month, are regular reports covering commercial and material development in Guatemala, including the Messages of the President and the latest legislative enactments affecting foreign trade and interests. These will be supplied free upon application made to the Bureau through a United States Senator or Member of Congress.

MY CALIFORNIA LADY

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

No lady of sorrow and sadness,
 No dolorous lady of pain;
Quintessence of glimmering gladness,
 Of laughter and dainty disdain.

I'm tired of erotic Rossetti,
 Decadent dream-maidens of Wilde;
I hail with a cloud of confetti
 The mountains' and prairies' gay child.

Aweary of shoulders sin-laden,
 Swinburnian, willow-wood white,
I smile with my merry-eyed maiden,
 My lady of dancing delight!

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT

THE OTHER MR. ROGERS

MR. HENRY H. Rogers, the brains of the Standard Oil Company, has been amazingly and peculiarly "featured up" before the country by the fertile imagination and picturesque pen of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. Mr. Rogers, if we are to believe the Boston author, is a "roaring lion," a "caged rattlesnake," a "Bengal tiger defeated of its prey;" in fact, a whole zoological garden in the personality of one man. He is a man of steel, iron, blood, ice, and a Machiavelli besides.

As a matter of fact, Henry H. Rogers is a much-overworked old gentleman, rapidly nearing the close of his life, who is not at all known to the public, for all his life he has been too busy to cultivate popularity. It is an easy matter to misrepresent the personal side of a man whom nobody knows, and who is chained to his desk like a watch dog. The other day, "Overland's" correspondent was up in Fair Haven, Massachusetts, where Henry H. Rogers really *lives*; in New York he *exists*, he says. It amazed the writer to find that in Fairhaven Mr. Rogers is familiarly known by his town folk as "Hen." Rogers. The fact that Mr. Rogers is a multi-millionaire is, of course, recognized; it vastly impresses some of the richer towns people. But to those who knew him as an errand boy and who are still poor themselves, the fact counts for little.

"Yes, 'Hen.'s" done well, very well. They say that he's right up among them big guns in New York," said Franklin McClure, the grizzled old express-wagon driver, who was born in Fair Haven.

As Mr. Rogers stepped from the car to the station platform, Mr. Franklin McClure called: "Hello, 'Hen'!"

"Hello, Frank," said Henry H. Rogers, his face lighting up with a smile. "I've a couple of trunks for you to-day, Frank."

And the two shook hands and chatted a moment on the station platform, while nobody paid a particle of attention to them but the writer. What would a Wall street clerk given to have chatted with "Hen." Rogers.

The truth is, that "Hen." Rogers—and he is "Hen." to hundreds of the simple friends of boyhood days—is, when he enjoys the peace and quiet of his childhood's home, an utterly different man than when in the richly appointed offices of the National Transit Company—the pipe line of Standard Oil—at 26 Broadway, New York. Here in Fair Haven he is counted a native of the town, and not the multi-millionaire of Standard Oil fame; here, doubtless, comes to him the happy thought that among his many friends he is known as a man only; here he sees the old faces that recall the past struggles of early life.

Here, in Fair Haven, "Hen." Rogers' boyhood was crowded with work and study that prepared in a large measure for his extraordinary business career.

"Hen." Rogers' father died when he was a mere boy, and his mother, a good and wise woman, reared the active ambitious lad who rapidly learned to take care of himself and helped his mother, besides. The town school in those days was an ancient, tumble-down old school house, and "Hen." Rogers grew up like other American boys, sharpening his wits between study and play. "I said that when I got rich—if I ever did—I would give this old town a school house that would make people sit up and look," said Mr. Rogers, after I had been introduced to him by Frank McClure. "Long time ago, wasn't it, Frank?"

"You aren't as old as I am, 'Hen.'"

"No, that's true. Well, good-bye, Frank; glad to have met you, sir," and



MR. H. H. ROGERS, THE STANDARD OIL MAGNATE AT HIS DESK IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, NO. 26 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY. FOUR MONTHS AGO, MR. ROGERS HAD AN ATTACK OF APOPLEXY IN THIS OFFICE, AND WAS QUICKLY REMOVED TO HIS HOME AT FAIR HAVEN, MASS., WHERE HE HAS BEEN CONFINED EVER SINCE.
From a stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

the old man, who has aged very rapidly in the past few years was whisked away in his auto.

In the old school house was a desk, and to-day it is preserved because carved deep in the wood can be read "Hen. R." As a school boy, Henry H. Rogers was not different from his playfellows. Once he failed of promotion from the primary grade because he copied from another lad's slate, 9x0—9. Any one who gave that answer failed of passing. Imagine the greatest active intellect of the Standard Oil Company figuring to-day, 9x0—9, and directing the policies and politics of the company.

Fair Haven is full of anecdotes of "Hen." Rogers's youth, and many yarns are spun to any one who cares to interrogate some of the old inhabitants.

On leaving high school he worked for the village store, and drove the delivery wagon until he became a clerk—afterwards he went out to the oil fields near Oil City, investing about $400, in this, his first real enterprise.

Way back in 1885 he began to favor his native town by benefactions, and so far has given about $4,000,000.

When he grasps the hand of an old school-mate, or a play-fellow now in the decline of life, he gives such a whole-souled grasp of the hand and a heart-felt, "Well, Jim, how are you?" that you can scarcely recognize the hard-visaged man who comes from 26 Broadway every afternoon with the bearing of a military commander. J. S. C.



MR. THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN, FINANCIER AND PHILANTHROPIST, WHO WAS RUMORED TO HAVE BECOME INTERESTED IN THE UNITED RAILROADS, THE STREET CAR SYSTEM OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE UNKNOWN MR. RYAN



THOMAS Fortune Ryan is the most taciturn of the great financiers. Although his wealth is estimated at several hundred million dollars, personal anecdotes of him are lacking. Mr. Ryan absolutely refuses to give out interviews either concerning his vast affairs or upon his personal views. The reporters in New York gave up interviewing him fifteen years ago.

Mr. Ryan's private life is not one which would attract attention. His chief relaxation is his family, and his greatest hobby is the raising of blooded cattle on his magnificent estate at Oak Ridge, Virginia. The estate is the site of his birthplace, and here, on October 17, 1851, Mr. Ryan was born. As a boy, he worked in a grocery store and attended the common schools, intermittently, until at the age of seventeen, the poverty of his parents forced him into the world. He entered the dry goods commission house of John S. Berry in Baltimore. He had few intimates and no close friends, so far as is known, but he stuck to business with amazing persistence. By the time he was twenty-one, he had saved up enough money to leave Baltimore and enter a Wall street banking house. He was then, as now, exceedingly well, but quietly, dressed—he was slow and careful of speech, deliberate, exact, but for all that, had the reputation for original Irish wit.

"I knew Thomas F. Ryan when he came to New York in the early seventies," said an old Wall street veteran to the writer. "He was a quiet, sharp, well-dressed fellow, who cultivated the best men in town with great success. He was a wonderful planner; his plans seemed too ambitious to be possible of fulfillment. I was later interested with him in an enterprise. I knew he had many others, but he never spoke of them."

In 1873 he married Miss Ida M. Berry, daughter of John S. Berry, of Baltimore, his first employer. In 1874 he became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and from that time on, his progress was meteoric, though but little realized. Perhaps no one except Mr. Ryan himself could tell the rate at which his vast fortune developed or enumerate the sources of it. His wealth has come largely through activities similar in many ways to those of J. Pierpont Morgan; the promoting of vast corporate enterprises, and the consolidation of competing concerns. The vast wealth under his control has afforded him unusual opportunities for the increase of his personal fortunes. He

is to-day interested in the Congo concession, the tobacco trust, and in many traction and railroad enterprises. He worsted Mr. E. H. Harriman in securing control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Mr. Ryan is strictly a family man. Though he maintains a stylish country residence at Suffern, N. Y., and a Fifth avenue place, he cares nothing for society, and never entertains other than family friends. Though he belongs to many exclusive clubs, few of the members know him personally.

But at Oak Ridge, Virginia, he unbends. Here in his unpretentious home he lives among his paintings, music and books. More and more he is withdrawing into his shell, and his business is devolving upon the elder of his five sons.

He is as silent regarding his great benefactions as regarding his wealth and personal affairs. Yet few multi-millionaires have given as much to charity as Mr. Ryan. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are devout Roman Catholics. At each of their homes, as well as upon their private car, is a private chapel.

Among Mr. Ryan's intimates are many notable authors and artists.

WILLIAM H. LANGDON

A Country School-teacher Who "Made Good."

NOW, OVER and above all, the story of William H. Langdon is the story of the moral stamina of a clean, brave young man—the strongest chapter in his life is not the record of hard, weary days upon the farm, or his later achievement in public capacities, but it is the fact that he has kept his election promises to the people, and has been faithful to his pledges, in one of the bitterest and most unusual series of criminal prosecutions in the history of the United States.

Mr. Langdon, who was elected District Attorney of San Francisco in the recent November elections, is another of the long list of country school teachers who has risen into national prominence.

Ordinarily, the office of District Attorney of San Francisco would not be a position commanding more than local attention. But "Bill" Langdon, as his friends call him, has been brought into the international lime light through the fact that he is the nominal and official head of the so-called San Francisco graft prosecutions, which have furnished the most startling and sensational disclosures of municipal boodling since the days of "Boss" Tweed.

"Bill" Langdon was a country boy. His father worked a small farm—which he was too poor to own—on shares, and made a mighty scanty living by raising hay and barley for the San Francisco market. The "farm" was located in the foothills of San Leandro, a suburb of Oakland, California, and about an hour's ride by train from San Francisco. Here "Bill" passed most of his boyhood, doing the farm chores, milking the cows and directing the crew that ran the hay baling machine. Between vacations, he managed to snatch a little learning at the country schools. When he grew a little older, his father, finding the living too difficult, moved to the little town of Hayward, which is five or six miles from San Leandro. Then the Langdons, always on the move and always poor, went to Danville, a country town, about twenty-five miles from San Leandro, and located in the foothills of Contra Costa County. "Bill" still managed to attend the country schools, though he did much work as a farm hand, for he was big, active and faithful.

As a young country boy, "Bill" Langdon could pitch more hay and do a harder day's work in the fields than any man in Contra Costa County. From the country schools he went to the California State Normal School at San Jose, where he graduated with high honors and as president of his class. He always "dug day and night at his books," yet he found time to cultivate a wide acquaintanceship.

When he graduated from the San Jose Normal, "Bill" Langdon received the appointment as vice-president of the Union School at San Leandro, where he had passed his boyhood days. All day he worked in the class room, and at night he studied law. Later he was made president of the school at San Leandro, hav-



WILLIAM H. LANGDON, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF SAN FRANCISCO. THE COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER WHO "MADE GOOD" BY DECLARING HIMSELF AGAINST THE "GRAFTERS," THROUGH WHOSE INFLUENCE HE WAS FIRST NOMINATED FOR PUBLIC OFFICE.

ing in the interval taught school in Fresno.

And for ten years, from 1892 until 1902, William H. Langdon taught ten months in the year at an annual salary of $1,500. But all the time he was growing bigger. With four hundred pupils, nine grades, and the teachers to manage in the San Leandro Union, and teaching himself each day with a night school in San Francisco, and with hard study for the bar, he couldn't help but develop. The big, dignified, gawky, homespun country boy, whose brain was clear from long days in the fields, whose muscles were hard as steel, had the stamina and the physique which stood him in good hand when he came to burn the midnight oil and led a life of toil, study and social activity that would soon have prostrated a less hardy young man.

Then in 1902, "Bill" Langdon, big, lanky fellow that he was, found favor in the eyes of San Francisco educators, and was called to "the city," as Superintendent of Schools. Just as he had been the best teacher San Leandro ever had, so Bill Langdon was perhaps the best superintendent of Schools San Francisco ever had.

Almost every one knows how "Bill" Langdon got his opportunity. Abraham Ruef, the former political boss of San Francisco, was looking around for a candidate for District Attorney. He wanted some young fellow who was popular and could handle men.

Ruef sent for Langdon.

"I am looking around for a candidate for District Attorney," said Ruef. "I want some young fellow who is a vote-getter and is not too big for the job."

"I'm just the man," said Langdon. "I'll give an honest and fearless administration and will prosecute all enemies of the people."

Ruef smiled grimly. He had heard election promises before.

"I guess you'll do," he said. "That kind of talk will catch 'em." And he passed the word along that Langdon must be nominated for District Attorney.

"Bill" Langdon proved a marvelous

campaigner. His sincerity "caught on;" honest people believed what he said. On the other hand, the politicians and the ward heelers all supported Langdon, for, they said, he was "Ruef's man," and Abe knew what he was doing.

"I'll give an honest, clean administration," Langdon would say. "Of course he will," said Ruef.

After the election came the test. Popular sentiment was still with Ruef and former Mayor Schmitz. During the days of the earthquake and fire, Mr. Schmitz loomed nationally into public notice as a hero. The press and men of all classes were fervent in their praise of the great labor Mayor of San Francisco.

And now here's where "Bill" Langdon "made good."

To Ruef's surprise, Langdon kept his promise to the people, to give them an honest and fearless administration. At a period when the prosecution of the municipal officials was most unpopular, when fierce hatred and bitter recriminations were showered upon the prosecutors, when Langdon himself was called traitor by Ruef, who had "elected him," "Bill" Langdon stood by his colors.

The investigations made before the fire had confirmed the stories of horrible debauchery and bribery made against the Schmitz administration. The men who had come to Langdon's aid stood by him. The work was continued and the prosecution began.

A wealthy man said to Langdon: "Why are you going to ruin our city by attacking these rich men? They have helped to build the city; and if they have bribed as you say they have, it is because they have had to do it, because they have been "held up.' Enough is enough. You are going too far."

But Langdon kept on.

The hard work on the farm and the hard work at his books had endowed the farmer boy with a clear, strong vision that did not desert him in the later days of trial.

Personally, Langdon is attractive and magnetic. Those who know him do not see in him awkwardness, but strength. To them his face is not homely, but versatile and lighted with strength and good will to all men. His carriage has the grace born of great strength. Mr. Langdon is an excellent executive. He is a good, though not extraordinarily brilliant lawyer.

But more than all, he is a man of clear and unswerving moral perceptions.



LANGDON AND HIS DOUBLE, STATE SENATOR MARION DIGGS.

BURNS--STAR OF THE SECRET SERVICE



R. WM. J. BURNS, the star of the United States Secret Service, who has brought to a successful prosecution some of the most startling criminal cases in the history of the Pacific Coast, not only has the backbone to fight successfully against the tremendous pressure that is brought to bear upon him when he starts to secure legal evidence against a rich criminal, but he has the experience as a detective and the power of handling men which enables him to cope with the immense criminal organizations of the criminal rich. It not only takes a strong man, but a man morally clean in his personal life to capture a rich crook. The detective organizations employed by rich men to keep them out of prison are constantly engaged in aggressive warfare against Burns and his forces. If Burns had ever been "off color" or "reachable" in any way, the skilled detectives and lawyers of accused rich men would have long ago seized upon such facts. Indeed, it is because Burns is absolutely honest that he and his associates have successfully prosecuted former Mayor Schmitz, and Abraham Ruef, the former political boss of San Francisco, and have secured the indictments of many wealthy men for bribery to obtain public privileges and franchises.

In his peculiar field, Burns' experiences are as absorbingly interesting as those of Sherlock Holmes. But Burns is more than a detective. Over and above all he is essentially a moral agent. He speaks of a rich crook in the same breath that he speaks of a poor crook, and without consciousness of the fact that to many people the crimes of the rich are less heinous than the crimes of the poor. To him all crooks look alike. They are all common crooks, enemies of the Government.

Personally, Mr. Burns is a modest, cheerful, even-natured man of strong physique and stronger character. It is impossible to induce him to talk at length of his own experiences. Even if he outlined them, he would give but an official statement of any case modestly omitting his own part in bringing about a successful conclusion. From collateral sources may one secure the details. And they are of a lively and splendid interest. Burns is a tremendous worker; a human dynamo; he puts in from twelve to fourteen hours each day; he is always on the outside and always on the go. Both his appearance and manner are those of a successful executive. Burns could run a shipyard, a department store, or a wholesale commission house. He is the type of successful business men in those undertakings. His power of handling men and his knowledge of instruments is remarkable. His concentration is extraordinary. Had he devoted the talents to the business world, the Government would have lost an amazingly efficient agent, but Mr. Burns would have assuredly achieved conspicuous success.

Burns is perhaps the cleverest detective in the United States. Though his success is due to a personal quality which no one can describe, yet his methods are essentially matter-of-fact. While Sherlock Holmes always rejected the most obvious clues as the least probable, Burns, who has unraveled clues that surpass any works of fiction, always follows the most obvious clue as the most probable. The difference of the two methods of deduction lies in this; that while Sherlock Holmes thought of the most obvious clue as a blind to throw the pursuer off the scent, Mr. Burns believes that every thief leaves a track, and where that track is found there is the clue most obvious. In other words, no thief can invent a clue which will be so obvious or which will dovetail with the rest of the evidence so completely as the Real Clue, which in some way, somehow, he is always sure to leave behind. Often it is difficult to uncover the track, but it's always there. And when it is detected, it's a good deal more obvious and more probable than any clue which the criminal might invent, because it is natural.

Burns is a youngish man. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, forty-six years ago. His father early moved to Columbus, Ohio, and Burns attended the public schools and a college nearby. Then, since his father had become Police Commissioner of Columbus, he engaged in detective work as a profession.



MR. WILLIAM J. BURNS, WHO HAS DONE HIS COUNTRY A SPLENDID SERVICE IN UNEARTHING GIGANTIC PUBLIC FRAUDS.

In 1885 he comes to public notice. A celebrated tally sheet forgery occurred, at that time, where it was sought to elect a Governor and a United States Senator by forging the tally sheets after the election had been determined and before the official count was made. A wild-fire of indignation had seized upon the community; a citizens' committee was formed, which employed professional detectives to ferret out the facts. The professionals reached a point in the investigation where all clues failed. The District Attorney, Honorable Cyrus Huling, a fearless and very able prosecutor, urged Burns to aid in the case. Burns took it up, and the matter was successfully closed. After that, Mr. Burns was in demand. He succeeded in unraveling all the cases into which he was called. Just before he entered the United States Secret Service, Burns tackled a most difficult arson case at St. Louis, Missouri, where professional incendiaries had succeeded in mulcting the insurance companies for large sums of money. Several prominent detective agencies had failed to make good, yet Burns convicted the persons who were responsible for the crimes, including the head of the gang, a notorious character called Jim French, who is still in the toils, now serving a sentence in Illinois.

For the past fifteen years Burns has had charge of all the important investigations made by the secret service division. He has never failed on a single case. He was originally loaned by the Treasury Department to Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department to investigate the land frauds, but it was found that these frauds were of such an alarming character that Burns was permanently transferred to the Interior Department, where he organized an independent Secret Service, and unearthed the land frauds in California and Oregon that resulted in the conviction of U. S. Senator Mitchell and many others equally as prominent. Mr. Burns was then induced by Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney to resign from the Government, left the service to better assist the prosecution. When a San Francisco newspaper announced that the municipal corruptions of San Francisco was under investigation, and stated that there had been secured a Secret Service Agent to whom failure was impossible, and that, therefore, the downfall of San Francisco graft was certain,

most every one thought it an idle boast. It seemed preposterous that the powerful clique in control of the city Government could be broken. "This is different," they said. "Burns is up against it!" Yet Chief Wilkie, when asked by Secretary Hitchcock what could be done to aid in the gigantic land frauds that had been discovered, had said he would give him the star of the service.

"Can anything be accomplished?" said Hitchcock.

"Burns has never failed," replied Wilkie. And it was because he had never failed that the downfall of the San Francisco boodlers was predicted. Burns's power of divination is almost supernatural. He has unraveled some of the most amazing cases in the world's history, which, when described, show how tame, after all, are the imaginations of Conan Doyle or Gaborieau. Reality exceeds fiction. As an instance, let us review the story of a Secret Service official who watched Mr. Burns work in the famous Philadelphia counterfeiting cases: A few years ago one of the banks in Philadelphia discovered a remarkably fine counterfeit silver certificate. They sent it to the Treasury officials at Washington. Chief Wilkie of the Treasury Department immediately wired for Burns to meet him in Philadelphia. He submitted the counterfeit bill and asked Burns who prepared it.

"It is the handiwork of Arthur Taylor and Baldwin S. Bredell," said Burns, after a minute examination of the counterfeit note.

"Impossible," replied Wilkie. "These men are in prison. If they have prepared the notes it is because they made the plates before they were sent to jail, and have saved them."

But Burns demonstrated conclusively that the plates must have been made in jail, and investigation confirmed his theory. The counterfeiters had actually operated in jail. They engraved the plate by fastening a black paper muslin hood covered by a blanket in a corner of the cell which was beyond the vision of a peek-hole in the cell door. When the guards made their rounds they looked through the peek-hole, but the cell was dark. The counterfeiters had also bleached one dollar notes, on which they printed the twenty dollar counterfeit notes. The history of this case is so startling that it will be published in full in the next issue of Overland. For what has been indicated is not the meat of the case, but only a part of one of the most sensational and interesting criminal trials of history.

Mr. Burns's extraordinary success in the Oregon land fraud cases, in the California land frauds, in the Walter N. Dimmick embezzlement case in San Francisco, and more recently in the San Francisco graft prosecutions, is the result of tireless, honest, conscientious work.

In character, Mr. Burns is not the professional sleuth of fiction. His work is systematic, precise and scientific. He assimilates the data gathered by himself and his subordinates, and aided by his knowledge of human nature, he draws his conclusions along the lines of human probability.

The worst enemies to the prosperity of this country, says Mr. Burns, are municipal corruption and commercial depravity, and the one finds its source in the other. In every city in the country the municipal evil exists to a greater or less extent. When the head of the municipality becomes corrupt the consequences are wide spread and disastrous. The grocer who puts sand in the sugar, the milkman who waters the milk, the contractor who uses dishonest materials in building, all these furnish phases of that commercial depravity which results in or condones municipal corruption.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH SAN FRANCISCO



AMUEL Softshoe McClure, George Siberia Kennan, Abraham Lincoln Steffens, Frederic Hambone Palmer, William Santafe Irwin, Ray Stand-'em-Up Baker, Henry Straw Chapman, Knock 'em Sensational Sterr, George Augustus Faquer, Apenny Liner Righter, and a number of other alleged magazine writers have infested San Francisco for the past twelve months.

Poor, suffering Saint Francis, who, trying to rebuild his home and clean his city, has been inflicted greater by the herd of writers than by the calamities that have occurred, for by the effusions of these parties the horrors, agonies and despairs have been exaggerated, distorted, prevaricated; in fact, so handled that the inhabitants are unable to distinguish just where they are located to a degree of certain definiteness.

What a waste of white paper has been consummated, for the themes of these writers have been: "The Fire and Earthquake," and then "The Prosecution of the Various Conspirators." Now, no fault can be found in the actual action of the prosecuting attorneys, but this protest is in the handling of the matter by these writers. There is really no necessity for their effusions on the matter, for they neither advance, develop nor inform their readers.

Further, it is a waste of money, such as must cause mental perturbation to Samuel Softshoe and the other magnates of the magazines, who in their anxiety to develop their various magazines, spend their time for close attention to the economies, the principal one of which is to secure good manuscripts at as cheap prices as possible.

"Point a remedy!" should always be the analysis when a protest or grievance is presented and the remedy is herewith given: The magnates, including Softshoe Samuel, can secure good cheap copy much nearer their "white paper destroying plants" by following this schedule:

Maine—"How They Get the Goods at Augusta: or Inheriting Office is a birthright," by Hon. Lew Powers.

New Hampshire—"What the Boston and Mean Railroad has done Toward the Wealth of Legislators of this State."—Hon. Eph Carroll.

Vermont—"Republicans of the Blue Mountain State Capture Melons and the Democrats Get Lemons."—Col. Wells Paine.

Massachusetts—"Taking the Coin in a Refined and Dignified Manner," by Henry Grabit Lodge, assisted by son-in-law Augustus Patrican Gardner.

Boston—"How to Put the Whole Family and Relatives on the Pay Roll," by Hon. John Fitz Gerald Fitzgerald.

Boston—"Manufacturing Coal for City Institutions, an Industrial Idyl," by Hon. John Bogus Moran.

Boston—"How to Buy Legislators and Have Them Stay Bought," by Thomas Windy Lawson.

Boston—"Why I Want to be Governor of Massachusetts, or What is in It?" by Henry Money Whitney.

Rhode Island—"How it Feels to Own a State, and Why," by George Peabody Wetmore.

Rhode Island—"Small States May Be Made Good Pickings. There's a Reason." General Honest Bradbury.

Connecticut—"Haul Down the Flag, or I Want to Join the Millionaires' Club," by Samuel Revolver Colt.

New York—"Catching the Presidential Bee, or Getting Stung," by Charles Earnest Hughes.

New York—"Gathering Cobwebs on the Scales of Justice." by William Stavers Jerome.

New York—"How to Raise Trolleys, Sink Subways and Give Lemons," by August Racetrack Belmont.

New York—"The Value of Oil," by John De Rockefeller, Hi Henry Rogers, John Wa Archibold and Samuel At Pratt.

Philadelphia—"Lifting the Goods in a Sleepy City," by Harold de Fence and a Quaker Grafter.

Harrisburg—"How to Build State Houses and How Not to Do So," a symposium by Thirty Indicted Politicians.

SHADOWS OF THE PLAINS



BY

JOAQUIN MILLER

A man in middle Aridzone
Stood by the desert's edge alone;
And long he looked, and leaned, and peered,
Above his twirled and twisted beard,
Beneath his black and slouchy hat—
Nay, nay, the tale is not of that.

A skin-clad trapper, toe-a-tip,
Stood on a mountain-top, and he
Looked long and still and eagerly.
"It looks so like some lonesome ship
That sails this ghostly, lonely sea—
This dried-up desert sea," said he.

A chief from out the desert's rim
Rode swift as twilight swallows swim;
His trim-limbed steed was black as night,
His long black hair had blossomed white
With feathers from the koko's wings;
His iron face was flushed and red,
His eyes flashed fire as he fled,
For he had seen unsightly things.

A wild and wiry man was he,
This tawny chief of Shoshonee;
And O his supple steed was fleet.
About his breast flapped panther-skins,
About his eager, flying feet
Flapped beaded, braided moccasins;
He rode as rides the hurricane,
He seemed to swallow up the plain;
He rode as never man did ride,
He rode, for ghosts were at his side,
And on his right a grizzled grim—
No, no, this tale is not of him.

An Indian warrior lost his way
While prowling on the desert's edge
In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
When suddenly he saw a sight,
And turned his steed in eager flight.
He rode right through the edge of day,
He rode into the rolling night;
He leaned, he reached an eager face;



His black wolf-skin flapped out and in,
And tiger-claws on tiger-skin
Held seat and saddle to its place;
But that gray ghost that clutched thereat—
Avaunt! the tale is not of that.

A chieftain touched the desert's rim
One autumn eve; he rode alone,
And still as moon-made shadows swim.
He stopped, he stood as still as stone,
He leaned, he looked, there glistened bright
From out the yellow, yielding sand
A golden cup with jeweled rim.
He leaned him low, he reached a hand,
He caught it up, he galloped on,
He turn'd his head, he saw a sight—
His panther skins flew to the wind.
The dark, the desert lay behind;
The tawny Ishmaelite was gone;
But something sombre as death is—
Tut, tut, the tale is not of this.

A gray old mountaineer rode down
From mount, from desert, into town,
And, striding through the town, held up
Above his head a jeweled cup.
He put two fingers to his lip,
He whispered wild, he stood a-tip,
And leaned the while with lifted hand,
And said, "A ship lies yonder dead!"
And said: "Doubloons lie sown in sand
Along yon desert dead and brown,
Beyond where wave-washed walls look down,
As thick as stars set overhead."
That three ship-masts uprose like trees—
Away! the tale is not of these.

An Indian hunter held a plate
Of gold around which kings had sate—
'Tis from that desert ship, they said,
Or galleon, that sunk below,
Blown over by Pacific's breeze,
Of old, in olden dried-up seas,
Ere yet the Red Men drew the bow.

And one girt well in tiger's skin,
Who stood like Saul above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,
A warrior with a painted face,
Stood pointing east from his high place—
Stood high, with visage flushed and hot,
And hurling thought like cannon-shot.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

BY

HENRY MEADE BLAND

Author of "A Song of Autumn and Other Poems," "Entomological Excursions," etc., President of the Club.

WHEN Joaquin Miller accepted honorary membership in the Pacific Short Story Club, he admonished club members as follows: "Let me say to you all—work. The best way to learn all about the beauty and glory and magnificence of nature is to work with your hands as well as head. Help a rose, even a blade of grass, to grow more beautiful, and you will be as a partner with God. Love to you all."

The poet thus instinctively caught the spirit of the Short Story Club, and bodied it forth in exquisite form. Members of the Short Story Club are not dilettantes, but a group of enthusiasts who go about their work with the devotion of pious zealots, their aim being to foster a soul in Western literature.

The Pacific Short Story Club originated at the summer session of the State Normal School at San Jose in 1905, when a department of the school organized itself to continue literary studies throughout the year. Twelve charter members began the work, adopted an official magazine, and adjourned to meet in semi-annual session, with the California Teachers' Association, at Berkeley. One by one, enthusiastic writers allied themselves with the club. Such was the interest at Berkeley that more than two hundred were turned from the doors of the meeting, the psychological lecture room in which the session was held being jammed to the doors.

The semi-annual gathering of the following June at the San Jose Normal School, and the Fresno meeting of the following December, showed no decrease of interest in the club's work. To-day there are two hundred and fifty active and associate members, with nine honorary members of national or international fame.

The following extract from the first printed circular issued by the organization sets forth the primary aims:

"The Short Story Club is for those who, 1st, want to be the very best possible teachers of school English; 2d, for those who want to keep in touch with the literature of the West, and to know what this literature stands for; 3d, for those who wish to train their talents at literary work and who desire to do productive work at writing, and especially for those who wish to do some of the work of this coast; 4th, for those who love poetry and prose, and who wish to join with others in literary appreciation."

The work has steadily swung round these fundamental bases. A regular class—a part of the optional curriculum of the State Normal School at San Jose—is conducted for the benefit of students who wish to develop personal power in literature, and to prepare for departmental work in English. This line of work is in harmony with President Dailey's policy of encouraging students to develop natural tendencies; to the end that they may be adapted to teach special subjects. This class has its full quota of students, and has given more than one writer a practical beginning. Its work is carried on, in absence, by correspondence with those students of the coast, club members, who wish to avail themselves of its opportunities.

The club from time to time has been brought into close touch with the realm of

letters by famous lecturers and writers who have, while in California, been guests of the club. Jacob A. Riis, Jack London, George Wharton James, and Herbert Bashford have thus been sources of inspiration to younger aspirants; while Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith have lent kindly words of wisdom and advice.

The semi-annual meetings consist of presentation of stories, essays and poems by club-members, and criticisms of the same. This is coupled with appreciatory studies of the best modern prose and poetry, carried on with a view to keeping track of the highest literary standards. Thus. as a literary organization, the Pacific Short Story Club touches the craft on both sides: the practical work of the writer and the appreciatory spirit of the literary student—students of poetry and literature pursue the appreciative lines in an optional normal course known as "Prose and Poetry." The true normal spirit, it may be remarked, is enhanced in all this work, in as much as the personal power of students is developed.

Besides the general organization are a number of local clubs, subsidiary to the main branch. These carry on essentially the same work as heretofore indicated. Besides a club of seventy-five in San Jose, there are working centers in Santa Rosa, in Fresno, in Berkeley, and in Stockton. Any one desiring information concerning the work of any of these should address either Henry Meade Bland, San Jose; Mrs. Mary B. Williams, Sebastopol; Emma Schray, Fresno; Laura B. Everett, Berkeley; or Mrs. Nettie S. Gaines, Stockton. All memberships to the various clubs carry with them subscriptions to the club's official magazine, "The Overland Monthly." These clubs contain on their lists representatives of every field of literary work from the dramatic critic of a metropolitan daily to the writer of magazine short stories and poems, and to literary editors of city periodicals.

All of this organization which has sprung up in a remarkably short time is an index of conditions which have made California and the West a great field of literary effort. It indicates at the present a wonderful activity of mind—an activity which is the outgrowth of the great variety of Western life nature. There is an enormous volume of tragedy, comedy essay, story and poem, the half of which has not been completed, yet to be told by the Pacific Coast writer. It is not only the romance of pioneer and mission days that invites; there is the untold vastness of mountain and desert, whose every rock, shrub, fern, reptile or bird points the way to keenest interests. There is the clash of race against race, of faction against faction in the building of a city along the greatest caravansary route that has yet been laid between the West and the Orient. The story of human trial, emotion and triumph growing out of this center of achievement; it is the Western writer's duty and joy to unroll. And not only this: there is many a magic tale to tell of the Loeb, or the Burbank, or the Jordan, who has come to the West to dream the dream which the stern old East will not allow him to visualize.

Here is the panorama of life and philosophy which confronts the worker of the Short Story Club. He knows his task is great; but he will do his part; and be it great or small, he will fit into his niche and will "do with his might what his hand finds to do."



THE AGENT AT CACTUS DIP

BY

BAILEY MILLARD



ARRYING a man to reform him is a ticklish piece of business. They say it can be made to work, but the tenement attics are full of women that have tried it. Still, if you go at it in the right way and take time enough, it may be possible to reform even a cowboy. A man named Gough once told everybody how to go to work in this line, and has relieved me of the duty of making a temperance tract of this story. I need only say, by way of advice, that much depends on arousing your subject's ambition.

Russell Westlake was the railroad agent at Cactus Dip. The Dip, as everyone knows, is a scoop-out in the great Colorado Desert, and the town, if you choose to call it that, lies in the dryest and hottest part of the dry and hot basin. Westlake had no friends worth speaking of in the place, but there were plenty of good fellows there ready to help him spend his money. Among these he was "old boy Russ." Mrs. Westlake had naught to do with the women of the place, for they—well, they were far from angelic. Nearly all of them hated her. So when Gad Aylwin tried to make a wager with Moll Presley that he and Mildred Westlake would run away together in less than a fortnight, if he could keep her husband drunk that long, win all of the remnant of his month's salary, and cause him to lose his situation, the Presley woman shook her head. She had heard that Mrs. Westlake was desperately sick of her bad matrimonial bargain, and so she said it was not a safe bet.

Now, wife stealing is not a nice thing in the eyes of God or of man, but a great many things that were not nice were done at Cactus Dip. Gad, with his wholly collapsed conscience, and unspeakably loose ways, felt that while Mildred's skirts were smirched by a drunken brute of a husband, she might be equal to the part he had assigned her in the dramatic bit of playwrighting which his brain had worked out so neatly. What had troubled Gad for three whole years was that in the first little drama in which he had been cast with Russell and Mildred, he had played crushed rival to Westlake's successful suitor.

Mildred had stamped upon the station platform, and turned blazing black eyes upon Gad when he first offered to dispel her life's gloom by running away with her.

"You can't afford to be so haughty—you know you can't, Millie," he had said when she had pointed her finger toward the door, and he had gone out with the air of confidence still upon him. Whereat Mildred's heart made loud protest against her hideously uncomfortable position, and then she went on with her clothes-mending.

Strange, was it not, that the proud Mildred had ever permitted herself to take up a residence at the crazy little railway station on the desert, when every inch of her neat and well-rounded form proclaimed the lady? Yet not so strange, after all, when you come to know that she had cherished Westlake's image as her heart's idol, and she could even now stoop to fondle it, where it lay in the dust; yes, and to weep over it and pray for it, and foolishly hope to set it upon its pedestal again. Long ago she had heard people say it was hard for a woman to make anything of such a man, and in her case what people said seemed to be true.

From a high-salaried clerkship on the line, Westlake had drank himself into this lower office and that still lower of-

fice, until now he was agent at Cactus Dip Station, and there was nothing very much lower than that. As for ambition, his had sunk down almost to the hostler standard. You now see how slight were Mildred's chances of ever making anything of the man.

One day in the second week of the fortnight in which Gad Aylwin had undertaken to work their final ruin, husband and wife were sore distressed. He writhed on the floor of Old Peck's groggery with a bad case of "snakes," and she was down at the station, trying to nurse a very sick baby, take care of the house, and run the office. The baby lay in her little cot in one of the back rooms, fenced off from the office by a board partition. And if ever a baby needed undivided attention it was that poor little tot. The worst of it all was that provisions were all but out, and there was not a cent in the family purse. She would have cut her hand off before she would have allowed it to remove one of those cruelly tempting dollars in the company's box. She thought if the baby could get along without medicine until to-morrow, Mrs. Gynner, her one friend, would then be over from Sandheap, and would relieve the barrenness of the treasury. And yet the tension was something almost beyond endurance. The anxiety and the loneliness and the oppressive heat of the desert were dreadful. The constant clicking of the telegraph sounder and the dreary wailing of the wires overhead had never before seemed to fill quite so much of her little head.

There was the Cactus Dip call again, —"C. D."—"C. D." She hoped it would not be a hard message to receive, —she felt so wretchedly stupid. She slipped her cheap little bracelet off her wrist, and gave it to baby to keep her quiet. Then she stepped inside the office rail, sat down before the instrument, and learned from "L. Z.," to her utter dismay, that the new Superintendent would be down at Cactus Dip in an hour on his special. Now, the new Superintendent, as everybody along the line had already become aware, was a "holy terror," as a new Superintendent is very likely to be. Mildred had heard that he counted every loose spike and coupling pin lying about. There was comfort in the thought that he would find no loose pins, links or spikes at Cactus Dip. She had seen to it each day that nothing of that sort could be discovered while she was in charge. She looked proudly about the neatly kept station, and even managed a feeble smile. But the smile quickly faded.

"Russell," she thought,—"that will be his first question."

Then the baby cried, and kept on crying, driving everything else out of the mother's mind except a huge desire that sleep might come, and cause the little one to forget its pain. Sleep did come, and the rumble of the Superintendent's train did not wake the child. Car wheels had ground and engines had coughed and wheezed before their door so often that an eyelid need not be raised on that account.

But there was still another noise over the way now. Somebody was inside the big water-tank, hammering in a way that told he knew the leak must be stopped and the tank filled before the night express should come along. That somebody was Pete, who had been sent up a half hour before from the section gang.

Poor Mildred saw the new Superintendent walk into the little waiting room and her heart was sick.

"Where's the agent?" were of course his first words, and above the lips that uttered them was a pair of keen, suspicious eyes, with very forbidding brows.

Some of the Mildred of the old proud days was left there yet.

"Oh, he has just stepped out," lied she. "I'll go and call him." And as she walked out of the station door she did not look a bit like one who was grasping about with all her womanly might, for the straw that would save two lives from the worst that could come to them now—abject poverty and degradation. For that was exactly what a dismissal from the service meant just now when they were at that low ebb of their fortunes.

"She has a wonderful face—that girl," the great man made mental note, "and as steady a pair of black eyes as any I ever saw. This agent What's-his-name is a lucky fellow, after all, though

there isn't a drearier place on the whole line to keep a wife in."

As Mildred hurried out upon the platform she turned cold, in spite of the desert heat, at the barrenness of her resources for equivocation. Then the hollow sound of Pete's hammering in the tank struck her ear, and it was heavenly music. She turned a charming face to the Superintendent and lowered her lashes bewitchingly. He had followed her out upon the platform.

"Oh, Mr. Westlake is repairing the tank," she said, as if with an aid of sudden remembrance. "It's anything but nice work. He will be out here soon, all slime and mud, and I will have to help make him presentable. You will not wait to see him, I'm sure. I will give him any message you may leave."

"Why, there's really nothing to say to him, only that—let me see."

I am afraid Mildred's eyes were too much for the Superintendent, as they had been for many another man in the old days, for he finished with, "No, nothing at all."

He gave the signal to start, and it was not until he was well down the line that he remembered that there was something to tell Westlake, after all. Well, it would keep until he came back that way in the evening.

"So that's all over,"—what a long sigh Mildred gave as she said it—"and dear little infant Sybie didn't wake up once."

Motherly care and some trifling office details occupied her time until the fierce old sun had made up his mind to hide behind the distant buttes. Pete had left off hammering and the tank was full. Still no husband. This was the ninth day of his absence.

There was a whistle down the line. Surely not the Superintendent's train? Yes; but of course it would not stop at insignificant Cactus Dip a second time that day. By all the unfair and unjust spirits that hover over and torment stricken womanhood, it would do that very same outrageously cruel thing. So, then, her head must be racked for another excuse for her husband's absence. What should it be this time? Nothing suggested itself to her tired brain. She broke down in a good cry as the train came to a standstill.

What was the matter? Where was Westlake?—further cruelties inflicted by the Superintendent—brought forth no response for a time, until she finally lifted her head from the office desk and wildly declared that her child was sick, and—yes, there was the reasonable excuse at last—her husband was sick, too. He had caught cold or rheumatism, or something, working in the tank.

"Sorry for you, ma'am. Don't mind it, though; they'll be all right before long, I'm sure." The Superintendent did not say this in his every-day voice. There was a semi-quaver in his tone somewhere, and a twist.

Mildred's little subterfuge was all very fine and would have worked beautifully, but what demon prompted Jesus Arguellos, a Mexican comrade of Westlake's, to bring home the delinquent one from old Peck's at that particular time, of all times?

"I am sorry for your husband, ma'am, as well as for yourself," the Superintendent was saying. "It is not every station agent who would mend tanks for the company with his own hands. He is the right sort of man and I'll remember him. Just tell him that——"

"Needn't leave no—no mesh-ges f'r me. Jes'—whee—tell't ther ol' man himse'f—he's here!" And Westlake flung himself into the awful presence, with a sickly lear on his face, and with the horrible breath, mangy beard and unclean clothes of a man who has been deep in his cups for nine days.

"The man is crazy!" declared Mildred, anxious to shield him, though fear and disgust made her heart sick. "My husband is ill and abed."

"No go, Mill. Don' try none o' y'r—whee—tricks on y'r poor ol' husband!"

"Get out of here, you rascal!" exclaimed the Superintendent, seizing the unresisting Westlake and dragging him out upon the platform.

"That rascal happens to be your station agent," said a well dressed and respectable looking man at the great one's elbow. It was Gad Aylwin, playing his trump card, and Arguellos was there to confirm the statement.

Sparing Mildred further misery by his presence, the Superintendent sprang aboard his train and was hurled along up the line. The little woman at the station wept softly. The whole world seemed against her. Her husband lay like a log on the bench outside the door. And there was Aylwin, with his tempting offer of a life of ease, if she would but give up the hideous struggle and go away with him.

That night the baby got better, and Mildred managed to put into a fairly state her "everlasting disgrace," as Westlake insisted on calling himself. He brooded over the fancied loss of his position, and would not be comforted. As a matter of fact, the Superintendent had said to himself:

"I guess Cactus Dip has a pretty good agent in that black-eyed little woman. It would be cruel to her to send them adrift. There's nothing much to look out for there, anyway."

So Westlake could have stayed, but what did the driveling idiot do but send in his resignation, feeling, in his soft-brained way, that it would surely be demanded of him. When Mildred heard of this she cried. After all she had done to prevent the loss of the miserable situation, here it was actually thrown away.

It was not until three days after the resignation had been sent in that she began to weave sunbeams again. Yes, the leaven of hope would soon work, even then. That afternoon she stood in the shadow of the tank, and looked out over the desert. Beyond those dark buttes somewhere there was a home for her—one in which she and her two loved ones might take up the thread of life in the old way—the way she had lived before this cursed shadow fell upon them. Hurrying toward the station, she saw Gad Aylwin. He was riding one mustang and leading another. She started to flee down the track and in-doors from her persecutor, but her foot struck a protruding tie and she fell, striking her head upon one of the rails, and lay there in a dazed state. Aylwin picked up the limp form, and put it upon one of the horses, tying it into the saddle. The mustang's hoofs made the sand fly for a few rods before Mildred came to herself. Her scream reached half-drunken Westlake's ear. He saw from the window what the trouble was, and ran out, rifle in hand, as fast as his uncertain legs would run.

"Hold up, you villain!" he shouted, "Bring her back, or I'll kill you!"

Gad turned a smiling face upon Westlake and yelled back something that made the husband's blood tingle and sent his rifle to his shoulder. The first bullet clipped a tuna from a cactus branch by the side of the trail, and the second plowed the sand at the heels of Gad's mustang. Mildred was struggling to free her pretty hands from the cruel thongs when the third bullet hurried through the hot, dry air. She cared nothing for thongs after that. When Gad saw her fall forward upon the horse, he let go the leading rope, dug the sharp spurs into his own beast, and was away up the slope, never to be seen more at Cactus Dip.

They carried Mildred back to the station and into her little bedroom, where they put her baby by her side. The child played with her mother's long, dark hair, and struggled to free herself when she pressed her too tightly. But the pressing did not last long, for the arms soon relaxed and fell upon the counterpane. Then they took the baby away. Westlake squeezed the little one and had a vague sense of loneliness for nearly half an hour. Then he procured that by which his sorrow was dulled. After the funeral the child was sent to an orphan asylum. And after the same event, too, Russell Westlake went back to Old Peck's.

Another family moved into the station. The head of it was a poor man, whose ambition lay next to nothing save the office of General Manager of the road. His wife worked with him, and helped him, and their child was growing up with the prospect of little harsh contact with the cold world. That is the way Mildred would have liked to have seen herself and her family. Well, she tried hard enough to bring it all about, the Lord knows, though her labor went for naught on earth. But for her great struggle and for her great pains she is, no doubt, the happier in the land of the pure of soul.

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE AND THE IMPERIAL VALLEY

BY L. M. HOLT

(This is the second of three articles by Mr. Holt. The third, which will be published in a later issue of Overland, will deal with the Owens River Valley, where water was taken away from the settlers under alleged false pretenses, and given to the city of Los Angeles, and also with the promoters and with the reclamation service officials, some of whom acted in both a public and private capacity, who engineered the deal.—Editors Overland.)

THE COLORADO River, in its course between Southern California and Arizona, is the largest stream on the Pacific Coast that can be used extensively for irrigation purposes. With its vast waters it can be made available for developing the largest irrigation system possible to the arid lands of the United States. Even now it furnishes water to the mightiest irrigation system in the country, that in the huge and productive Imperial Valley.

A few years ago the entire Colorado Desert, lying along the Colorado river, was a desert in fact as well as in name. Indeed, it was the largest and most worthless tract of reclaimable desert in America—that portion of the desert embraced in the Imperial Valley was a sun-bitten stretch without a spear of grass. It was so hot, the story goes, that even the desert lizards, after running a few feet, would lay on their backs and wave their feet in the air to cool them from the scorching of the burning sands. But with water, it has proven to be perhaps the most productive section of country, acre for acre, upon the whole Pacific Coast.

In 1900 the first great irrigation work was begun. The California development company appropriated 500,000 inches* of water from the Colorado river, and immediately active construction work was commenced on the Imperial Canal System to take the water out of the river and carry it through Mexican territory—Lower California—and then cross over the line again so as to reclaim the great Colorado Desert in the Southeastern portion of the State of California.

Water was delivered to the Imperial Valley in May, 1901, and the work of settling that desert was commenced at once.

In 1902 the Reclamation Act was passed by Congress, and it became a law. It provided for the building by the Government of irrigation systems, the cost being repaid in installments by the settlers.

Just prior to the passage of the reclamation law, the Agricultural Department of the Government sent out two "soil experts" to examine the soils of the Imperial Valley, and report. The gentlemen were Mr. J. Garnett Holmes and Mr. Thomas H. Means. They made a hasty examination of the soils, being engaged at actual service only about forty days, during which time they extended their examination over 169 square miles, thus inspecting 2,700 acres per day.

There was a tract of land near the town of Imperial which would not sprout barley, according to the statement of Mr. Holmes to the owner of the land; yet that land was later planted to barley and the crop obtained was a very fine one. The one corner which had more alkali than any other portion of the tract, accord-

*An "inch" is the measure of water that will flow through an aperture an inch square under pressure.

ing to the statement of the experts, later produced the heaviest barley.

These experts made their report to their chief, Professor Milton Whitney, who issued "Circular No. 9," which condemned the soils of the Imperial Valley in a general way as being strongly alkaline, and then used this language: "How can the reclamation take place and yet protect the present owners from loss? It is believed that this can best be done by cultivating at present only the lands that will produce profitable yields of the crops now being grown, and by leaving the badly alkaline to be reclaimed when a new system of agriculture has raised the price of land to a point where it will justify the expenditure."

Prof. E. W. Hilgard of the State University also had an examination of the soils made, but he arrived at a far different conclusion. In a letter to the editor of the Imperial Press he characterized the report from Prof. Whitney as a "bombshell from Washington."

A little later after the barley crop on that condemned land near Imperial had been harvested, Mr. F. H. Newell and several engineers of the reclamation service visited the Imperial Valley to see what had been the effects of the soil report, and they found the barley stubble that indicated a good crop still standing on that tract of particularly bad land, while the new volunteer crop stood several inches high and very thick over the entire tract. One of the engineers proposed that the whole report be very severely criticised, but they finally concluded to stand by the report, although it was evident that on that particular piece of ground the facts did not warrant, they said, as strong a statement as had been made.

A history of this case—the relations of the Reclamation Service to the Imperial Valley—justifies the conclusion that everything possible was done by the Reclamation officials to discredit the work of the company having in charge the reclamation of this valley, and to discourage the pioneer settlers who went into that valley to make homes for themselves and families, and to wrest from the clutch of the desert that broad valley that was theretofore so worthless, but which was destined to be—and which has since become —the most productive and prosperous valley of its cultivated size in the United States. As corroborative of this statement, the Los Angeles Times of April 9, 1904, said:

"Another question of immediate, though local, interest is as to the attitude of our Government engineers towards the Imperial Canal project—a private enterprise which is being successfully conducted by the California Development Company under the direction of President A. H. Heber."

That soil report and its later endorsement by the Reclamation Service officials stopped the extending of the settlement of the Imperial Valley and destroyed the credit of the California Development Company to such an extent that the company could not devote its energies to the completion of its system because of the lack of funds, and because of the further fact that it had to devote its energies to the protection of its water rights from the attacks of the Government Departments—principally the Reclamation Service.

To show that these attacks were unwarranted, and that the California Development Company was doing a good work in adding a half million acres to the inhabitable portion of California, it is only necessary to say that there are in the valley to-day 240,000 acres under the irrigation system that are entitled to water; that 175,000 acres of that area are under successful irrigation and cultivation; that the soil is producing very valuable crops; that the population now exceeds 10,000, where there was not a family seven years ago, and that the value of the property in the county is to-day conservatively estimated at $30,000,000. It might also be added that less than one-half of one per cent of the land placed under cultivation has shown sufficient alkali to interfere with the successful production of crops.

The Imperial Valley is not only producing good returns in the way of alfalfa, hogs and dairies, but it is proving to be the cream of the United States in the production of early fruits, the principal varieties at the present time being grapes and cantaloupes, from which fruits the settlers are harvesting crops that give returns of from $100 to $700 per acre. As regards

early fruits, the Imperial Valley has the United States as a market, with absolutely no competition in furnishing the supply. The products of the valley this season are estimated at $3,000,000, and the work has but just commenced.

It is this kind of a valley that was being developed by private enterprise in the face of a most vigorous opposition at the hands of the Reclamation Service. That service was and is operating under a law which declared:

"That nothing in this act shall be construed as affecting or intended to affect or to in any way interfere with the laws of any State or territory relating to the control, appropriation, use or distribution of water used in irrigation, or any vested right acquired thereunder, and the secretary of the interior, in carrying out the provisions of this act, shall proceed in conformity with such laws, and nothing herein shall in any way affect any right of any State or of the Federal Government or of any land owner, appropriator or user of water in, to or from any interstate stream or the waters thereof."

It was a recognized fact by the press and people of Southern California that the officials of the Reclamation Service were doing all in their power to cripple the management of the Imperial Valley Canal system, so as to prevent such management from carrying out the program which they had so successfully inaugurated.

Why should they do this? There is only one answer to this question, and that is that the Reclamation Service had an inordinate ambition to wipe off the slate all irrigation enterprises so far as the Colorado River and the Colorado Desert was concerned, to the end that they might have a free hand to construct the largest irrigation system in the United States.

One of the first moves made by the Reclamation Service officials was an examination of the Colorado River by Mr. Arthur P. Davis. He made a report to his superiors to the effect that the Government should construct four dams across the river, thus forming four reservoirs, two of these dams were to be 100 feet each in height, one was to be 150 feet, and one was to be 300 feet. They were to cost $15,000,000, while the canals and a pumping plant to deliver the water from the reservoirs to the lands to be irrigated were to cost $7,000,000, making a total of $22,000,000 as the cost of the system.

These reservoirs were intended to utilize the flood waters of the river, but not to interfere with the regular flow, for that had all been appropriated and was being diverted by the California Development Company and other smaller water companies.



INDIAN CORN DURING PROSPEROUS TIMES OF EIGHTEEN NINETY-TWO. SIXTEEN MILES BELOW THE LUDY CANAL HEADING.

In order to furnish water to fill these reservoirs, Mr. Edmund T. Perkins, one of the Reclamation engineers, filed on 4,000,000 inches of the unappropriated waters of the Colorado River on the 20th day of August, 1903. This filing was made under the laws of the State of California, and a copy of the notice was filed with the County Recorder of San Diego County, as provided by law. A similar filing was made on the Arizona bank of the river in Yuma County,

and a copy was filed with the County Recorder of Yuma County, territory of Arizona, also.

The filing acknowledged the fact that the waters of the Colorado river could be legally appropriated under the laws of the State of California, also under the laws of the territory of Arizona, and the further fact that other legal prior appropriations had been made on the waters of the stream, for the notice stated "unappropriated waters."

Afterwards it was discovered that the dams could not be built because there was no bed rock available on which to rest either one of the four dams, and that programme had to be abandoned. It now became necessary for the Reclamation Service either to abandon the Colorado river or destroy the water rights already created on that stream and then seize and utilize the waters of the river.

In consequence, the Reclamation officials industriously circulated the report that the Colorado River, being a navigable stream, its waters were not subject to the appropriation laws of California and Arizona, and hence that the settlers of the Imperial Valley and along the Colorado river in Arizona had no water rights, and the corporations furnishing them with water were selling water rights to which they could give no title. They argued, therefore, that the only thing for the settlers to do was to abandon these water companies, and stand in with the Reclamation Service, where they could get a good title to the water required.

The settlers became scared, and there was a grand rush to the arms of the United States Reclamation Service for protection. The Yuma Valley settlers surrendered at once, and signed up under the Laguna Dam project. The Imperial settlers at first were ready to surrender, but the California Development Company made a vigorous fight before Congress, and before the public, and the settlers eventually saw through the trap laid for them by the Reclamation Service officials and declined to surrender.

The Laguna Dam project was finally inaugurated to irrigate about 86,000 acres of land lying on either side of the Colorado river—mostly in Arizona.

In order to secure the right to divert water from the Colorado river for this project, Mr. J. B. Lippincott, another Reclamation engineer, on the 8th day of July, 1905, filed on 150,000 inches of water from the "navigable" Colorado River.

At first it *was* legal to file on the waters of that stream.

Then it *was not* legal to file on them because the river was navigable.

Then again it *was* legal to make such filing.

This same deal affected the settlers in the Yuma Valley, and the Ludy Land Company was practically bankrupted because nearly all the settlers under that system signed up with the Reclamation



RANCH OF W. E. WILSEY, FOUR MILES SOUTHWEST OF IMPERIAL, A PRIVATE ENTERPRISE NOT AFFECTED BY THE RECLAMATION SERVICE. THIS RANCH IS ON LAND OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCED WORTHLESS.



RANCH OF GILES CUNNINGHAM, FIVE MILES SOUTH OF YUMA. THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES WAS WORTH SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AN ACRE, BUT RECENTLY SOLD AT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AN ACRE ON ACCOUNT OF THE DEFEAT OF THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS BY THE RECLAMATION SERVICE.

Service under false representations as to the legality of their filings on the water used in that system.

The California Development Company, owner of the Imperial Canal system, and the Irrigation Land and Improvement Company, owner of the Ludy Canal System below Yuma, in Arizona, were both threatened with destruction in order to give the Reclamation service an opportunity to create a great irrigation system.

Those companies commenced work under the laws as they existed prior to the enactment of the Reclamation law. Their systems were not as extensive and complete as those proposed by the Reclamation officials, but they were doing a good work and were turning a vast desert into rich, prosperous and extensive settlements, and adding millions to the wealth of the country as well as increasing the population.

Was the Government justified in destroying this property honestly created under existing laws without making satisfactory compensation for it?

The legality of the water rights was recognized by the Government. The desert land law requires that a person taking desert land under that act shall spend annually for three years the sum of at least one dollar per acre in securing a valid title to enough water to properly irrigate and reclaim such desert land. Settlers taking up about 250,000 acres of desert land under the Desert Act in the Imperial Valley stated in their applications for such lands that they proposed to reclaim and irrigate them by means of water secured from the owners of the Imperial Canal System, which owners had secured such water by appropriating a portion of the flow of the Colorado river. Those filings were approved by the Interior Department, and still later, when final proofs were made at the end of four years, that same Interior Department approved of such acts of reclamation and issue patents to such settlers. And then it allowed its Reclamation Service to attempt to destroy that title which it had pronounced good, by destroying the system that had made the settlers desert homes inhabitable and valuable, *compelling him to either abandon his home, which had become valuable and which had cost him so much time and labor, or* start anew and *purchase another more expensive water right from the Government.*

When the Reclamation officials made their attack on the legality of the water rights of the Imperial Valley, the President of the California Development Company, finding the credit of his company practically destroyed, went to Washington and asked Congress to save the settlers of the Valley by declaring that the waters of the Colorado River were more useful for irrigation than for navigation purposes, but the Reclamation Service, through the Interior Department, had more influence with Congress than the Imperial settlers had, and this request was denied.

Then it was that the President of that company went to Mexico City and obtained a concession from President Diaz, ratified by the Mexican Congress, under which his company obtained the right to take 500,000 inches out of the Colorado River on Mexican soil, just below the international boundary line, and take such water through Mexican territory back into

the United States, provided a certain portion of such water might be used in Lower California, if the owners of the land there should ask for the use of such water, and be willing to pay the same price for such water as should be charged to land owners in the United States.

The California Development Company then undertook to cut an opening through the west bank of the Colorado River on Mexican soil in order to secure water under that concession. The cut was made and arrangements had been made for the funds to build the headgates of such canal, but the attack of the Reclamation Service had so destroyed the credit of the company that those who were to furnish the funds became uneasy and declined to advance the money, and while negotiations for funds were in progress elsewhere, an untimely flood came along and the result was the run-away Colorado River.

It is not extravagant to state that the Reclamation Service officials in destroying the credit of the California Development Company after driving it out of the river on American soil, was responsible for the run-away river and the expenditure of a million or more dollars in putting that river back into its natural and original course again.

A history of the steps taken and work done to curb the Colorado River, to save the Imperial Valley from the clutches of an inland sea, and to save the homes of ten thousand settlers, and prevent the destruction of $50,000,000 worth of property, is another story.



RANCH OF JOHN GONDOLFA, IMPROVED BY MR. WILKERSON AND ABANDONED.

LOVE'S SWEET PART

BY LURA BROWER.

While absent art thou ever to me true ?
Uncanny spirits make love's joy fly quickly
And fill the wine of life with bitterest rue.
But when I say low to myself, I love thee,
A wave of melody sweeps o'er my heart,
And by the blessed calm, which falls upon me,
I know that I have found Love's sweetest part.

OVERLAND'S NOVELETTE

JACK'S BOYS

By Helen Wilmans.



ACK TREVERS is a "sure enough" man, as Two-shoes says. "Nobody didn't make him out of an inkstand and put him in a book;" he is a veritable citizen of Lake County. It was a long time ago that he came here from somewhere, with three baby boys and no mother for them. He built himself a cabin on an unclaimed piece of land, about three miles from the village and then tried to get work. At first, he would work only near home, so that he could see his children every night; but when Johnny got to be four years old, and Tom had reached the mature age of nine, he got a job of teaming, that kept him away all the time, except two nights out of the week and Sunday. By this time, Tom had learned to cook a little, and to assume the responsibility of the household. Willie, the second child, was a nervous, active fellow, and so wide awake and full of mischief he kept the whole family in an uproar. Johnny, the baby, was an unfathomable looking boy, fat as butter, fair as alabaster, and the laziest little mortal living. The nearest approach he ever made toward playing was to lie on his back and laugh while watching his brothers play. His laugh was the most spontaneous and irresistible upheaval of merriment ever listened to; it bubbled up like creamy lager, and overflowed through its inherent effervescence. Indeed, if it had required effort on Johnny's part, it never would have been. He was a beautiful child, but for his dirty, neglected appearance; and the mother whose loving pride would have rectified this was far away in the distant sky.

Now, these three children were in a great measure cut off from all social intercourse by reason of their having no mother. No one visited the house. Jack taught the oldest one to read a little, and bought him a few books. He was an industrious scholar, and when he could master a newspaper paragraph was firmly convinced that he knew a great deal. The fact of his being cut off from all other boys with whom he could measure his attainments, led him into this very common error; but it had one good result—he placed great value on his learning, and felt the necessity of imparting it to the other boys. So he kept school for two hours each day, and in this way they all learned to read. When Jack was at home, he encouraged them in their studies, and began to teach them something of arithmetic and writing.

It was the desire of their lives to possess a clock, and great was their delight one evening when Jack brought one home. They set it up according to directions, and it started all right. They were much pleased with its tone in striking, and as Jack showed them the way to make it strike, the presumption is that they kept it striking pretty much all the time he was off on his next trip. Be that as it may, when he returned the clock wouldn't strike at all. He questioned them, but their answers bewildered and finally threw him off the scent. He came to the conclusion that Johnny was right in thinking it was tired. If this was the case it did not require much time to rest, and in resting it acquired the most unprecedented vigor; for, when he returned again it would strike the hours, the half hours and almost the minutes and seconds. It would strike a hundred times without stopping, and encore without ever being asked.

"Now, boys," said Jack, "I know you've been foolin' with that clock."

They all protested. Their faces were innocent as could be.

"That's strange," said he; "it must have been out of kelter when I bought it. Cohen swindled me on it. By hokey, I never touch that Jew that I don't get

salted. Hang me if I don't go for him the next time I see him."

"You punch him good, Jack," said Willie (they all called him Jack); "if he don't need it for the clock, he does for lots of other things. Tom's coat, you paid eight dollars for, was shoddy, and fell to pieces as soon as it got wet; and that ten pounds of sugar you brought home last time only weighed seven—we weighed it; and Johnny's new boots are only just pasted together, and are all apart a'ready. You just give him fits. I wish I could be there to see you do it."

Jack was a good-natured man, but feeling that it was his duty to resent such an accumulation of injuries, he tried to nurse his wrath to keep it warm. And the boys helped him; they told him so many instances of Cohen's rascality in their own small dealings, and abused him so roundly that in the morning when he left home, he was as nearly angry as he had ever been. Now, the merchant was an unprincipled villain, who had grown rich out of the necessities of the wretchedly poor community around him; and his extortions were crying aloud for redress. Alas for justice! Jack forgot his anger before he reached town. The day was so beautiful, the roads were so good, and his off wheel-mule, "Beck," never once thought to kick herself out of the traces for the entire three miles, something she had not omitted before within the memory of man. The lovely influence of all these things conspired to bring on his softest and most dreamy mood; and he fell to thinking of the Widow Cramer, on the old Harbin Road, and to wondering if she really smiled upon all men as she smiled on him, and if, and if—*ad infinitum*,—for the subject was an inexhaustible one. He was roused out of Eden by hearing his "boss" speak to him: "Go to Cohen's this morning, Jack, and take up a load of hides you will find there; leave the quicksilver until your next trip."

"All right, sir." And he swung his team around in front of Cohen's store.

"'Ust you trive rount pehint te shdore, unt not geep your tam pucking mules in te vay of mine gusdomers," Cohen roared, in a voice quite different from that in which he addressed a man with money in his pocket.

"You come and put me around, won't you?" said Jack, as two red spots slowly gathered in his cheeks.

"Do it yourself, unt be hangt mit you."

"Not much, Mary Ann," drawled Jack, looking at him out of the corner of his eye, and leisurely swinging himself to the ground. "I'm as much of a man as you are. Do you want to try it on?"

"You're a tam peggar, mitout a tollar to your bocket."

"Don't say too much, Cohen, unless you've got the sand to try it on."

"I vish dere vas a law to hang such insolent peggars."

Jack was doing something to his harness—buckling and unbuckling straps, and making changes generally—casting sidelong glances at the merchant meantime. When he was through, he reached him in one bound.

"You black scoundrel," he said, "you have swindled me out of hundreds of dollars since I came to this country—every dollar earned by hard work. Not only that, but you've cheated poorer men than I am; and you've robbed widows and orphans. You suck up every cent set afloat in this community. You're a thief, by hokey. You'd go on the highway if you were not too cowardly. There's nobody you wouldn't rob; you'd steel acorns from a blind hog. But talk's cheap—I've got something better than talk." And with that came the first blow, and Jack administered it; the price of it was ten dollars. The first blow was all that cost anything, and that being over with, Jack limbered himself to his work in the most energetic style. The bystanders forebore to interfere, though the merchant called on them most piteously. When Jack had satisfied himself of the thoroughness of the job, he picked him up, as one does a puppy, and pitched him into the street, and then walked into the store after the hides. He brought out his arms full, and met Cohen in the door, who dodged round to the back porch, where he petted his bruises, among the jeers of a dozen heartless little street cubs, until his adversary had loaded up and departed.

Now, Jack's boys, being alone and seeing no one, heard nothing of the fight over which the community was rejoicing until he returned from his trip to spend

Sunday. Indeed, they had forgotten the matter, and so had he until he heard the irrepressible clock, hammering distraction into everybody that heard it—children excepted.

"She do beat natur' all holler, Jack," said Johnny, "and never lets up, only to draw her breath sometimes. That clock's worth a million dollars."

"Has she been going that way ever since I left?"

"Bet yer boots. And her can keep it up for never and never, amen."

"Jack," said Willie, "did you see Cohen?"

"Yes, and I whaled him like blazes, too."

"WHAT!" came from all the boys in the largest-sized capitals.

Jack thought he detected something like consternation in this simultaneous explosion, and made up his mind to "lie low and keep shady" until he could find out more. Presently Tom and Willie stole off together, and in a few minutes one of them called Johnny. Jack stepped to a chink-hole and peeped out, smiling.

"I've got the deadwood on you fellows now," he said. But his smile disappeared as he noted their performances.

"Why, they are only trading with each other—swapping knives, or buttons, or trinkets." So he withdrew, and began to get supper.

The next day Jack spent in the woods with his axe; he was getting fuel enough to last the children a week. Of course they were with him—Tom and Willie playing, and Johnny on his back down in the grass near his father. Presently the big boys were out of hearing, and Jack sat down by Johnny, in a comfortable manner, and opened conversation in a free-and-easy, half confidential style.

"I've a notion," said he, "to buy me some hogs to fatten, so I can make my own meat. What do you say to it?"

"All right," said Johnny, bringing himself to a sitting posture. "You get some, Jack, and I'll feed 'em for you."

The idea of Johnny volunteering to do anything was a surprise; and Jack determined to buy them immediately.

"What kind of hogs do you want, Johnny?"

"Well, you see, Jack, I want spotted ones, and not too big. If they're big they'll eat so-o-o *much;* and a feller can't be always workin' to fill up horgs even if they *is* spotted."

"Well, I'll get little ones; at least, not very big," said Jack. "I'll get 'em, sure; and don't you tell the boys anything about it. Won't they be surprised, though? And I'll get you a little tin bucket to carry barley and water to 'em, and you can feed 'em three times a day by the clock."

"Yes, but that clock's no good to keep time. She's bully on the strike, Jack, bet your boots; but when it comes to keeping time, she won't pin herself down to it. You'll have to let her make the music, and buy another one to keep time."

"But if I buy hogs, and *spotted* hogs at that, I'll have no money to buy another clock."

"Well, now, maybe you can fix our clock so she can keep time; *maybe* you can."

"It might be done," said Jack, reflectively. "What did you fellers do to her when you took her to pieces?"

"Well, Jack, I'll tell you." Here he put one grimy fist in his pocket, and after a few moments of serious and reflective fumbling, produced, among a handful of dirt, strings, pins, and buttons,

"You see, we got her together all right, only there was five more of these than she needed; so at first Tom and Bill took two apiece, and only give me one. But when you told us you had pitched into old Cohen, the boys called me out and 'vided up better for fear I'd tell you, and that's how I got three."

"Well, well, Johnny, you nearly ruined the clock, though."

"Not much; bet your boots we made her strike, Jack."

"Well, well, *well,*" said Jack, smiling more and more as he recalled, with fatherly pride, all the methods the boys had used for his deception. "Well, well, *well,* if you fellers just keep on you'll make first class *lyars after a while.*" He meant lawyers, but would have sworn he could not see the difference even if one had corrected him.

Jack was often troubled in his mind about Johnny's laziness, and sometimes rallied him on the subject.

"I'm afraid you don't like work,

Johnny," he would say.

"Bet your boots!"

"What! don't like work!"

"I 'spise it."

"How are you going to live without work?"

"What you got to do you can't work for me?"

"Of course I can work for you, now you are small, but after while you will be a man, and get married, and have children; what'll you do then?"

"Why, Jack, I'll keep you right along. I won't throw off on you 'cos you're old. I guess you can work after you get old, can't you? Some mans does."

"Yes, but suppose I take a notion to get married myself and have some more children to support; then you'd have to make your own living."

"If you was mean enough to do that I'd kill you, sure. I'd bust your crust quicker'n lightnin'. I'd—I'd—I'd give you a *leetle* the hottest time you ever heard of, bet your boots."

The other children shared Johnny's feelings on the subject of their father's second marriage. It was only a short time before that some thoughtless fellow had stopped with them all night, and by playing on their feelings had found out their repugnance to all thoughts of Jack's marrying again. So he told them there was a widow woman living on the old Harbin Road that was sweet on Jack, and advised them to look out for danger in that quarter.

They looked out as the sequel shows.

The next evening after this precious piece of news, when Jack swung his mules from the main road and dashed to the barn in a sweeping trot, with harness rattling and bells jingling, not a boy met him; everything was silent. He was frightened instantly, and leaving the team standing, he sprung from the seat and rushed into the house. No, not into it, for on the threshold he encountered three little savages, armed with clubs and pitchforks, who demanded of him an explanation concerning his matrimonial intentions. In vain he tried to waive the question and pass into the room. Little Thermopylae stood grimly defiant. The tears that washed clean channels down their dirty faces were no augury of weakness, but the reverse. Jack knew his boys were never fighting mad until they reached the blubbering point.

"Come, now, boys, let Pap alone, won't you?" He called himself by this endearing epithet only in extreme emergencies, such as administering medicine, etc.

"*You* 'Pap,'" said Tom; "durn such a Pap as you are, a-tryin' to bring a woman here to pound daylight out of us."

"Why, Tom, what are you talkin' about? Don't you know you wouldn't have the kitchen work to do if you had a nice stepmother to do it for you!"

Here, every club was raised, and they made a rush for his shine. He avoided them, and they resumed position in the door. Jack had hard work to keep from laughing at the picture they made; their round eyes peering savagely through their unkempt forelocks, like so many pup terriers; the determination they evinced—"sand," he called it, in speaking about it to the Widow Cramer afterward. His inclination to laugh was supplanted by another and better feeling. Their antagonistic attitude caused him to look at them with the eyes of his observation opened, and he saw what handsome, manly fellows they were, and what a pitiful appearance they presented in their dirty, neglected condition. A pain shot through his heart with a thought of the sweet mother who could never, from her high home, reach them with needed help.

"Boys," he said, "I never had a serious thought of marrying before, but, durn my hide, if I don't think it would be the best thing I could do."

"Then you ain't goin' to marry her, are you, Jack?" asked Tom, ignoring the latter half of his father's remark.

"No; not if you don't want me to."

"Well, we don't want you to."

Blubbered out with intense vehemence.

"Well, then, I won't."

"Honest injun?"

"Will you cross your heart?"

"I will *that!*" suiting the action to the word.

And so ended the second edition (diamond) of the Pass of Thermopylae; and sixty seconds afterward no one could have told that a people had seceded, a battle been fought, and a victory gained on that piece of ground. The combatants were

swarming about the wagon, whooping like savages; swarming over the hay, trying to feed the mules; swarming on the mules' backs, and, by reason of their ubiquity, appearing to be about thirty boys instead of three.

In course of time, Jack bought some hogs, spotted ones, and not too big. The barley had to be carried to them from the stable, and the water from a running spring close by. The new tin bucket was bought, and the lazy boy installed in his position. Jack did not hope much from Johnny, but told the other boys not to interfere with him, and, above all, not to do his work; for the handiness of Tom and Willie had been a constant premium on Johnny's laziness. So Jack said to them:

"Now, don't you fel's take any notice of him; let him go it on his own hook; he'll do pretty well for a day or two, and then if he knocks off, the hogs won't starve till I get home."

So Johnny began. He did well for several days. Jack made the next trip, and before undertaking another, he was rained in, and the teaming season was over. Then he found a job of rough carpentering on a house about eight miles away, and as he worked early and late he could go home only ever Saturday night and spend Sunday with his boys. On his first visit, Johnny was still working with his hogs, but showed symptoms of weariness. On his second visit, he met the young man nearly half a mile from the house. It was then dark. He saw a little bundle of something sitting by the road as he approached, and when it got up and took shape, it was Johnny.

"Hello!" said Jack, "what's up?"

"Nuf's up, Jack; if you want me to feed your durn horgs any more, you'll have to get some barley."

"Why, thunder and Tom Walker, I left enough barley to feed them a month; what have you done with it?"

Not a word from Johnny.

"Did somebody steal it out of the barn?"

"Course not."

"Did Smith's hogs get in and destroy it?"

"Course not!"

"Did you boys sell it, and buy something with the money."

"COURSE NOT. You must be a durn eejot."

Jack knew it was no use to fish any longer for the truth in that small pail of curdled milk, and dropped the subject. The fact, as he afterward discovered, was, that Johnny had put in one lazy man's day's work on the hogs. Feeding them had got to be such a dead weight on his mind he could not sleep more than fifteen hours at night for thinking of it; so he "resolved him a resolution," and taking his little bucket one morning, directly after breakfast, he commenced carrying the barley to them. By the most unprecedented exertion, he had deposited the entire amount on hand in the pig-pen, and on the road leading to it, by dinner time. Then he ate and slept with a clear conscience, and had nearly a week to do nothing in before his father's return. But this was not the last of his mismanagement with the hogs. Jack bought more barley, and directed him to use it with great moderation. Johnny carried out these directions to the letter. Another week passed; the hogs were doing well; indeed, they were living off the mud in their pen, half of which was barley. And so, for another week, they did tolerably well, but had to work out of all proportion to the amount of food they got; in fact, their claim was pretty well panned out. The third week they stood on their hind feet, braced up against the top rail of the fence, peering amain, like shipwrecked seamen, for the sight of a sail. But no sail came. Thursday night of the third week arrived, and the spotted hogs were almost in a condition to fly: their bones were hollow, and from the light, volatile way their hair stood on end it was evident that it was fast turning to feathers. As the night wore on, they became deeply embittered against the ways of civilization, and unanimously agreed to climb the fence and decamp, which they accomplished successfully.

In the morning, when Johnny discovered his loss, he was uneasy. He cogitated many ways of informing Jack, and finally concluded to write him a letter. There was no paper in the house, and, if there had been, there was no ink. He

thought with regret of how they had used up all the ink in their negro minstrel performance a few days previous, the traces of which were still visible in their faces.

"Charcoal would a-done just as well," he said, "and would a wore off lots quicker; now I'll have to write my letter on a slate."

So he got a miserably jagged, three-cornered piece of what had been one, and bent his gigantic intellect to the effort of composition. Manifold were the forms addressing themselves to his mind as the suitable manner of communicating his bereavement to his father; such as, "Jack, you're horgs is run off;" or, "you'd better come home and catch your durn horgs," etc. But he did not like the effect of too brief an announcement. It would sound like a gun, he thought. Oh, if he could only stretch it out, "like a pair o' gallusus, that would be bully." Then he got to thinking of how he had unbosomed himself to Jack on the occasion of his first hog catastrophe, and he decided in his mind that the form of expression he then used was particularly felicitous. It conveyed the necessary information without compromising him: "If you want me to feed your durn horgs any more you'll hev to get some barley."

"That's just it," he soliloquized. "Bully for me. I know just what I orter say."

So he wrote with many smearings and corrections:

"Deer Jak iF u want Eny o uRe durn baRly fed ule Hev to git sum moRe HoRgs.

"uRe nfexn sun Jon."

Having finished this masterpiece, he carried it out to the county road, about half a mile away, where he sat down and began to make dirt pies, while waiting for some one to pass with whom he could intrust his letter to his father. He had finished only two or three with scallops, indentations, etc., when he saw a wagon coming.

"Oh, crackey," he said, "there's a lot of miserable women in it. I 'spise women worse'n horgs; worse'n *spotted* horgs, too. I'll not send my letter by them, bet your boots."

But when the wagon came alongside, it stopped, and a sweet-voiced woman asked:

"Is this the road to 'Squire Lawson's, honey?"

As the boy looked up he saw the face of an angel; and why not?—for a loving mother-heart looked out of gentle blue eyes upon him for the first time in his conscious life, and a tender, musical voice called him "honey."

"Yes," said he; "this is the road, *sure;* I know it is, cos my pap works there, and I've writ him a letter, and please won't you take it to him?"

"What's your pappy's name?"

"Jack Trevers."

Here two little girls in the back of the wagon exchanged smiling glances, and looked at Johnny with more interest.

"I'll give it to him," said the lady, reaching for the piece of slate; "your letter'll go safe enough, honey; don't you be uneasy; and I'm much obleeged to you for directin' of us. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Johnny, with a sort of catch at the word, feeling as if he had let a bird go, when a little forethought might have detained it. The wagon rattled on, and Johnny stood in the road just where it had left him.

"Durn my luck," he said. "First I lost the barley, and then I lost the horgs, and now I've lot *them*—and they're worth all the rest put together, bet your boots. Durn my luck; durn everything."

Then he looked at his pies, and, kicking them out savagely, went home.

Polly Cramer was a sister to Mr. Lawson, and was now making him her first visit since he had moved to his present abode. Under her green sunbonnet was the kind, loving face about whose smiles Jack had asked himself several questions on the morning of his fight with Cohen. It was now Friday; let us suppose this artful creature (all widows are artful) had two days in which to exercise her enchantments on poor Jack. He went home on Saturday night as happy as a lord, notwithstanding he carried in his heart the nucleus of the blackest plot that ever demoralized a man. On Monday (let us be circumstantial) he went back to his work. Some time in the middle of the week it began to rain *a la Californie*—that is, with no intention of stopping short of a month. Now, what more natural than that Polly should become fearfully

uneasy at the prospect of such weather, and make up her mind to go home forthwith, while the roads were still passable. Lawton and wife opposed. Jack, the sly-boots, opposed. All of this was to no prupose.

"When a woman will she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."

"I think you are very foolish, Polly," her brother said, as she was leaving; "but if the water keeps coming down like this, you had better lay over at Jack Trever's for a day or two."

(*To be Continued.*)

GOLD IN UMBER

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

I dug down in a volume that expressed
A depth of dusty lore,
But, coming on a tiger lily pressed,
That night I read no more.

It seemed to crystallize an amber day,
An August afternoon,
When, lying on a scented couch of hay,
I heard the crickets croon.

The hours were all a passion of gold sheen,
The fields and woods stretched wide,
The burnished sun made living, fervid green
The rolling countryside.

You laughed to see a sable butterfly,
A tiger lily's knight,
That fluttered round her theft of evening sky.
A sumptuous Sybarite.

You plucked the lily; till I made it mine,
Between your lips you let it swing and sway
Ah, red lips are a better flower-shrine
Than musty pages gray!



BY MINNIE OLIPHANT.

MY NEIGHBOR and I are at the "outs," because of a dog—her dog. If it were mine, I would not be telling the story, but I have no dog.

We have been enjoying the same callers, and the other day, while I was sewing out on my piazza, I saw one of my callers coming up my neighbor's walk. She was dressed in her daintiest gown, and a dark object was bouncing around her, and over her, while she was shrieking "Go away! Get out! Begone!"

Her hostess rushed to the door, not so much to welcome her caller, as to see that the dog was not hurt. "Oh-h!" she began, looking at the dog when it appeared during its maneuvers,—"Down, Fluffie! I am so glad to see—— Down, Fluffie! Come right in, Mrs.—— Down, Fluffie! I am glad to see—— Down, Fluffie! My dear little dog does love—— Down, Fluffie!—to see strangers. Down, Fluffie!" All the words meant for the dog were said with a cooing gentleness that had no hint of command.

In the midst of the struggle the trio disappeared through the door, the dog tangled up somewhere in the skirts of the caller.

Presently the door opened, and the caller fairly tumbled out to the accompaniment of "Down, Fluffie! He wants to watch you go away. Down, Fluffie! Dear little thing!"

A moment later, the caller dragged herself up my steps, and I was glad to have a needle and thread ready to sew up her torn lace.

But that is not the reason my neighbor and I are at the "outs."

I am proud of my lawn, and that miserable little animal seems to agree with me in that respect. He brought all the old shoes he could find in the alleys and deposited them in the most conspicuous place on my grass, and made a playground of my yard.

It was then I proceeded to throw said shoes at my playful little visitor. There never was a shoe made heavy enough to hit that dog just right, but they are always heavy enough to strike me in the back of the head when I attempt to throw them.

The other day, by accident, I hit the dog. It was this way. I had been intending to hit it for some time, but had always aimed wrong. Then I figured that by aiming at something else, I would be more apt to hit the dog. So I practiced aiming at a tree or a bush, and, while practicing, I hit the dog, which gave a yelp that brought my neighbor to the rescue.

Now, I was practicing silently: that is, I was outwardly silent, and was hardly prepared for such a noisy ending. There was the dog, and there was the shoe, and there was I. The situation explained itself without any words from me. To save me, I could not think of a thing to say that would smooth things out. My neighbor glowered, and I smiled, oh, such a smile! For the first time in my life I knew how to sympathize with a sheep killing dog. I had not killed the dog, but I had killed the friendship of my neighbor.

The next that I remember was that I was in my house with the door shut and everything was quiet on the outside.

My neighbor must have taken offense, for she immediately began to build a fence between her grounds and mine. I am glad she owns property on only one side of me. Instead of building a fence around me, I would rather she would build one around the dog, and forget to put a gate in it.

She is in such a hurry to get that fence up that she is superintending its building. That is the reason I am staying in doors until it is finished. I said that we were at the "outs," which means that she is out and I am in. Now, you know why I am in while she is out.

OBSERVATIONS OSCULATORY

BY THE MAJOR

The Chicago girl bows her stately head,
And freezeth her face with a smile,
And sticks out her lips like an open book,
And cheweth her gum, meanwhile.

The Boston girl removeth her specs,
And fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go
In spasmodic little snips.

The New York girl, so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss,
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful lords
Float away on a sea of bliss.

The Brooklyn girl says never a word
And you'd think she was rather tame,
With her practical views of the matter in hand,
But she gets there just the same.

The Washington girl, the pride of the world,
In her clever and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearnful yearn
As big as a bale of hay.

The Milwaukee girl gets a grip on herself,
And carefully takes off her hat,
Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

We have sung the song of the girls who kiss,
And it sets one's brain in a whirl,
But to reach the heights of earthly bliss,
You must kiss a California girl.

With your arm 'round her waist, her face upturned,
In a sweet, confiding way,
You care not a cent for the whole wide world,
Tho' the wind through your whiskers play.

And closer together your lips do draw,
'Till they meet in rapturous glow,
And the small boy hidden behind the screen
Yells : "Gallegher, let her go!"



A BALL FIELD MONOLOGUE

BY "JAC" LOWELL

SCENE: The grand stand, overlooking the diamond. The speaker—a frivolous looking young lady in white muslin, with blue bodice. The "spoken-to," a timid-faced young lady in pink.

The One in White—Yes, as I was saying, it's going to have a collar of hand-made lace. You don't like them? Oh, I do! I think they are just lovely! So does mamma. She's going to have one, and so is Mame and Lilly and—Oh, see, Kitty! Look at that fellow batting now! He's Jimmy Langham! He's a lovely player! I do like to watch him! Any relation to Ed. Langham? Yes, his cousin; but Jimmy is so much nicer! We're awfully glad he's through with that horrid Morris girl. She was far below him, you know. He's a college man, and she—why, they're cheering! What did he do? Get a home run? I bet he did! He always—What! Oh, he got out at first base? Oh, that's too bad! He's *such* a fine player! Well, let's watch closer now. Do you understand the game? You don't? I do, and I just love it. Specially when it gets exciting. I'll explain it to you. Of course you know there are two sides. No, no, not to the field; there's lots of sides to that. I mean there are two different teams who play against each other. Each side has—let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six and three—yes, each side has nine men. The principal ones are the pitcher and catcher—that is, except the referee—I mean the umpire. Well, the pitcher he pitches the ball, and the catcher catches it, unless the batter hits it. If he does hit it, then—Oh, we aren't watching the field! What's happened now? That fellow that came after Jimmy has made a score! (That's the same as a run.) Oh, good! good! see! Jimmy is huggin' him! Oh, I tell you, Jimmy Langham is a fine fellow! Everybody likes him—even the other fellows! Miss Morris a nice girl? Yes, I suppose she's nice enough, but somehow she never seemed quite in place with Jimmy. She'd be good enough for Ed, I think. More his sort, you know. What's the matter? You look warm all of a sudden. No? Well, you must be blushing, then. Perhaps the game is exciting you. It does me sometimes. See, now! The Blues are batting again. My, that fellow hit it hard, though! Look at it go! Stand up! Stand up! It's going to be a home run! Oh, dear, that fielder is under it! He's got it! No, he's dropped the ball! Goody! Goody! He got to third! He got to third! The Blues are all right, aren't they! You thought I was cheering for the Browns? Well, I'm not! My brother plays with the Blues. Jimmy Langham? Why, so he does play with the Browns to-day; I forgot that. But then, I couldn't help cheering for him, because he's—he's—he's such a lovely player. Wonder if his cousin Ed can play ball? He can? How do you know? (They whisper.) What? You don't mean it! Why, Kitty Cheatem, why didn't you tell me before! No wonder you blushed when I said that about him and the Mor-

ris girl. Not really engaged yet? Well, that's different. But still, of course, you can have him if you've made up your mind to; *any* girl can! No, no, I didn't mean *any* girl could get Edward Langham. I mean any girl can get any man if she wants to. You understand. And, say, I've got something to tell you, too. Of course—Oh, do look at that woman over there! That one in the green hat. Did you ever see such a perfectly hideous shade? Like yours? Oh, but yours isn't like that! Yours is a b-eautiful green! But see, the woman is waving her parasol! No wonder she is! Why! Why! the Browns have got three men on bases, and a heavy man at the bat! What inning is this, mister? The first of the ninth? Thank you. The first of the ninth, Kitty, he says. Two strikes, the umpire says. You understand, of course. Three strikes, oh, dear. But see, see! Jimmy is up now! I'll bet *he* doesn't strike out! One? Oh, that mean old umpire! But wait! Ah, I told you so. Way over the fence! They can't get it! They can't get it! See, the board says the score is 5 to 2. If Jimmy and the other three Browns get in, the Browns will win! There, two have got in now, and there goes the third! Look at Jimmy run! Oh, they've got the ball, though! Stand up! Stand up! See! He's got to third. He's starting home! Oh, quick, Jimmy, quick! See him slide! He's safe! He's safe! Jimmy's won the game! Good! Good! *Good!* You thought I wanted the Blues to win? Ned! Oh, he's only my brother, and Jimmy! Well, here he comes now, so I suppose I might as well tell you. Don't say much about it yet, but (in loud whisper) *Jim and I are engaged!* How long? Since Wednesday night's dance. Ah, here he is! Good for you! You're the hero! You're the—— Jim! Oh, Jim, how could you! Before all these people!"

* * *

DEERIE.

A buck, both young and foolish, took
His deer out for a roe.
He pleaded loudly for her hart,
And fawned upon her so,
The coy gazelle blushed roesy red;
She pulled her fingers loose
From out the gay young buck's big paws
And murmured soft, "Vamoose!"

* * *

Wrong Place.

The fair young thing bustled up to the dry-goods clerk.

"I want to look at something that will set off my face—heighten my color."

The clerk shook his head.

"The drug store is just around the corner, ma'am."

A FRIEND INDEED

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

You greet your friend, return his hearty grasp,
Say that yourself and all the house are well;
Your bantering to him is as a knell;
He sees the trouble feeding like an asp
Upon your heart; he knows how frail the clasp
Upon the closet in whose shade doth dwell
The skeleton that makes your world a hell;
He knows what you'd deny with your last gasp.
He knows? Yes, all; and, knowing all, contrives
To feign crass ignorance whene'er you meet;
Respects your self-respect to live two lives,
Loves you the more for your forlorn deceit;
He is a cleverer actor far than you,
You think he thinks that what you say is true.

THE MARKED DOOR

BY BURTON JACKSON WYMAN.

THE SHRILL cries of the newsboys selling the nine o'clock editions of the evening papers had scarcely died away in the streets when half a hundred doors in "Poverty Shelter," the huge, hive-like, ill-lighted apartment house whose four dingy stories augmented the gloom of Dismal Alley flew open almost simultaneously. A moment later the numerous occupants were madly crowding up the various creaking stairways to the upper hall, from which, despite the tumultuous uproar caused by the beating of many feet upon the uncarpeted boards could be heard the loud exclamations of a terrified man. It was these cries of evident distress that had suddenly startled into activity the work-worn tenants who had been preparing to retire for the night.

Leaning against the rickety railing on the topmost floor, his usually dark features gone ashen pale with fear, Guissippi Maritini, the Italian Bootblack, was found still ejaculating wildly, all the while frantically endeavoring to direct the attention of his fright-silenced wife, who clung to him, toward their room, the door of which was partially open.

"It mus' be t'ieves!" shouted Mrs. Pantosky, as she hurriedly tried to shield her bulky person from any chance bullets behind the bony form of Mrs. O'Grady.

"Aw, g'wan wid youse," jeered ten-year-old "Mikey" Murphy, who lived on the top floor with his widowed mother, and was especially proud of his knowledge of the criminal class. "An' what d' youse think der Knights o' der Jimmy 'd be after in this dump? There ain't not'in' in der room 'ceptin' some bum furniture an' a sack o' garlic. Der guy's jes' gone nutty, dat's all."

"It's th' D. T.'s he's got," exclaimed Barney O'Toole, the stevedore, whose own experience with bad whisky and cheap wine had made him suspicious of all mankind, and who for that reason had not taken the trouble to account for Maritini's actions from any other cause. "Shure, an' it's grane schnakes he's seein' jist now, but it's me that's tellin' ye that 'fore long he'll be dodgin' pink iliphants with blue thrimmin's. A few days in th' detintion wa-ard 'll git the kinks out o' his think box, an' if it don't, th' loonattic commission 'll have to do their jooty. But I'll bet me ould clay poipe ag'in t'ree fingers o' rye that th' Eyetalian's been thryin' to presarve hisseilf in that kill 'em quick red wine an' it's gone to his head. That stuff 's worse 'n——"

"Away with yer chinnin'," interrupted his wife who, while the others had been listening to O'Toole's harangue, had been using her eyes. "Can't youse see that th' Dago's p'intin' at his dure? An' shure, it don't take a min' raider ter see that he's scare't out o' his wits b' th' red marks that's onto it."

The quick eye of Mrs. O'Toole had discovered the cause of Maritini's excitement. On the smooth, broad board cross portion of the door that separated the long panels at the top from the short panels at the bottom, a mysterious figure had been chalked in red.

"What you call heem, Mister Maritin?" asked Emil Bonpierre, the little French tailor, in his politest accents.

But instead of replying, the frightened man only drew his frail wife closer to him while he continued to mutter in his native tongue, occasionally loudly exclaiming in broken English: "Santa Maria! Santa Maria! Hees acome, hees acome!"

The occupants of the "Shelter" were still trying to get an explanation from the Italian when Bismark Schultz, the heavy-weight policeman who patrolled the district, arrived upon the scene.

"Vass iss all dis aboudt," he gasped, as he came puffing laboriously up the last flight of quaking stairs. "By Himmel, I t'ought some one had been murdered yet."

His attention having been directed to the mysterious markings upon the door of Maritini's room, the big policeman proceeded to examine them. Having completed his investigations and made a great pretense of minutely recording the results of his labor in a dilapidated note book which he carried, Schultz asked the Italian a few questions, but got no answers save a number of unintelligible exclamations. Satisfied that he had done his duty, Schultz prepared to descend to the street.

"An' who do youse think done it, officer, the K. K. K.'s?" asked Mrs. Murphy, who had once laboriously spelled her way through a Southern novel at a place where she had worked, and who now saw an opportunity to display her superior knowledge before her less fortunate fellows.

"Vell, I don't know eggsactly vas iss der K. K. K.'s," answered the policeman, who aspired to be a member of the plain clothes squad, but could not refrain from discussing the case in spite of strict regulations to the contrary, "but if der K. K. K.'s is der same like der Black Hantd, you sctruck der nail right mit der head on."

"Th' Black Hand," echoed Mrs. Murphy. "An' what kind o' disase is that?"

"Listen," began Schultz, impressively, as the tenants, with the exception of the Italian and his wife, crowded about him.

"Der Black Handt is der sign of rewenge. Back in the ol' gountry der Dogo's done somet'ing vhat don't meet der abbroval off her members of dot secred society. Vhat follows? Simbly dis. Dey mark him for deat'? Id maybe to-night—id maybe nex' year—but sooner or lader he'll vake up some mornin' und findt hisself dead mit der bed, or berhaps his body'll be foundt floatin' der bay in. Und den vhat habbens? Nodding, only the Coroner's yury'll make oudt a verdict somet'ing like dis: 'Came o his deat' at der handts of a berson or bersons unbeknownst to der yury,' und Policeman Schultz vill hafe anoder crime to deal mit."

Thoroughly impressed with his own importance, and satisfied that his recital had been given the proper element of horror, Schultz waddled down the stairs into the street. While a few of the more talkative ones lingered on the various landings to discuss the outcome of the registering of the strange red marks upon the door of the Italian's room, the majority of the tenants withdrew to their own apartments to retire for the night. Even Maritini and his wife had returned to their room and there locked in, without so much as the light of a candle to dispel the darkness, talked in undertones of the awe-inspiring sign that still stood out in bold, red lines upon the door. Surely it was a night filled with strange happenings in the lives of the occupants of "Poverty Shelter."

But strangest of all was the fact that, absolutely unconscious of all that had occurred, seven-year-old "Danny" Dooley, son of Timothy Dooley, janitor of the parish school, lay on his rag-covered cot in a basement room of the "Shelter," dreaming the dreams of a tired child. And in the visions of the night, he saw the coming of a day when his now dirt-begrimed right hand would respond more readily to his will, and he should have the privilege of inscribing the name of Dooley so plainly that all who would might read, and best of all, on places other than his neighbors' doors.





OVER OUR two mugs of ale and a sizzling mess of sausage, in a secluded corner of Herr Hohenstoffen's *rathskeller,* "Bud" Hasty waxed loquacious as of yore.

Be it known that "Bud" is to me a perpetual fount of inspiration, a personified oasis of the proverbial desert. When the stern editorial mandate is for "fifteen hundred words by five o'clock, *sure,*" and ideas and plots take on a will-o'-the-wisp elusiveness, there is always "Bud" left—"Bud," the jack-of-all-trades and adventurer *extraordinaire.* For with "Bud" things are ever happening. A frolicsome Fate seems to have marked him for her own; and though I have ever tried to believe that of fiction and truth the first is stranger, "Bud" constantly stands in my way for a complete reversal of the antiquated platitude.

I had not seen him for over a month. He had been away somewhere in the interior, I knew, trying his hand at some original occupation. And to-day, in my disheartening search for "copy," I had wandered into Herr Hohenstoffen's with just a mite of hope in my bosom that "Bud" was back again—and found him.

I breathed a reverent prayer to my protecting planet, and waited for my "story" with a patience born of experience. It was never necessary for me to assume the role of interlocutor with him. I would get my tale in the natural course of things.

"Well," said "Bud," finally, as he raised his fingers to give the old, familiar sign to the liquid-provider, "the stirring event that yours truly has to deal out at this particular session is a darling little stunt in which the muse figures in the star part, and a certain well-meaning gent—referring to my own hopeful, honest self—is relegated, as usual, gently but firmly to the *consomme.*"

"Elucidate," I said, simply.

He drank half the contents of his mug at a gulp, and settled back comfortably in the chair before beginning:

"You see, things started stacking up pretty much to the bad right from the beginning of my latest expedition amid the sun-kissed environs of the rural districts of our glorious State.

"I left this loved burg of ours just thirty-six days, two hours ago, to be exact, going forth in the lofty capacity of press agent and second villain of a ten-twent-thirt show that was billed to play 'Ten Nights in a Tonsil Varnish Emporium' and other problem drammers of like ilk through the backwoods. As I stated in the prologue of this highly interesting recital, little Willie was in for the discard right at the jump-off. The 'Only Original Metropolitan Dramatic Company. Twenty stars! Count 'em!' played a continuous engagement of one performance at the Pottsville Opry House—and then closed for the season.

"This little anecdote, my dearly esteemed friend, has nothing whatever to do with the affair with Euterpe, indicated

in my opening remarks, but is interjected purely to give the light touch required in what otherwise would be a most tragic and harrowing discourse."

I nodded my head, just by way of dialogue.

"Well," he went on, "after a multitudinous series of adventures, too numerous to mention, yours hopefully strikes salt in his appointment as star reporter, sporting and society editor and bill poster of the *Daily Bugle,* an uplifting journal for the home and fireside, published in a dear little place entitled Sag Corners.

"I was a pronounced hit with a capital H from the drop of the *chapeau.* Sag Corners had never before known a real top-notch journalist, and Mr. B. Hasty, Esq., was just the boy to open their peepers and produce the merchandise. During my association with the *Daily Bugle* I may state with pardonable pride that I gave the folks an era of gamboge-tinted journalism that made the burg fairly sizzle and caused even the oldest inhabitant to sit up and bat his optics.

"Over my longest leased pipe in the world I secured a brand of foreign news that reeked with pyrotechnical sensations and paled a city paper's brew of alleged information into the most insipid insignificance. I calculated to please every soul on the subscription list. There were articles on the latest in morning gowns for the ladies to go wild over; a mass of memoirs of the 'Whoopmegaggle Kids' to delight the two-year-olds; and a whole page on prize-fights and other moral entertainments for the benefit of the sixty-year-young sports.

"The circulation of the paper rose with such unprecedented rapidity that the proprietor of the *Bugle* was on the point of taking your Uncle Henry in as a partner, fearing, otherwise, of losing his valued services.

"The honest ruralites themselves regarded me with an admiration not unmixed with awe, and I verily believe that at this period I held a position in their hearts second not even to that accorded Theodo—— But this is digression.

"And, then, at this moment, when I was riding upon the topmost wave of popularity—ah, fatal human failing—I became ambitious."

"Bud" absorbed the remaining contents of his mug and looked me coldly in the eye.

"I decided," he continued, "that the one thing our journal needed was the introduction of some original poetry—verse with local color. I remembered that I had seen you build up, with the kind assistance of a rhyming dictionary, stuff that you, somehow, succeeded in convincing editors bore the authentic Parnassian water-mark.

"Luckless remembrance!

"I decided to work off this innovation of mine when chronicling the splendors of a social function given for the purpose of raising the collateral necessary in the purchase of fresh brass instruments and a baton for the town orchestry. The affair was, without question, the most *recherche* that Sag Corners had ever known in its dear old existence. In my capacity as society editor, I deemed it my especial duty to give the country-side a description of the celebration that would be in keeping with its own magnificence. And I did.

"I reeled off the most ornate phrases in my vocabulary; gushed over the decorations to beat the dutch; tore off large chunks of rhetoric in extolling the glory of Sag Corners' aristocracy; raved over everything in general, and, in fact, let civilization know that my notion was that the whole proposition was bang-up and far and away the undiluted article.

"And then the ladies—bless 'em! The way I described their draperies was a caution. I gave accurate ring-side reports in detail of every gown present in a way that



AT THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

made one of your city bavardes appear a mere trailer. My! how I burned up the presses with critical comments on *crepe de chene, pongee* and *mousseline de soi!*

"So far, so good. If I had only stopped there I would still to-day be—but, as I remarked before, with Caesar, I was ambitious. I felt that the one touch required to make that social notice of mine a gem of the first magnitude was the introduction of a snatch of poetry—poetry, as I have instanced, with a touch of local color.

"Right here is where the band tuned up for a rendition of some Eliza-crossing-the-ice-music; it was the cue for the drop of the asbestos curtain—but Percival here, alack-a-day, was blissfully unconscious of it."

"What was the pome?" I inquired, expectantly.

"I will admit," he continued, "that something of a personal element entered into the manufacture of the lines. The Miss Lulu referred to is a lady of exceeding charm and great popularity to whom I had been paying some court. I felt that the published verse would be an excellent way in which to increase the favor with which I hoped she looked upon my suit."

"A not unusual and unoriginal expedient with bards," I ventured.

"The reference to 'Flam the florist,'" said he, ignoring my interruption, "I considered a good business stroke. He had been advertising with us extensively, and I had hopes of flattering him into a yearly contract. But right here is where my old friend Burns scores with his remark about 'the best laid plans,' etc.

"Listen. My gem of thought was lying upon the copy desk. There, unbeknown



THE METROPOLITAN DRAMATISTS LEAVE TOWN.

AN ARGUMENT WITH THE EDITOR.

THE TOWN "ORCHESTRY."

"The poem," said "Budd," as the ghost of a grin decorated his countenance for the fraction of an instant, "I will now repeat to you. It was, perhaps, not precisely Byronic in grasp or expression, I admit; but for a maiden effort I felt justly proud of it. It ran:

"Amid the crowd assembled there,
With blushes rosy red,
The glorious Miss Lulu stood—
The fairest maid, 'tis said—
A rose from 'Flam the florist' placed
Upon her gold-crowned head!"

"I have read better poems," I said, "but not in the magazines."

"Bud" bowed his acknowledgments.

to yours sincerely, it was read by the divinity who officiates as stenographer for the office, and who, incidentally, takes a decided joy in her own pulchritude. When she came to the fourth line she snorted, and, taking a blue pencil, removed with one sweep what she considered an overwhelming personal affront.

"When the manuscript reached the compositor (who, I discovered later, had just purchased an interest in a flower shop on the side), he beheld line five, and developed a grouch on the instant. When the poem appeared, the said line five was conspicuous by its absence. And now you have it.

"The next morning the Sag Corners *Daily Bugle* appeared more splendid than

ever. I turned the pages and read my epic to the accompaniment of gentle shivers along my vertebrae. This is how they had it in deathless print:

"'Amid the crowd assembled there,
With blushes rosy red,
The glorious Miss Lulu stood—
Upon her gold-crowned head!'

"That's about all," "Bud" finished, "except that at about 10.03 by the chronometer, an excellent physical male specimen of Sag Corners, weighing two hundred and ten pounds, and known to folks generally as Miss Lulu's favored suitor, came into the office and interviewed me.

"At the expiration of a thirty-minute visit he was sitting on my immaculate bosom, and I was gently feeling my anatomy for fractured tissues. When he kindly withdrew, I took what salary was coming to me, to wit: seven dollars and ten cents, and boarded the first train for the mole."

"'Bud,' I said, as I ordered fresh ambrosia, "you have my most profound sympathy. Believe me, I'm fairly transfixed with joy to find you back again safe and whole."

And I reflected with a sigh of relief on my fifteen hundred words of "copy," and knew that in my sordid, mercenary way I had meant every word I said.

OVERLAND'S PROGRESS

During the last few months, the circulation of Overland Monthly has bounded ahead at a splendid rate. The first issue, November last, under the policy of large improvements sold the best in years; indeed, many news-stands sold out a number of times. The increasing interest and demand for the magazine caused a better display, and a larger number of copies to be ordered, so that the following issue showed an even greater gain. The enlarged demand was found not only in California, but wherever Overland is on sale. A friend of Overland who, at this writing, has just returned from Honolulu, says that within twenty-four hours after the big consignment of Overlands had been distributed to the news-stands there, not a copy was to be had, and the dealers stated that the demands were far in excess of the supply. From Greece, from Egypt, from New York City, and from many other distant regions, Overland is receiving the same cordial recognition and enthusiastic support. Letters and postals from afar give us encouraging reports of the great interest in Overland.

Of course, the increased circulation means increased advertising, and the larger volume of advertising enables us to get out a bigger and better magazine every month.

We believe that this issue of Overland is one of the best in many years, and will bear most favorable comparison with the best New York magazines. Certainly our list of authors and their contributions would be given a prominent place in any magazine. There are so many good articles and stories that it is hard to single out any one in preference to another. Gertrude Atherton's "Affinities" was very satisfactory to this noted Californian; we believe it to be the cleverest and truest article yet written in the abstract upon this topic; Hon. John Barrett's "Guatemala" is an article of great practical value, and besides, it is interesting and new; the two articles upon Japan give one a definite idea of what Japan is actually doing to gain the mastery of the Pacific, and how the Japanese are going about it; Mr. Luther Burbank's article on Plant Breeding is manifestly such a valuable and authoritative exposition that our praise of it would indeed be superfluous. It will, we believe, be most widely quoted and will remain for many years the standard upon this topic. Our fiction this month is notable. Read "Jack's Boys," and you will, we think, agree with us that it is as good as "Helen's Babies." Bailey Millard's story is a clear-cut bit of silhouette in the California author's best vein.

All in all, we believe that you will agree with us that this is a corking good number; that the entire contents are up to standard, and show a proper touch of diversity.

Our advertising is going ahead rapidly, and we are working very hard and very earnestly to give the public a first-class Pacific Coast magazine.

STORIETTES

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

BY VIOLA GARDNER BROWN.

THEY HAD quarreled and parted *forever* a number of times. There had been a period of serenity, but the storm flag was flying again, and it seemed that history was about to repeat itself.

He supposed he would be obliged to forgive her eventually, but he felt that it was incumbent upon him to give her a serious reprimand, even if he did wound her sensitive soul. It would be for her ultimate good.

He leaned against the pillar of the veranda, with his arms folded in a Napoleon at St. Helena attitude, looking down with a frown corresponding to the pose, at the frivolous but adorable bit of femininity swinging in the hammock.

"Jennie, this continuous performance is becoming a trifle monotonous. I am willing to put up with your little, childish fits of temper and groundless jealousy, and the things you say to wound me. But I am tired of going down on my knees—"

"Metaphorically."

"——and asking forgiveness for things I didn't do, and doing your repenting and mine, too."

"Saves *me* a lot of trouble."

"I am tired of vibrating between Heaven and Hades, and I think——"

"If you are so *very* tired, you had better go away back and sit down, and think yourself over. Perhaps you'll feel rested."

"I will, Jennie. I hope you will not repent this in sackcloth and ashes."

"No, indeed! I wouldn't be caught in such an unbecoming dress as *that!*"

"This is my last farewell, Jennie."

"One of your farewell tours, so to speak," said she, airily.

But he only lifted his hat and strode off down the path, without even a backward glance.

She noticed that he took the road leading to the railroad station, and wondered vaguely if he was really going away for good and all this time.

"Nonsense!" she told herself. "He'll come back, of course. He always has. He *can't* forget me."

But a feeling of unrest stole over her, in spite of her confidence in her power, and as the roar of the passing express train died away, she wondered if the whirling wheels were bearing him out of her life.

Presently her ten year old brother rushed up the walk, hatless, wild-eyed and perspiring.

"Oh, you've done it *now,* sis. You won't never send Jack off no more. The train run over him just now, down in Rogers' Cut, by the bridge. He was——"

But with a scream she was off, flying down the road.

"His body's by the big rock, sis," he yelled after her. "But I don't think he's quite dead yet."

He ran after her, but did not overtake her till she was almost there. Swiftly she ran, calling: "Oh, Jack, Jack," till she saw just before her the big rock, and on it Jack's cap.

Things turned black before her eyes, and she staggered, but Tom caught her.

"Don't be so scared, sis.; maybe he ain't dead yet. He's on the other side of the rock."

With a desperate effort she overcame her weakness, rounded the rock with a whirl, and plunged into Jack's arms as he rose to his feet in astonished joy, catching her as she fell.

"Oh. Jack, Jack, are you alive?"

"Very much so, my dear; never felt better in my life than I do at this minute,"

said Jack, looking down at her pale but radiant face. "What has terrified you so, darling?"

"Tom said the train ran over you——"

"Tom!"

"Well, didn't it? You an' me was standin' under the bridge when it went over. You was tellin' me you was goin' to Texas, an' I didn't want you to. I didn't tell her you was hurt. Girls do jump at conclusions so. (Disgustedly.) In fact, I told her I didn't think you was quite dead. You ain't, are you? I think you're a pretty lively deader if you are."

"Tom, if I wasn't so happy, I'd lambast you for this."

"Naw, you wouldn't. You'd thank me 'most to death. Jes' like you're goin' to do now, soon as you have time to think yourself over. You're welcome, I'm sure. Only I do wish you'd stop scrappin'. It's wearin' me out. I'm sorry I scared you so bad, sis., but I guess you'll forgive me."

She did.

RATTLESNAKE JIM

BY S. S. B.



ELLO, stranger; whar's the boss?"

I had no need to answer. The landlord rushed from the bar-room, shouting:

"Rattlesnake Jim, as I am alive! Come in, Jim, come in. The boys will take care of your horse."

The new arrival was a tall, bony man, with a loud, yet pleasant, voice.

"How's grub and sleeping room, Silas?" was his question, as they entered the house.

"Plenty of both," was the answer. "What will you take?"—going behind the bar and setting out some glasses.

"Whisky straight, and no water," was the reply. "Nothing spiles good whisky like water."

The landlord introduced him to me, saying Jim was one of his oldest customers, but had not been round for some time.

"Been working up in the hills," said the newcomer; "struck good pay gravel, and stuck to it all summer. Now I am going down to the valley for the winter."

He was a jolly fellow, and under the mellowing influence of "blue ruin," as he termed the liquor, he kept every one in a roar of laughter.

"Hain't had a man to talk to for two months, and it was mighty lonesome. It ain't like it used to be when Bob was my pard."

The oddity of his name struck me. After supper I ventured to inquire how he came to be called Rattlesnake Jim.

"Why," he cried, "didn't you ever hear how I got that name? I thought everybody knew about that."

He evidently felt chagrined. I hastened to explain that I was a stranger in the State and had just come up to this little mountain valley on a fishing expedition. This at once mollified him, and after a "whisky straight and no water," at my expense, he explained the origin of his name as follows:

"Bob Magill and I were down on the Middle Feather one summer, prospecting and hunting. We killed a little game, caught plenty of fish, had lots of hard climbing, but did not find a claim that was worth a cent.

"The river canyon is very deep, and the sides are almost solid rock. It is the hottest place in all California.

"One day we came to a queer spot and stopped to examine it. It looked like a big stone cup turned upside down in a stone saucer. The rock was lava and full of cracks and fissures. On three sides the cup was pretty steep, but on the fourth was a little narrow place to walk up. We crossed the stone saucer and climbed the knob or cup.

"Just as we got to the top, Bob says, 'Look thar,' and pinted right down on the other side. Three big rattlesnakes were coiled up in the sun. I always did hate

a rattler, so I poked my gun over the edge of the rock and let drive. Right thar I made a mistake. We ought to have skipped out and left them snakes asleep. The moment I fired, two of them —for I only killed one—twisted and rattled and coiled up ready to fight. If they had been the only ones we would have laughed, but you see that old rock basin was plum full of the pizen critters. We were right in the middle of a rattlesnakes' den. Those two made their rattles fairly whizz till every snake in the place was crawling out of the cracks in the rock. If you hear me tell it, we were in a fix. We could not run, and thar were too many snakes to fight. It were lucky for us that the little trail was the only place whar they could reach the top of the rock.

"We kept still a minute, thinking maybe they would go back; but it was no use. They were spilin' for a fight, and seemed to know they had us in a box. They could see us right above 'em, and that riled 'em madder than yaller jackets.

"They didn't wait more than a minute or two till they started up that little trail. Just how many of the blamed snakes thar were I have no idea. I reckoned about a thousand, but Bob always stuck to it thar were a round million.

"Our guns were double-barrelled breech-loaders, and most of our cartridges were filled with buckshot. The snakes were so thick that we killed from one to half a dozen at each fire. We managed for a time to keep the little trail clear, but they kept a coming faster and faster. We killed 'em by the bushel, and if we could have made the pizen things into ile and sold it at five cents a gallon, we could have made a pile of money.

"We were mightily scared for fear they would find a way up through the big rock itself, and kept a sharp watch all the time. If our cartridges held out long enough we could stand 'em off, but we had to shoot lively, and they would soon run short. The whole rocky bottom was plum full of them d—— wriggling, squirming snakes. We didn't have a drop of anti-snake bite with us. Had drank it all up long before. What was worse, it was good five miles up the mountain to the nearest place whar any could be got.

"We were shaky in the knees, for the smell of them snakes made us sick. Reckon you think we were scared. Bob was no slouch at fighting anything in the woods, and, stranger, I never turned back from the biggest grizzly in the mountains; but right then we would have been mighty glad to have got away.

"Our cartridges were running low. We made up our minds that we would have to take chances of running right across that lot of pizen rattlers. It was a desperate case, but we had big, thick boots on, and might get through.

"Bob give a groan when the last shot went. 'We've got to chance it now,' said he.

"We grabbed our guns, so as to use them as clubs. Then we walked down the rock a bit and looked down among the snakes. I tell you, stranger, it were like going right down into hell. The snakes wriggled and twisted, coiled up and rattled till the air fairly whizzed.

"Thar is many a thing in the woods that sounds like the rattle of a snake. Sometimes it's a weed, sometimes it's a leaf, it may be a little stick, or some dry seeds in a small pod. You jump for a minute, and then laugh to think how easy you got sold. But when you hear a genuine rattle from a snake that is mad, you never mistake it. It will come nearer waking a dead man than a shock of bottled lightning. Thar is not a beast nor a bird but what will get out of the way as quick as a man.

"Just as we shut our teeth and gripped our guns for a start, Bob caught me by the arm and cried, 'Wait a bit.' Then he run to the top of the rock and yelled, 'Come here! Give me a hist,' says he, as I reached him. 'I think I can reach that oak limb.'

"The limb of a big oak came down over the top of the rock, and this Bob could just reach by me holding him up as high as I could. He grabbed the limb and climbed up a little, and that brought it down so I could get holt on it.

"We were none too quick, for the blamed snakes were crawling up mighty lively, and I had to kick one of 'em away from me as I swung off on the limb. We climbed the

tree in less than no time, and struck off up the mountain. We never stopped till we reached the Mountain Spring House, whar we got a drink or two of old rye, for fear we might have got bit.

"I reckon them guns and blankets are down thar yet, for we never went back for 'em. It were a mighty close call for us, stranger; and that was how they come to call me Rattlesnake Jim."

Just as he finished his story, and while he was taking a "whisky straight and no water," the door opened, and a slim, dark man entered the room.

An instantaneous change came over the tall man at the bar. He straightened up taller than ever. His form grew almost rigid, his eyes dilated, and he glared at the new comer with all the ferocity of a tiger. His actions startled every one in the room.

The dark man hesitated, stopped a moment, and then crossed the room and stood by the huge stove.

Still holding the glass in his clenched hand, Jim turned toward me and said in tones no longer loud, but deep and hoarse:

"Once there were two good friends. It were Bob and I. We hunted and fished, camped and mined, prospected and got drunk together.

"Bob were a good man, but he would risk his last dollar on cards. Thar were a gambler"—still keeping his eyes fastened upon the dark man, though addressing his conversation to me—"who run a faro bank. He were a thief and a liar. He were then"—a pause; "he is now."

No motion upon the part of the new comer save that his hand dropped by his side.

"Bob bucked agin his game till he busted the bank." He paused; the words seemed to choke him. "Thar are some gamblers who are honest. If they lose, they pay the last cent. Thar are some," —and he set the glass down with a crash that made all start—"that are thieves. When a man has won their money fair and square, they want to swindle him out of it. This man I was telling you about —this thief, this liar, this scoundrel," emphasizing each word—"lost his money, but he would not pay it like a man.

"He accused Bob of cheating. Why, stranger, Bob wouldn't have cheated a man in the world. He would fight and get drunk, but he never took a cent that was not his own. Right then and thar Bob called the gambler a liar. He was one then. He is one now."

No movement upon the part of the man by the stove, whom all were watching.

"But, stranger, that was just what the gambler wanted. He sprang up and raked the money towards him. Bob made a pass at him with his fist, but the feller dodged, and the next minute he drew a revolver and shot Bob dead. He murdered him"—his eyes still riveted upon the man by the stove—"and thar stands the man who did the shooting. But, stranger, I have hunted for him. I have traveled from Shasta to San Diego, and I swore that if we ever met, one of us would have to be carried to the boneyard.

The loungers felt that a tragedy was about to follow, and several edged from the room. The landlord said in a persuasive tone, "Don't have any trouble here, Jim."

"Silas"—but never turning his eyes from the gambler—"if a man were to shoot down your best friend, were to murder him in cold blood, would you let him go when you met him? No, you wouldn't, Silas. You would have revenge, if it were the last thing you ever did."

Again speaking to me, and for the first time taking his eyes from the dark man: "I can't murder a man. If he would show fight it would be all right, but I can't shoot a man down like a dog. I have got $500"—slapping his pocket—"and I would give every cent of it if that man would take a shot at me—would draw a pistol or just lift a finger, to give me an excuse."

Hardly were the words said when the dark man drew a revolver and fired twice in quick succession. Both shots struck their mark. Jim reeled and would have fallen if he had not clutched the counter. The next instant the gambler sprang toward the door, and as he still held the pistol in his hand all gave way for him.

At that second I saw a pistol flash in the light and a report rang out. The gambler fell dead, with his body half out of the open door.

"Bob is revenged," said Jim, "for Jim never missed even his last shot."

Several caught the sinking man, and laid him upon an old and much-used lounge in the room.

"Jump on a horse and go for the doctor," said Silas to his son.

"No use," said Jim; "stay whar you are. I won't last but a few minutes."

We hastily tore open his shirts and examined the wounds. One was in the side and the other in the breast. We saw that either was probably fatal.

"Never mind, boys," said Jim, "it won't be but a few minutes. The gambler is a better shot than I took him to be. But Silas," looking up at his old acquaintance, "he can't beat Jim, even if it was my last shot."

We shook our heads, and Silas answered, "You struck him right in the back of the neck, and he has never moved."

"He is dead and I soon will be," said Jim. "Our quarrels are ended; but, boys, don't put us any nearer than you can help when you plant us in the boneyard. I don't think I could sleep easy in my grave if I were alongside of that dishonest feller."

He gave us some brief direction about his horse and gun, his money and his mining claim, and then was quiet for a few moments. It was evident that he could live but little longer.

He roused for a moment. "It were a good shot. Bob is revenged," said he.

His breathing became loud and difficult. He looked at us for a moment, slightly waved his hand as if bidding all good-bye, and faintly said, "Here goes, boys," and then all was ended.

On the morrow the two men were buried in the little graveyard, but Jim's last request was heeded. They were placed as far apart as the limits of the small burying ground would permit.

BRAVERY AND BUTTONS

BY FLORENCE L. PIERCE.

MABEL PRESTON walked to the door of the cottage and glanced uneasily about her; and as she stepped into the yard she could not repress an involuntary shudder. The house stood in a lonely spot at the edge of a woodland clearing facing the great plains of Eastern Colorado, which stretched into endless distance far below her. Behind the cottage towered the giant crags of the Rockies, shutting off a mighty world beyond. No other sign of habitation was visible, and alone in the midst of this vast solitude the girl felt strangely oppressed, a feeling accentuated by that peculiar silence which presages twilight in the mountains.

Business had called her father away for the night—not an uncommon occurrence, but on this occasion disquieting to her. Her father, who was paymaster in the mines, had brought money from Denver with which to pay the men, and he had been compelled to leave it in her care over night. This, however, would not have worried her in the slightest, but for an occurrence of the morning which, try as she would, she could not banish from her mind.

As her father rode away, Mabel fancied she saw the form of a man skulking stealthily in a clump of cottonwoods nearby. She watched closely, but seeing nothing more, concluded her eyes had deceived her. The incident nevertheless made her uneasy, especially as she realized that the man had been near enough to hear her father say, "Better not leave the house 'count o' the money."

Try as she would to forget it, the incident kept recurring to her, and now that night was really approaching, her fears magnified and filled her with nervousness amounting almost to terror.

The sun sinking behind a distant peak threw soft rays upon the clouds of the Eastern sky, coloring them with the myriad tints of a thousand rainbows. While she watched, the colors faded rapidly,

softening in tone to the shadowy purple of evening which soon merged into the even gray of twilight. Night had set in quickly, as it does in the mountains, and almost before she realized the change it was dark.

Entering the house, Mabel closed and fastened the door, and lighting a lamp, tried to read. Somehow, it was useless. She could not concentrate her mind on the page. The thought of the money haunted her like an evil conscience, and again and again she tried vainly to banish all thought of it from her mind. How lonely it was! She glanced nervously at the clock. It was just half after ten—a long time till daylight. But she was intensely wide awake, and had no desire to go to bed. Something made her feel that she must remain up and alert.

Glancing toward the window as she sat there half dreaming, she distinctly saw the outline of a man's face against the dark pane.

It was impossible for her to repress the start following the discovery, but with quick intuition turned away as if she had seen nothing unusual.

That he was after money she did not question. She must outwit him, and that quickly. Her mind, working rapidly, hit upon a plan of action, and trembling in spite of herself, Mabel walked unconcernedly into the kitchen, and in a moment returned with a plate of food, which she placed on the table. Again stepping out of the room, she hurried upstairs to her bedroom, where, not daring to light the lamp, she groped her way to the bureau by aid of the rising moon, which filled the chamber with a faint light.

Quietly opening a door, she drew out a square tin box tied with a heavy red cord. This was conspicuous, but the box was about the last thing to attract the attention of a burglar unless he knew for what it was used.

"Where can I hide it?"

As she looked around, her eye was arrested by her button box standing on the table, and a daring idea seized her. The box was almost the exact counterpart of that containing the money, and was filled with odd buttons and bits of quartz that Mabel had picked up in the canyon. Why not substitute the button box for that containing the money, and let the burglar have it?

She listened for any sound below, and with trembling fingers hastily lifted the cover, and stuffing a handkerchief inside to keep the buttons from rattling, replaced it and tied it on with the cord of the money box. Removing the bank-notes, she put the money box under the washstand.

What should she do with the money? Her old hat lay on a chair. Here was just the thing. She hurriedly crammed the notes inside the lining, feeling sure the hat would never excite suspicion.

Up to this time, Mabel had thought only of the safety of the money. Now her own possible peril occurred to her. Of course there was nothing to prevent her from shooting the intruder if she chose, but she abhored the thought of taking human life, however much she might be justified. Then, too, it seemed reasonable to believe that the man whose face she had seen was simply after the money, and would not resort to murder unless compelled to do so. Nevertheless, Mabel placed her revolver inside her waist, and with her hands grasping the butt, threw herself on the bed in such a position that she could use it quickly if necessary. Anything to thwart the man who had come to rob her father.

Tick! Tick! Tick! went the clock on the mantel. No other sound broke the silence. Nothing to indicate a visitor. Could she have been mistaken? Had her imagination tricked her?

Hark! Just after the clock in the room below chimed the hour, a sound caught Mabel's ear. It was slight—just a faint grating sound, but she knew the cause instantly. The burglar was coming! Her fears were nearing realization, but she desperately resolved to play the hazardous game to the end.

A soft tread on the stair announced his approach as he stole cautiously along. Straining to catch the sound of his movements, she heard him quietly open the door of her father's room. As each moment brought the crisis nearer, Mabel's mind grew calmer, and she found herself waiting almost impatiently for his appearance.

At last! He was coming! Slowly the

door of her room opened, and the blinding glare of a dark lantern flooded the room, throwing its light full upon her.

Mabel's tones were not entirely feigned.

"Jes' lay still," said a voice disguised with gruffness, "and I won't harm ye." As he was speaking, his busy eyes saw the box on the bureau, and he started for it, watching Mabel closely, however.

"I want the money in this here box."

"My father took the money with him this morning," answered Mabel.

"Now, don't be givin' me any sich loose talk. I heared him tellin' ye 'bout keepin' the money shady."

The man lifted the box—it was evidently heavier than he had expected to find it.

"Gold," he muttered. "Paper 'd be better, I'm thinkin'."

Mabel buried her face in her arms, and shook with sobs, but somehow real tears refused to come.

The burglar put the box under his arm and after a careless survey of the room, directed Mabel to rise and walk ahead of him down the stairway. She obeyed with trembling limbs.

At the door, he paused to say: "Ye stand here till ye hear me say 'all right!' Then ye kin go. D'ye hear?"

Mabel whispered a faint "yes," and the man disappeared in the darkness, carrying the box of worthless buttons. Fainter and fainter grew his step, then all was silent.

The seconds flew by. Now that the actual ordeal was over, Mabel's nerves were getting uncontrollable, and she was on the verge of collapse.

"All right," came from the distance, and the sound of a galloping horse broke the midnight stillness.

Then like many other women who have been brave during a critical moment, the plucky girl, now that all danger was over, collapsed in a pitiful heap on the floor.

MR. HOLT'S ARTICLE IN NOVEMBER OVERLAND

Yuma, Arizona, December 10, 1907.
Editor Overland Monthly,
San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SIR—In your November issue appears an article entitled "How the Reclamation Service is Robbing the Settler," by L. M. Holt.

How such material coming from such a source can find space in any newspaper or magazine not especially interested in private graft, or the hold-up of the Reclamation Service, is a conundrum.

It will be remembered that it was this same "stuff" dished out by this same "mixer" of venom and fancies, which ran the gamut of the public press during the summer months, being supplemented by slanderous publications in pamphlet form, distributed broadcast throughout the West.

The threat was persistently made that these so-called "charges" would be made and proven to the satisfaction of delegates to the National Irrigation Congress at Sacramento. What happened? Mr. Holt and his co-conspirators turned tail and ran. Their incoming to Sacramento was heralded in large headlines in the press, but they left with simply a footnote, stating that there was "nothing doing," and their elaborate headquarters was closed on the third day of the session.

Surely for a magazine or any publication having the interest of the West at heart, to again take up and publish this "slush" passeth all understanding.

Enclosed please find copy of resolution passed by the Arizona delegation, which is in a measure self-explanatory.

Very truly yours,
O. P. BONDESSON, President.

Mr. Bondesson does not answer the facts stated in Mr. Holt's article. The article was published, not to harm the Reclamation Service, but to call attention to certain faults in order that they might be remedied. Other articles by Mr. Holt will appear in Overland.—ED.

CHINESE SLAVE GIRLS

A BIT OF HISTORY

BY MRS. E. V. ROBBINS.

THE PEOPLE of San Francisco were jubilant when, in 1868, a treaty was ratified between the United States and China. As an expression of their joy, a banquet was tendered to our Ambassador, Hon. Aaron Burlingame, who so successfully brought the two countries into pleasant relations with each other. A large procession in honor of the event followed, in which Chinese merchants participated.

Later on, an excursion, made up of commercial men and editors from Chicago, and the highest State officials, the first to pass over the new railroad, came to California, hoping to foster commercial relations with the Pacific Coast and China. On their return, two Chinese merchants accompanied them as their guests, to whom a reception was tendered at a large hotel in Chicago. All believed that the way was open for friendly intercourse with China.

The railroad, so recently completed, had been confronted by a problem. How could it be constructed? Labor-men preferred to dig for gold. Chinese men had come to get gold—they were comparatively new and strange, willing to work, and as an experiment, were employed at one dollar a day, and the railroad was built.

Later on, Dennis Kearney, of "sandlot" fame, began to deliver orations, and Chinese cheap labor was his theme. "Labor-men" were excited to a frenzy, and began to march through the streets at night threatening capitalists, burning Chinese laundries, stoning the Chinese to death at times. Boys of all classes caught the impulse to throw stones at them, and enjoyed their prey as if they were squirrels or chipmunks.

Politicians took up the cry, and all political platforms must be anti-Chinese. In those days, not all who came from China were coolies. Many who had begun the study of the classics, and had entered the list for promotion, came to California for gold. Failing in that, they accepted positions in families as cooks, or as house servants. They were fine fellows. Many pathetic stories could be related of cruelties practiced upon them by the mob.

Chinese Slave Girls.

In that early day, rumors were occasionally heard of the enslaving of Chinese women and girls. "The Woman's Occidental Board," organized in 1873, began a warfare to rescue these helpless girls. Just then the mob spirit began to prevail. Another evil arose, and that, the Chinese slave owners did not like to have the traffic in slaves interfered with. Thus our work was made difficult. We were between the Scylla and Charybdis—danger on both sides. Our missionary, Miss Margaret Culbertson, went into the conflict undaunted. A booklet recently published is dedicated: *"To the Memory of Miss Margaret Culbertson, Militant Saint and Sainted Warrior, who at Peril of Life, Fought a Good Fight for the rescue of Slave Girls of California,"* also to her successor, Miss Donaldino Cameron, and to two others of another society. The mob broke the windows of a mission and carried the missionary pastor through the streets in effigy, offered indignities to all who took part in the rescue work. Policemen were at times detailed to guard our building for weeks at a time. Dynamite sticks had been found on the door-sills or on the window ledge. Chinese highbinders learned, during the twenty years' conflict with Miss Culbertson, that they must quietly accept the inevitable, thus making their threats of vengeance less formidable for Miss Cameron, her successor. Yet

the difficulties and dangers in the rescue work have been just as severe through the ten years of Miss Cameron's experience.

The question may be asked, How did the Chinese dare to carry on such a traffic in California?

We have a few facts that are authoritative. Whoever goes to the open ports of Asia, from our country or England, whether officials or persons that are undesirable, they are considered by the natives as Christians, because they are from "Christian America" or "Christian England." From these sources, because of their social vices, they have elaborated a system, first of all, of brothel slavery, and other vices have followed. The British Governor of Hongkong reported officially that conditions required that in a British colony large numbers of women should be held in practical slavery. What these officials have done has been accepted by the Oriental people about them as done by a Christian civilization, and is not the outgrowth of Oriental conditions and customs principally. "It has been the misfortune of the Orient that there were brought to their borders by Western civilization elements calculated to induce their criminal classes to ally themselves with these aggressive and stranger Christians, to destroy safeguards which have heretofore been sufficient for the most part to conserve Chinese social morality.

Chinese criminals have found that the buying up of little girls in China for a few dollars, and bringing them to California, is a profitable business. Women are persuaded to come also with the promise of a husband here on arrival. The "husband" pays a big price and locks her securely into a cell, and thus for many years brothel slavery has been perpetuated. Little girls are kept in families who prove to be hard task-masters, until they arrive at an age for selling, at a high price. These are often rescued and brought to the mission home, with bruises on their bodies and cuts on their heads, and look scarcely human, because so worn with the hardships put upon them.

American capitalists help this traffic by erecting in our midst large buildings for the special purpose of brothel slavery, and China and Japan furnish victims.

California was young when the Occidental Board began its work; but twenty-three years of Statehood had been enjoyed. But few charities then existed in San Francisco, and those who compose the board have been in touch with almost every charity that has arisen; its officers have helped clubs which have been so popular, sharing in moulding the course of study in literature and philanthropy.

More than one thousand Chinese girls and women have been sheltered in our Mission Home, at 920 Sacramento street, San Francisco. Our headquarters, which had become so widely known, was destroyed by earthquake and fire on April 18, 1906. It is being rebuilt, to be completed early in the New Year. A temporary home was opened in Oakland. These girls perform the work of the home and learn all branches of domestic science. A day school is carried on in the Home, the teacher having been trained for public schools, gives them careful instruction. A Chinese teacher gives them lessons in Chinese history, and also thorough Bible lessons. Music is also taught them, and a few learn to play the piano or organ. They attend the Chinese church, sing in the choir, and if needed, play the organ accompaniment. Some of them become ambitious for a higher education. Two are in a college, tuition free, and two are in Eastern seminaries supported by Eastern friends. These refuse to listen to any offer of marriage, however flattering, in their desire to teach their own people.

Many marriages have taken place, and pleasant homes established in various cities—Portland, Des Moines, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Diego—and quite a community has grown in San Francisco and Oakland, and their children are being educated. A tribute paid to the memory of one of the girls who had become the wife of a pastor in another city shows the character of many who go out from the Home. We copy from it: "Grace Woo was thoroughly prepared for her life work and became a great force in the Mission; to the Chinese women she was an oracle, going among them with her sweet, Christian graces and American ways, giving a helping hand to every one in need. She was an accomplished singer, and never failed to charm when she sang 'O Eyes that are Weary,'

and 'Abide With Me.' Her whole life was wrapped up in her husband's work, and in the training of little Ruth and Andrew." Chinese children are bright. Environment means everything to the children of every race and nation. A little girl of three and a half years often repeated names of all books of the Bible, learning them by listening to the study of the older girls. The largest number cared for in the Mission Home at one time is sixty.

American lawyers and officials can be found who will, for a large fee, remand these poor girls to the slave den. Graft is a tame word for such cruelty.

Let me give an instance of the intrigue practiced to get possession of these slave girls:

After thirty-one years of conflict with high-binders and other officials, our missionary received a party who came to play a role quite unique. A steamer girl had been placed in care of the Home, to await deportation. A Chinese man came with a pretense to claim her as his bride. He brought accomplices with him, a permit from the United States Marshall, a marriage license, a Justice of the Peace, and an attorney. What more could she ask? She did not summon the girl, but learned through the telephone that no permit had been granted. She then considered it all a fraudulent transaction, and dismissed the party without ceremony. The girl was deported on the day following. A school receives these unfortunates on arriving in Shanghai. Thus the white officials may have lost their big fee, the Chinese accomplices their share in the sale of the woman, and the would-be groom the loss of a two or three thousand dollar chattel. All who find shelter in the Home are challenged with writs of habeas corpus to appear at court; a contest ensues; we rarely lose a case, and it speaks well for our judiciary, and for our attorney, and for our alert missionary. The Chinese highbinders may have lost through our work more than one million dollars in this traffic—losing even one thousand dollars on each girl rescued.

The leavening process is going on, which will tell in future generations. "Out from Paganism, into Christianity" is our motto.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Way of Man" (Outing Co.) A well-written, interesting story, full of power, passionate life, and human feeling.

Emerson Hough.

"The Red Reign in Russia" (Century.) A convincing narrative of an adventurous year in Russia during the Kronstadt uprising, describing with equal impartiality the horrors of Nihilism and the fearful outrages perpetrated by the autocracy.

Kellogg Durland.

"Old Indian Days" (McClure). Short stories of Indian love and wars charmingly told. By Charles A. Eastman.

"American Birds" (Scribner), photographed and studied from life, beautifully written and illustrated with pictures of all phases of bird life. Only a close and sympathetic student could so cleverly interpret the lives and habits of wild creatures in so interesting and convincing a manner.

By William Lovell Finley.

"Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," by Joseph P. Widney (published by Funk & Wagnalls Company), is not a dry-as-dust compilation of the historical data available upon the matter in hand; it is a saga of the white race; a bold and true historical narrative; a tracing in chronological order of the emigrations of the Aryan race, which have resulted in ancient and modern civilization. In parts the two volumes run along with the intense interest of the modern dramatic novel, carrying one away with the enthusiasm of race achievements, which are the sum of all individual achievements. The volumes contain an immense amount of valuable information, and are most illuminating as to questions of race antagonisms, although not devoted to this topic.

"The Haunters of the Silences" (L. C. Page), finely illustrated. A collection of vividly told stories of animal life, full of interest for the almost human traits displayed through animal instinct.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Please hand me that!



"Pears"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



Allen's

B B B

TRADE MARK

SELF RISING PAN-CAKE FLOUR

The best and purest on the market
Your grocer has it

BE A DOCTOR OF MECHANO-THERAPY, the wonderful new system of nealing. $3,000-$5,000 a year. We teach you by mail. Greatly superior and more simple than Osteopathy. Authorized diplomas to graduates. Special terms now. Write to-day for Prospectus free. AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY, Dept. 410, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago.

WANTED.—Organizers' Fraternal, Social Order. Good commissions. Any territory. Write John Talbot, Supreme President, Order of Owls, South Bend, Indiana.



133 Spear Street, San Francisco.

For Breakfast

Germea

The Pacific Coast Cereal

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO., Agents
SAN FRANCISCO

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



A bottle of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is one of the most useful items in every well-equipped kitchen. No other seasoning improves the flavor of so many different dishes.

Beware of Imitations
Look for Lea & Perrins' signature

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



Construction News Press Clippings

Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors and before it has become common property.

Let us know what you want, and we will send you samples and quote you prices.

Press Clippings on any subject from all the leading current newspapers, magazines, trade and technical journals of the United States and Canada. Public speakers, writers, students, club women can secure reliable data for speeches, essays, debates, etc. Special facilities for serving trade and class journals, railroads and large industrial corporations.

We read, through our staff of skilled readers, a more comprehensive and better selected list of publications than any other bureau.

We aim to give prompt and intelligent service at the lowest price consistent with good work.

Write us about it. Send stamp for booklet.

United States Press Clipping Bureau
147 Fifth Avenue Chicago, Ill.

HOTEL EMPIRE

FOR FAMILIES AND TRANSIENTS
Broadway & 63rd St., (Lincoln Sq.) N. Y. CITY



IN THE VERY CENTRE OF EVERYTHING
All surface cars pass or transfer to door.
Subway and "L" stations, two minutes

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Rooms, with detached bath,	1.50 per day up
Rooms, with private bath,	2.00 " " "
Suites, with private bath,	3.50 " " "

European plan, also Combination breakfasts
EXCELLENT SERVICE--FINE MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

706 Market Street, Opposite Third



MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING
706 MARKET ST., OPP. THIRD

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital 300,000
Surplus 320,000

Officers and Directors

JAMES D. PHELAN, President
JOHN A. HOOPER, First Vice-President
J. K. MOFFITT, Second Vice-President

James D. Phelan, Frank J. Sullivan, Chas Holbrook, John A. Hooper, Rudolph Spreckels, J. C. McKinstry, J. K. Moffitt, R. D. McElroy, Rolla V. Watt.

Geo. A. Story, Cashier
C.B. Hobson, Ass't Cashier
A.E.Curtis,2d Ass't Cashier

This Bank does a savings bank business exclusively and pays interest on all deposits.

Loans made on approved securities. Accounts can be opened with One Dollar.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 CALIFORNIA STREET.

San Francisco, Cal.

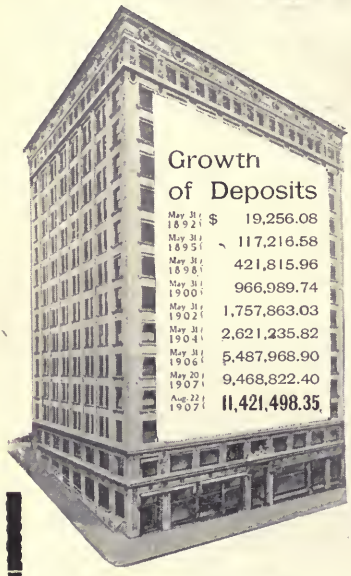
Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,403,755.68
Deposits, June 29, 1907	38,156,931.28
Total Assets	40,679,204.63

Remittances may be made by Draft, Post Office or Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by express.

Office hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 7 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillman, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.



Alaska Building, Seattle.
Home of Scandinavian American Bank

"A Bank that enjoys the confidence of its own home folks to such an extent as to make THESE FIGURES possible has clearly demonstrated its right to the confidence of the public throughout both state and nation."



In all American and European financial centers, the Scandinavian American Bank of Seattle is recognized not only as a Safe Bank, but as one of the strongest banks in the Northwest, one of the most conservative in America. With Resources exceeding $12,000,000.00 and a Reserve approximating $4,000,000.00, this bank affords to its depositors the fullest measure of security; and the most liberal terms that are possible, consistent with that security.

Banking By Mail 4% Compound Interest

No matter where you live you may Send your Deposit by Mail, and you will receive by return mail our bank pass book with the amount credited therein. Savings accounts opened from $1.00 up. Interest at 4 per cent begins first of each month. Booklet mailed if desired.

Scandinavian American Bank

Alaska Building, Seattle, Washington

FREE TO YOU
THIS BEAUTIFUL
FOUNTAIN PEN



Postpaid as a Premium with our great club offer No. 12E.

This is your last chance to get six of the best known papers in the world for only 85 cents.

LOOK

HUMAN LIFE, The Housekeeper, National Home Journal—Total Regular Value is $1.60. **The Pen,** all of the above **For only 85 cents** the picture of pen is only half of its regular size.

If you don't want the pen yourself you can readily sell it.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PEN—The pen points are perfectly fitted, and the feed will flow evenly, without leaking or blotting.

These pens are made by one of the largest and best known manufacturers in the United States. Each pen comes packed in a box, with full directions, with glass filler, and is ready for immediate use.

SCHOOL CHILDREN will find this Pen their greatest convenience.

THIS OFFER IS FOR ONLY A VERY SHORT TIME IF YOU WANT A PEN, ORDER NOW, OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE.

If you are already a subscriber to any or all of these papers, your time will be extended one year on receipt of the combination price.

EVERY PAPER GOES TO YOU FOR ONE FULL YEAR.

The papers are so well known that a description of them is unnecessary.

REFERENCE—North Memphis Savings Bank, Memphis, or any business house in this city and any paper in our clubs.

WE WANT AGENTS AND REPRESENTATIVES ON SALARY OR COMMISSION.

NOTICE—Never send stamps in payment of clubs. On Personal checks add 10 cents for exchange. Always order by Club Number. Remit by Express, Postoffice Order or Registered Mail. We are not responsible for money sent any other way.

PLANTERS' JOURNAL PUB. CO.,
Dept. 12, E Memphis, Tenn.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or Magical Beautifier



PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 58 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

Gouraud's Oriental Toilet Powder

An ideal antiseptic toilet powder for infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves skin irritation, cures sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price, 25 cents per box by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Price, $1.00 per bottle by mail.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St. New York.



Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new **Vaginal Syringe.** *Injection and Suction.* Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the **MARVEL,** accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **MARVEL CO. 44 E. 23d ST., NEW YORK**

Continental Building and Loan Association

of California

ESTABLISHED 1889

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS AND GOVERNMENT BONDS

are bought largely for SAFETY. Building and Loan Association stock is bought for the same reason—SAFETY—and also because it pays a higher rate of interest. The Continental Building and Loan Association pays 6 per cent net per annum, payable semi-annually.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

Church near Market Street, San Francisco.

What Ten Dollars Will Do

You can buy twenty shares of stock in the California Ostrich Ranch by paying only ten dollars down and ten dollars per month for nine months.

This small investment now will grow year by year and earn money for you and your children and your children's children.

Each pair of ostriches produces approximately 36 eggs per year. About nine eggs out of 36 hatch. Figure for yourself how many ostriches we should have in five years. Each ostrich produces thousands of dollars worth of feathers during a normal life-time.

The sale of ostrich plumes is a profitable industry in itself, and orders are received from all over the United States. The profits are golden and positively certain.

Fill out the coupon and mail to us to-day. You assume no obligation whatever, and you may make a lot of money. Fill out, tear off, and mail this coupon to-day.

Industrial Investment Co.

Financial Agents.

943 Van Ness Ave. San Francisco, Cal.

You will then own a $100.00 interest in the original California Ostrich Ranch, which is now earning money for its stockholders, and will soon be paying enormous dividends.

The profit in Ostrich Raising is enormous. Every full-grown ostrich is worth from $500.00 to $5,000.00. We now have 124 ostriches at our San Diego ranch.

The California Ostrich Ranch wants to establish another farm near Oakland, and a salesroom in San Francisco. More money is needed, and you can become a part owner by acting now. There is only a small block of stock for sale, and you can invest from $5.00 to $2,500.00 cash on easy monthly payments.

We want to send you complete information about this unique and profitable industry. Our complete literature pictures and souvenir postal card will be mailed free.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENT CO.,
943 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

Please send me free full information pictures and souvenir postal card of the California Ostrich Ranch.

Name
Street
City
State

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Irving Institute and California Conservatory of Music
2126-2128 California Street, San Francisco
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Music, Languages, Art, and Elocution. Accredited by Universities. Pupils admitted at any time.
MISS ELLA M. PINKHAM, Principal.
California Conservatory of Music. Send for Catalogue.
HERMANN GENSS, Director.

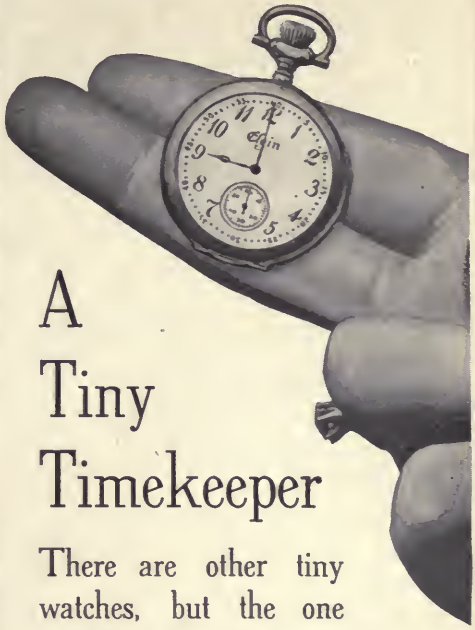
THE HAMLIN SCHOOL AND VAN NESS SEMINARY
2230 Pacific Ave.
For particulars address
MISS SARAH D. HAMLIN
2230 Pacific Avenue,
San Francisco Telephone West 546
The Fall term will open August 12, 1907.

What School?
WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE
Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. State chool, address:
American School and College Agency
384,41 Park Row, New York, or 384, 315 Dearborn St., Chicago

MONEY MAILER
PAT. AUG. 20 1901
MAIL ORDER MEN AND PUBLISHERS
DOUBLE your returns with the Money Mailer. Brings cash with the order. The best advertising novelty on the market. 1 doz. samples 10 cents postpaid.
Paper folding Boxes and Waterproof Signs a specialty. Write us for prices.
R. LINDLEY PAPER BOX CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

EAMES TRICYCLE CO.
MANUFACTURERS of INVALID Rolling Chairs FOR ALL PURPOSES
Self-Propelling Tricycle Chairs FOR THE DISABLED
INVALID CHAIRS
Wholesale & Retail and For Rent
Illustrated catalogue on application. Office and Factory 1808 Market St., San Francisco. Branch, 837 S Spring St., Los Angeles

Interior Decoration
IS AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE FULL OF IDEAS
Decorating and Furnishing the Home correctly and tastefully is as necessary as dressing fashionably and becomingly
10 cents, postpaid $1.00 a year
Catalog of Books on Decoration Free
Clifford & Lawton, 19 Union Sq., New York



A Tiny Timekeeper

There are other tiny watches, but the one worthy to bear the name which always and everywhere stands for reliability and excellence must be a ***timekeeper.*** This dainty little watch is called the

Lady Elgin

It is in every respect a true Elgin—made as small as consistent with Elgin perfection. The smallest watch made in America—the illustration shows its actual size. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed—all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

Elgin National Watch Co.,
Elgin, Ill.



A Palatial Train for Particular People

Through in

Three Days from Los Angeles to Chicago

Via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and North Western, through Salt Lake City, Odgen and Omaha. All agents from San Francisco South sell tickets to the East via the Salt Lake Route. Your patronage is solicited for this superb train.

F. A. WANN, Genl. Traffic Manager; T. C. PECK, Gen. Pass. Agent
LOS ANGELES

Learn Fundamental Thinking

and The Scientific Interpretation of Life

The sum of all scientific knowledge forms a Network of Facts and principles, which properly understood, will guide you to the TRUTH in every field of enquiry.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE Sociologist
Instructor of Impersonal Philosophy based on the Unity and Inter-Relationship on all Knowledge

A course of six lessons by mail or in class will enable you to always choose the correct point of view on every subject and thus go far towards systematizing your thoughts and guiding your judgment.

No application will be considered unless it is accompanied by a sample essay of not more than two hundred words containing the applicant's best thought on his favorite subject.

I do not personally accept pay for my service—all fees from pupils being turned over to trustees, the fund to go toward founding a Rational School of Life and Thought.

For terms address

Parker H. Sercombe, 2238 Calument Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THIS PAPER ONE YEAR FOR ONLY 25c

IT WILL TELL YOU OF

The Great South and Southwest

Subscribe now before the price is advanced. If you are already a subscriber, your time will be extended.

If you can't pay now, send order anyway, and pay later in the year.

Now in its seventeenth year. Published on the 15th of each month. The Planters Journal makes a specialty of its Cotton, Manufacturing and Agricultural Departments, in addition to having full and complete departments of the Home, Fruit, Farm, Poultry, Cattle, Live Stock, etc.

It is very readable, and full of bright, snappy news, each issue contains from 32 to 40 pages. It is handsomely gotten up, and contains many interesting articles and pictures.

There is no better paper or magazine for the home and farm, no matter what its price may be.

PLANTERS JOURNAL, Memphis, Tenn.



968 Broadway, Oakland

Household goods shipped to and from the East and South at reduced rates

San Francisco Chicago Los Angeles

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

An ideal, antiseptic toilet powder for infants and adults. Equisitely perfumed. Cures skin troubles and keeps the complexion in an excellent condition. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents per box. F. T. HOPKINS, proprietor.

37 Great Jones St., New York City.



"FLOOR-SHINE"

ENAMEL

Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, Rosewood or Transparent

FOR OLD OR NEW FLOORS, FURNITURE AND WOODWORK

Wears like cement—Dries over night with Brilliant Gloss. Contains no Japan or Shellac. Write at once for Free Booklet, Color Card and List of Dealers. TRIAL CAN FREE (send 10c. to pay postage). Enough for a Chair, Table or Kitchen Cabinet. Address: "FLOOR-SHINE" CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Sold by Hale Bros., Agents, San Francisco, and A. Hamburger Sons, Los Angeles. If you are a dealer write for the Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-tenth (4 1-10) per cent on term deposits, and three and three-fourths (3 3-4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908.

Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof, and earn dividend from January 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Office—N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1908.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Office—526 Californa street, San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Savings and Loan Society.

has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1907, at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

Office—101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DIABETES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Evening Post, Five Test Cases were Selected and Treated Publicly by Dr. Irvine K. Mott, Free of Charge

Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known in that city as a learned physician—a graduate of the Cincinnati Pulte Medical College, class of 1883, and who afterward took clinical courses at the London (Eng.) Hospitals and has since 1890 been a Specialist for the treatment of kidney diseases—claims that he has discovered a remedy to successfully treat Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other kidney troubles, either in their first, intermediate or last stages. Dr. Mott says: "My method arrests the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use neutralize the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes in the kidneys."



The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment, and prove its merits by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five of the cases out of the twelve, those showing the most advanced form of these diseases were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott. The persons treated gained their normal weight, strength and appetite and were able to resume their usual work. Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have been successfully treated, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney trouble and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 567 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALONE IN ITS FIELD

The Living Age

is the only American Magazine exclusively devoted to the reprinting, without abridgment, of the most important and interesting articles from the best English periodicals.

Published weekly, it is able to present this material while the topics considered are still fresh in the public mind.

With the whole range of English periodical literature to select from, it is able to present more important articles by well-known and brilliant writers than any other single magazine. It publishes

The Best Fiction
The Best Essays
The Best Literary Criticism
The Best Travel Articles
The Ablest Discussions of Public Affairs

The single numbers are light and easy to hold, and the reading matter is not smothered in advertising. The numbers for a year contain as much as two of the four-dollar magazines.

The LIVING AGE has been published every Saturday without missing an issue for more than 63 years, and was never more indispensable than now to intelligent readers.

Terms: $6.00 a Year
Three Months' Trial Subscription, $1.00

The LIVING AGE COMPANY
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass

FERRY'S FREE SEED BOOK.

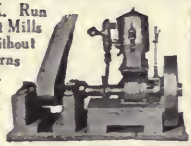
For half a century, thousands and thousands of farmers and gardeners have regarded "Ferry's Seed Annual" as the best guide not only for the buying of seeds, but for their planting and care. Daily reference to its text and illustrations proves it to be the actual beginning of a successful season. The new edition for 1908 is now ready for free mailing to all who write to the publishers for a copy.

It is a high tribute to the house of D. M. Ferry & Co. that two generations have planted Ferry's Seeds, each succeeding year adding to the confidence that "seed trouble" will never arise when Ferry's Seeds are planted as "Ferry's Seed Annual" says they should be.

Another remarkable feature developed by the house of Ferry is the method of distributing seeds to dealers throughout the country so that the planters everywhere can secure at their home store exactly what they want when they want it, with the absolute assurance that it is fresh and fertile. Every one should send at once to D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., for the 1908 edition of "Ferry's Seed Annual."

2 H.P. STATIONARY ENGINE $29.50 (ENGINE ONLY)

FOR FARM AND SHOP WORK. Run Separators, Corn Shredders, Grist Mills Pumps, Dynamos, etc. Start without cranking; no cams or gears. Burns Alcohol, Kerosene, and Gasoline. All sizes in stock; 2 to 20 horse-power Steel connecting rods, anti-friction bearings; no vibration. Write for free catalogue



DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
117, BELLEVUE AVE. DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A

There is nothing so soothing as a mother's kiss, except

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number 1098

Millions of Mothers will tell you

It softens the gums.
It allays pain.
It cures wind cholic.
It is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
It is absolutely harmless.

For sixty years it has proved the best remedy for children teething. Be sure you ask for

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

and take no other.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO. GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

SHIP ANYWHERE "ON APPROVAL" allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississipi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond. When answering this advertisement please state what articles you are interested in and we will quote you prices freight prepaid to your station.



$35.50 [not $55 00]

Buys this beautiful "Napoleon" Bed No. 849 (worth $55 00) in Mahogany or Oak. Dresser to match, and hundreds of pieces in our large FREE CATALOG. Mailed on request.



$28.75 (not $45)

Buys this No. 1255 genuine Leather Couch (worth $45.00). Has beautiful Quartered Oak frame, full Turkish spring construction, best leather and filling. Extra large and comfortable. Length 78 inches, width 32 inches.



$24.76 (not $36)

Buys this handsome, high-grade Dining Extension Table No. 626 (worth $36), made of select figured Quartered Oak, piano polish or dull finish. Top 48 inches in diameter. locks securely. Has beautifully hand carved claw feet.



$34.75 [not $50.00]

Buys this handsome high grade Combination China Closet and Buffett, No. 576, (worth $50.00). Made of select Quartered Oak, any finish. French Bevel Mirror 24x18 inches. Length 56 inches. Scores of other Buffets, Sideboards, Tables and Chairs in FREE catalog.



WE FURNISH HOMES HOTELS, CLUBS, HOSPITALS Y. M. C. A. AND OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS COMPLETE



$10.50

buys this large, beautiful and convenient Mission Writing Desk (No. 735), worth $15.00. Made of Quartered Oak, any finish. Height 42 in. Width 30 in. You save $5.25 by ordering Direct.



$22.50 [not $40]

buys this large, luxurious Colonial Rocker No. 1275 (worth $40), covered with best genuine leather. Has quartered Oak or Mahogany finish rockers, full Turkish spring seat and back. An ornament and Gem of luxury and comfort in any home.

$19.75 buys this No. 694 Handsome Mission Bookcase (worth $30.00). You save $11.25 because we ship Direct on Approval. Made of Quartered Oak, any finish. Has adjustable shelves and heavy glass doors with artistic lattice design. Height 55 inches. Width, 44 in.

Our free catalog shows over 1000 pieces of fashionable Furniture. Everything from the cheapest that is good to the best made. It posts you on styles and prices.. Write for it to-day.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO., 78-90 Iona St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE LATEST INFORMATION

ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES IS TO BE FOUND IN

HAMILTON WRIGHT'S

Handbook of the Philippines



The volume contains in concrete form exactly what the Traveler, Exporter- Manufacturer and Investor wants to know.

The "HANDBOOK OF THE PHILIPPINES" **is intended to portray the islands as they are to-day,** rather than as they have appeared in the trying crisis through which they have passed. The history of the Philippines has not heretofore been neglected. Their interesting past has been chronicled by eminent writers; while their political (economic) perplexities have been detailed at great length by almost half a score of able writers. But of the Philippines to-day **there are few sources to which the inquirer may turn for detailed information; he can find no book treating of modern industrial conditions** or interpreting the character of the people through the ready manner in which they are grasping a scheme of life which was unknown to them before the dawn of the 20th century.

Mr. Wright presents in this volume an amazing amount of information relating to the islands, of interest to the traveler and to all who have or contemplate having any commercial relations with them.

The author's observations of national life are acute and penetrating. Mr. Wright has produced a book that is far above the commonplaces that some other observers have given us, and a book that is likely to be a standard for some time to come.—Argonaut.

Mr. Wright's attitude is definite without being belligerent, and optimistic without extravagance. He lays stress on what has already been done by the American authorities toward the betterment of the Filipinos, and foresees a constant improvement under our supervision, leading to more and more self-government on the part of the natives. A volume that should prove of service to the student and the traveler, and of particular interest to all Americans, whether they view with alarm, regard with pride, or consider with serious and unbiased thought our Eastern acquisitions.—N. Y. Times Saturday Review. Nov. 9, 1907.



NET $1.40

Of All Booksellers

A. C. McCLURG & CO. Publishers, Chicago

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

WHILE WANDERING AROUND.

The Cosmopolitan is the best magazine published, and it is far from perfection, but under its present management, it is showing an advance in the right direction each month. If they would eliminate the tiresome Alan Dale, a good step forward would be made; also do the same to Ambrose Bierce. These two are too much of a load for any magazine.

* * *

Munsey's aggregation of monthly issues are not worth the paper they are printed upon; so what's the use of trying to write a review of them.

* * *

The Century, now referred to as "the junior St. Nicholas," really deserves this title, for it is in its second childhood, or what may be termed "doddering old age."

* * *

Everybody's is a good bargain for fifteen cents, for you get more weight of paper than any other magazine, and as you do not have to read it, everybody should be happy.

* * *

McClure's was a poor investment at ten cents, so you can classify it yourself at fifteen, for it is impossible for us to do so, as there are no terms low enough.

* * *

"How Much is Too Little When You Marry?" "A discussion of a vital topic by a number of interesting women"—this is the title and sub-title of a leader in The Delineator. The symposium is by a flock of single ladies that surely ought to know what they are talking about. They are, note them—Kate Masterson, Katherine Leckie, Anne Rittenhouse, Ada Patterson and Kate Jordan. We acquit the ladies of all intent to defraud, for the article is no doubt an inspired one, from the light mind of Arthur Raving Ridgway, John Harebrained Cosgrave, Peter Paper Patterns or some other of the masculine ladies that direct the destinies of the magazine.

The Harper publications, under the mis-management of Col. Great Big Man Harvey, are worse than ever. It is impossible to class which is the worst; the monthly is awful, the weekly the same, the review the same, and the bazar the same—and there you are.

* * *

Fashion Note.—Heavy-weight thoughts by light-weight brains continue to fill up the magazines, and will probably be the vogue until some of the publishers decide to spend a little money.

* * *

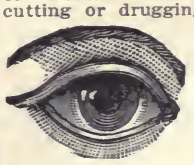
"Ambrose Bierce is awfully fierce" as usual in the back pages of the Cosmopolitan, where he acts as the tail of the kite. His ravings are pitiful, and fall upon unheeding ears.

REMARKABLE INVENTION

AN INSTRUMENT THAT IMPROVES AND STRENGTHENS EYESIGHT

Spectacles May Be Abandoned

This instrument, which the inventor has patented, is called "Actina"—a trade-mark word. In the treatment of eye diseases the inventor of "Actina" claims that there is no need for cutting or drugging the eye in treating most forms of disease. Cataracts and other abnormal growths have been removed, and weakened vision improved or restored by this new and more humane method. "Actina" has been tested in thousands of cases and has effected marvelous results, many people testifying that it saved their eyesight. So confident are the owners that this device is an instrument of great merit, that they will give absolutely a free trial. They want every one interested to make a thorough investigation and a personal test of "Actina." One will be sent on trial, postpaid, so that any person can give it a test.



They issue a book—a Treatise on Disease—which tells all about "Actina," the diseases it will remove, what others think of it, what marvelous results it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its owners—all will be sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the home of every family. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 68 R., 811 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

[ORGANIZED 1870]

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

OFFICERS

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS - - - President
JAMES K. LYNCH - - - Vice-President
J. K. MOFFITT - - - - - Cashier
J. H. SKINNER - - - Assistant Cashier
C. H. McCORMICK - - Assistant Cashier

Statement

UNDER DATE OF DECEMBER 3d, 1907

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts -	$10,649,304.93
U. S. 2 per cent Bonds of 1930	1,974,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds -	30,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities -	154,620.18
Banking Premises - -	198,050.00
Cash and Sight Exchange -	3,389,207.22
	$16,395,182.33

Liabilities

Capital - - -	$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits -	1,850,887.49
Circulation - - -	1,472,200.00
Clearing House Certificates -	923,323.00
Deposits - - -	9,148,771.84
	$16,395,182.33

First Federal Trust Company

Capital - - - $1,500,000.00

JOSEPH G. HOOPER, Manager

Owned by the Shareholders of the First National Bank and governed by the same Board of Directors.

Authorized to act as receiver, administrator, executor, assignee or in any trust capacity.

Interest bearing accounts opened. ACCOUNTS INVITED.

Directors—J. Downey Harvey, Capitalist; John A. Hooper, Lumber Merchant; Thomas Jennings, Capitalist, President of the American Biscuit Co.; James K. Lynch, Vice-President; Walter S. Martin, Capitalist; J. K. Moffitt, Cashier; S. G. Murphy, Capitalist; James D. Phelan, President Mutual Savings Bank; George C. Perkins, Goodall, Perkins & Co. and U. S. Senator; J. H. Skinner, Assistant Cashier; Claus Spreckels, Capitalist; Rudolph Spreckels, President; John W. Van Bergen, N. Van Bergen & Co. Wholesale Liquor dealers, Clinton E. Worden, President Clinton E Worden Co. and A. N. Towne Co ; George Whittell, Capitalist.

The Overland Monthly

FOR FEBRUARY

Will present some noteworthy special articles and strong, entertaining Western fiction.

Among the special features will be "California's Native Sons," by Joseph R. Knowland, grand second vice-president of the order of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The order of Native Sons is perhaps the most unique fraternal body in the world. The order grew from the devotion of Californians for their State. There is scarcely a town or city of California that does not contain at least one parlor or chapte of Native Sons. The ideals and work accomplished by the order are admirably set forth by Congressman Knowland.

"Plant Affinities," by Mrs. E. Burbank Beeson, will be another strong feature. Mrs. Beeson is the sister of Mr. Luther Burbank, the great plant breeder. She is now engaged in the preparation of a series of volumes upon Mr. Burbank's work. The article is written under the especial direction of Luther Burbank, and we venture to say that it will be one of the most entertaining and authoritative articles upon this topic that has yet appeared.

J. E. Carne, the well-known writer and traveler, will tell of the lost city of Ures, Mexico; Dr. Clarence E. Edwords, of the California Promotion Committee, will describe Petaluma, the marvelous California Chicken Town.

General H. G. Otis, the militant editor of the Los Angeles Times, and his fight for the open shop. By Alfred Holman, editor of the Argonaut.

Charles Warren Stoddard. By Charles Philipps, an intimate friend of the poet.

In the fiction section, there will be another Amanda Mathews story, and the second installment of "Jack's Boys," by Helen Wilmans, will conclude this splendid Overland novelette.

This is, of course, but a glimpse of the contents of Overland for next month. All in all, the February issue will be one of the strongest, most entertaining, and most helpful numbers of the new Overland.

Thomas E. Watson

Was reorganized out of the New York Magazine which bore his name. He immediately established publications of his own which have been running one year.

THEY ARE

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

PRICE $1.50 PER YEAR

Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR

BOTH TOGETHER $2.00

Back numbers and bound volumes can be supplied. These two publications stand for true Democratic Principles as our forefathers understood and practised them.

ADDRESS

THOMAS E. WATSON

THOMSON, GEORGIA

YOUR

WINTER TRIP

made comfortable
by the

SUNSET ROUTE

Traverses the sunny south between San Francisco and New Orleans.



Vestibuled Drawing Room sleeping cars. Dining service the best. Parlor observation car. Library. Cafe. Ladies' lounging room.



Personally conducted family excursion parties between California and New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and Washington every week.



Connections made at New Orleans with New Orleans-New York Steamship Co.'s steamers for New York. Your choice of an all rail or sea voyage

Southern Pacific

TICKET OFFICE

884 Market Street
San Francisco, Cal.

14th and Franklin Sts.
Oakland, Cal.

TETRAZZINI

Whom the New York World calls "the operatic sensation of the world" and who has just taken musical London by storm, says:

"The Autopiano is a blessing to humanity. It should be in every home, for it brings with it culture and refinement which only the compositions of the great masters afford. I find that I can play the great operas with the same feeling and expression with which I sing them. I love to play it --it is wonderful--there is no self-playing piano to equal it."

It is the wonderful possibilities of the Autopiano from the standpoint of artistic expression that call forth words like the above. You may think your home is complete without it, but it isn't. Until the masterpieces of music rendered with feeling and soul are at your constant service, your home to that extent is barren.

The price of the Autopiano places it within the reach of all. Its musical importance is beyond all price. If you have a piano already, we will take it in exchange, making liberal allowance for it.

Eilers Music Company

40 WESTERN STORES

1130 VAN NESS AVE. 1220 FILLMORE ST.

SAN FRANCISCO

1075 Clay St., OAKLAND. Shattuck Ave. and Bancroft Way, BERKELEY

Stockton San Jose Eureka Reno, Nevada Portland Seattle Tacoma Spokane

The Monarch of the Dailies

THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

The San Francisco EXAMINER is the leading newspaper of the City of San Francisco, the State of California and the Pacific Coast.

The San Francisco Examiner has a larger circulation than the combined total of its contemporaries.



Send, Call or Write for Rates

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE..Folsom near Spear
OAKLAND OFFICE.....409 Thirteenth St.
BERKELEY OFFICE.....2071 Allston Way
ALAMEDA OFFICE.....1435 Park St.
NEW YORK OFFICE...Broadway and 59th St.
BUFFALO OFFICE.....531 Elicott Square
BOSTON OFFICE.....80 Sumner St.
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE....929 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO OFFICE.....1110 Security Building
ST. LOUIS OFFICE.....343 Frisco Building
LONDON OFFICE.....5 New Bridge St.

EXAMINER BRANCH OFFICES,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Wherein Subscriptions and Advertisements will be Received:

MARKET AND THIRD STS.
1881 FILLMORE ST., NEAR BUSH.
1106 GEARY ST., COR. VAN NESS AVE.
3190 TWENTY-SECOND ST., BELOW MISSION
1508 ELLIS ST., NEAR WEBSTER.
COR. SUTTER AND DEVISADERO.
520 HAIGHT ST., NEAR FILLMORE.
1467 HAIGHT ST., NEAR ASHBURY.
561 HAYES ST., NEAR LAGUNA.
1947 MISSION ST., BET. 15TH AND 16TH.
RICHMOND BRANCH OF THE EXAMINER.
5TH AVE. AND CLEMENT.



The San Francisco Examiner carries more advertising than the combined total of advertising of its contemporaries.

The San Francisco Examiner, judged by all standards of newspaper comparisons, far exceeds the combined effects of its two contemporaries. There is really no good business reason for using either of The Examiner's contemporaries, and The Examiner alone can bring to success any firm or individual that will advertise exclusively in The Examiner.

Results are sure in The Examiner.

Something Absolutely New

The Matchless Cigar Lighter

THE HARDER IT BLOWS THE BRIGHTER IT GLOWS



A necessity for every Smoker.

Especially the Sportsman, Automobilist

Yachtsman

Driver and Golfer

Absolutely Automatic

It works where Matches wont.

Uses neither Oil, Alcohol or Caps

Guaranteed for Two Years or Money Back.

ACTUAL SIZE—OPEN

If your dealer don't carry them drop us a postal, and we will send you one. If it suits you and is all we claim for it, send us 75 cents; if not, return the lighter.

Western Distributing Co.

1220 FRUITVALE AVENUE, FRUITVALE

TELEPHONE MERRITT 425

NO OTHER FOOD PRODUCT HAS A LIKE RECORD

BAKER'S COCOA



Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

50

Highest Awards in Europe and America

127

Years of Constantly Increasing Sales

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd.

[Established 1780]

DORCHESTER, MASS.

MENNEN'S



TOILET POWDER

"Aim Straight"

at the heart of all complexion troubles, by **protecting** the skin —**before** it is roughened and chapped by keen fall winds.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

protects as well as **heals**; if used daily it keeps the skin clear and smooth. For **chapping** and **chafing** there's nothing half so good as **Mennen's**. After **bathing** and after **shaving** it is delightful.

Put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"box that lox"**—for your protection. If **Mennen's** face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a guarantee of **purity**. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**



GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder

It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets



GENTLEMEN

WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

VOSE PIANOS

have been established over **55 years.** By our system of payments every family of moderate circumstances can own a **VOSE piano.** We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano

TO AGE

BY EDWIN WILDMAN.

Tell me, O Ancient Sage—
Tell me, doth hoary Age,
Contemplate nought of morrow,
And scorn the thought of sorrow?

Tell me, if Hope unfilled
Is vain Ambition stilled?—
If Faith in twain is rent,
Will Age be still content?

Tell me, or let me die,
If Love be crushed and fly,
If Hope be lost—and Faith—
Will Age dispell the wraith?

Tell me the secret, Age,
Of thy long pilgrimage;
If by experience, sad,
The heart may yet be glad?

If thou, decrepit seer,
Sorrow hast ceased to fear,
And from thy vale of years
Can laugh at Love's young tears.

I'd trade my love, my youth,
My buoyant faith in Truth—
My youthful heritage—
For happiness—and Age.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Well-dressed crowd of San Franciscans to be seen any day of the year at the Children's playground, Golden Gate Park. (See article, "The Busiest City in the World," page 127.)

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 2 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

CALIFORNIA'S "NATIVE SONS"

THE ORDER OF NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE MOST UNIQUE FRATERNAL BODY IN THE WORLD, WHICH GREW OF THE DEVOTION OF CALIFORNIANS FOR THEIR STATE

BY JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND

GRAND SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIVE SONS.

THE ORDER of Native Sons of the Golden West has prospered for thirty-two years, and is to-day one of the largest and most influential fraternal organizations in the State of California. Easterners marvel at the strength of this unique society, whose membership is made up exclusively of young men born within a single State. The growth and influence of the Order are due in no small measure to the important part it has played in the upbuilding of California. The membership is fast reaching the twenty thousand mark, and throughout the State there is scarcely a town or city that does not contain at least one parlor of Native Sons, the word "parlor" being used in lieu of lodge.

In the city of San Francisco, for instance, there are twenty-nine parlors of Native Sons, the membership of these various parlors ranging from four hundred and eighty to less than fifty. The cities of Oakland and Los Angeles each contain five thriving parlors. The combined assets of the one hundred and seventy parlors of the Order aggregate over half a million dollars. Stockton Parlor, with a membership of four hundred and twenty members, has in its treasury the sum of $26,905. Last year the Order paid out $50,000 in sick benefits.

It is a singular fact that the founder of the Order, General A. M. Winn, was himself not a native of California, but of the State of Virginia, coming West during the gold excitement. He was the first chairman of the Board of Trustees of the city of Sacramento. Governor Burnett appointed him Brigadier-General of the National Guard of California, and he was re-appointed by Governor Bigler.

As Grand Marshal of a Fourth of July parade in San Francisco in 1875, General



MONTEREY CUSTOMS HOUSE BEFORE RESTORATION.

Winn conceived the idea that an exhibition of young Californians would be a feature, and with this object in view, called together a number of native sons. Arrayed in tattered miners' costumes, typical of early days, these young men paraded. In the division, mounted on a platform, was a stuffed bear, while one enthusiastic youth carried a crude Bear Flag. Eleven days later a meeting was held, at which time a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the name "Native Sons of the Golden West" decided upon.

In speaking of his object in organizing the Order, General Winn said: "For twenty years my mind had been running on some lasting style of monument to mark and perpetuate the discovery of gold. I could not think of anything that would not perish in course of time. At last it came to my mind that an Order composed of native sons would effect the object and be sustained by pride of parentage and place of nativity, while it would be an imperishable memento—an institution that would last through all time."



MONTEREY CUSTOMS HOUSE AFTER RESTORATION.



SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA MISSION.

The young Californians who met in San Francisco to effect a permanent organization were evidently imbued with similar ideas concerning the purposes of the new society, for the chief objects of the Order, as set forth in its constitution, were "To perpetuate in the minds of all native Californians the memories of the days of '49; to encourage a lively interest in all matters and measures relating to the promotion of the national interests and to the upbuilding of the State of California." A review of what the Order of Native Sons has accomplished in an effort to preserve the historic landmarks of California, suitably mark historic places, and commemorate historic events, demonstrates that the fondest hopes of General Winn and the other early founders of the Order have been fully realized.

The Order took the initiative in 1886, in a movement to erect a monument commemorating the discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall. As a result, an appropriation of $5,000 was made by the Legislature of the State, and a monument erected which to-day stands on an elevation back of Colma, in El Dorado County, near the spot where Marshall picked up the few yellow particles in the tail-race of the saw-mill erected by General John A. Sutter. Additional appropriations have from time to time been made to improve the grounds surrounding the monument, and for needed repairs.

In the early days of California there



INTERIOR OF SUTTER'S FORT.

stood near the present city of Sacramento an adobe enclosure with walls twenty feet in height. It was known as Sutter's Fort, founded in 1839, by General John A. Sutter, and completed by him in 1844. The fort covered a space of about three hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, and within this area were shops, storerooms and other buildings which lined the walls on every side. Famous for his hospitality, the doors of General Sutter's fort were at all times open to the early pioneers who frequently took refuge within its walls when menaced by Indians, and others who were jealous of the increasing emigration into California. Among the many relief parties fitted out at the fort and sent to the assistance of distressed emigrants was one for the relief of the ill-fated Donner party.

Following the gold discovery and the admission of California to Statehood, the usefulness of the old fort disappeared, and for years it was neglected, the adobe walls rapidly disintegrating. In 1888, the Order of Native Sons, with characteristic energy, began to devise ways and means to restore the interesting landmark. The surrounding walls had disappeared, and but a single structure remained. The sum of $20,870 was raised by the Order, the State appropriated $20,000, the land upon which the fort stood was purchased, and the work of restoration commenced. When finally completed, Sutter's Fort was an exact counterpart of the old establishment of the early days of California. Within recent years, additional land has been purchased and the surrounding grounds beautified. A bronze tablet attached to the main building contains these words: "Restored through the efforts of the Native Sons of the Golden West with the assistance of the people of California."

The quaint Monterey customs house, over which building the American flag was first permanently raised in California, was a landmark that Native Sons determined should not disappear if within the power of the Order to prevent it. Years of neglect had told upon the old structure, the foundations for which are said to have been laid in 1816, thirty years prior to the American occupation. The property belongs to the United States Government, but the Order of Native Sons obtained a lease of the buildings and grounds, which lease was transferred to a State Commission appointed under a legislative act passed in 1901, which act also carried an appropriation for the restoration of the building. It is now in an excellent condition of repair. Over this old Customs House have floated the flags of Spain, Mexico and the United States.



SUTTER'S FORT AFTER RESTORATION.

Native Sons were instrumental in 1903 in securing a legislative appropriation for necessary repairs on Colton Hall, another interesting Monterey landmark. It was within this building in September, 1849, that the convention convened which



MONUMENT ERECTED IN HONOR OF JAS. W. MARSHALL, WHO FIRST DISCOVERED GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

drafted the Constitution under which California was admitted into the Union. Rev. Walter Colton, alcalde for the district of Monterey, erected his "school house," as he called the building, with funds derived from the tax on liquor houses, fines on gamblers and the labor of prisoners.

The most unique landmarks in the entire West are the old California missions. The Order of Native Sons has furnished a large part of the money used in the restoration of San Antonio mission in Monterey County, which mission is one of the most interesting and picturesque of the remaining Franciscan missions. The adobe walls of this mission have been rebuilt and a roof now covers the entire chapel, while the beautiful arches have been repaired and protected. The Grand Treasurer now has in his possession the sum of $2,000, in what is known as the Donner Monument Fund, which fund is being gradually augmented until a sufficient amount is available for the erection of a monument recalling the heroism of the Donner Party, a band of emigrants compelled, owing to early heavy snows, to winter at Donner Lake, many of the brave company perishing before relief reached them.

The Order has participated in numerous celebrations throughout the State, commemorative of historic events, such as the fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma, and the American flag at Monterey; the placing of a bronze tablet at the headquarters of the famous San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856, and on November 17th of this year Native Sons had charge of the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, erected in honor of Junipero Serra, founder of the missions of California and President of the Franciscan Order. This monument was a gift to the city of San Francisco by one of California's most prominent Native Sons—Hon. James D. Phelan.

As an evidence of the patriotism of the young men of the Order, it has been stated that in proportion to membership, Native Sons were better represented in the Spanish-American war than any other fraternal organization in America. In the First California Regiment, which sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, it is claimed that seventy-five per cent of the members were native born Californians. The Order raised the sum of $20,000 at the close of the war for the purchase of



REMAINS OF SUTTER'S FORT BEFORE RESTORATION.



GENERAL A. M. WINN, FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

medals and certificates of honor, which were presented to every Californian, regardless of place of nativity, who enlisted and saw service in the Spanish-American war.

Over eight thousand medals and certificates were distributed.

For many years there has been more or less agitation for the division of the State of California, but the Order has continually gone on record as unalterably opposed to the creation of two States. Admission Day was made a legal holiday largely through the efforts of the Order, and now California's natal day is fittingly celebrated each year in various cities by a grand parade of Native Son parlors, assisted by the Native Daughters, these celebrations always being highly successful. Many of the parlors are neatly uniformed, and various unique features are introduced which make the parades most imposing. Literary exercises are also held.

The Grand Parlor annually convenes in different localities. These gatherings are most representative, and bring young men from every section of the State into closer contact, resulting in an exchange of ideas which has a broadening effect. The next Grand Parlor will convene in the Yosemite Valley. This will be the first occasion when a fraternal organization has met in this wonder spot of the world.

In every movement having for its object the upbuilding of the State, the society takes a leading part. The ritual of the Order teaches patriotism and good citizenship. A helping hand is always extended to members in need or in distress. Few organizations can boast of greater accomplishments in a corresponding period of time, and with such a record, the Order of Native Sons of the Golden West is bound to grow in influence and power, continuing as one of the greatest factors in the development of the State of California.



THE LAST STAND AT GOLDFIELD

THE RECENT TROUBLE BETWEEN THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS AND GOLDFIELD MINE OPERATORS' ASSOCIATION IS IMPARTIALLY DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

BY WINFIELD HOGABOOM

(Mr. Hogaboom represented the Associated Press at Goldfield during the recent strike.—Editors Overland.)

During the past six months there has been stolen from the Florence Lease, on the Florence mine, not less than two thousand dollars a day.

It is hard to prove that the union sanctioned it, yet it is a fact that the mine operators' association have lost many thousands of dollars through the practice of high grading (i. e., stealing ore of high grade), and that neither the sheriff of Esmeralda County nor any of his deputies have made one single arrest for high grading.

The riches of the earth belong rightfully to those who go into the bowels of the earth and dig for it, and not to those who, through the accident of chance happen to hold title to the ground.

General Funston said that, in his opinion, Governor Sparks had proved himself to be a brave man in calling for the troops.

Antone Silva dared to sell meals to the members of a carpenters' union that was opposed to the Western Federation. W. R. Preston, the Walking Delegate of the Miners' Union, backed by a large number of its members, shot him down in cold blood.

The basis of all the trouble between the mine owners of Goldfield, Nev., and the union miners belonging to the Western Federation of Miners may be stated in two words, "high grading." Now, high grading is a term of the craft and technical. When a miner secretes valuable ore of high grade in his clothes, with a view, of course, of selling the stolen booty, he is said to be a high-grader, and the term may or may not carry great opprobrium, according to public sentiment in the mining district in which the act is perpetrated, and the disposition of the men to whom the offense is known.

In Goldfield, the recent dispute between the mine operators and the miners, which put the whole country on the qui-vive, brought, in many sections, apprehension of perhaps another Coeur d'Alene or Cripple Creek horror, and led to the calling of the United States troops on the part of the Governor of Nevada, was caused, fundamentally, by the fact that the almost fabulously rich ore in some of the mines attracted the more unscrupulous members of the Western Federation of Miners. The trouble was not based on questions of wages or hours. If all members of the Goldfield Miners'

On the day the Federal troops arrived in Goldfield, the executive committee of the Mine Operators' Association issued an open "defi" to the Goldfield Miners' Union and the Western Federation of Miners. Announcement of the reduction of the wage scale was made. The action put the mine operators in a bad light.

A strike was called because the operators had built "change rooms," where the miners were obliged to go and make a complete change of clothes before entering the mines and again before leaving the property, after coming up out of the mines, when coming off the shift.. The miners claimed their modesty was shocked by having to expose their persons to each other while changing their clothes.

It was only once or twice that the question of wages was involved.

The mine owners insisted on the acceptance of scrip by the miners because they had reached the conclusion that the best thing they could do was to take advantage of the hard times, and because the smelter trust refused to take their ore in any great quantities.

Union No. 220 had been willing to work for the highest wages paid anywhere, there would have been no differences worth mentioning. But some of the ore in the Goldfield mines brought as much as twenty dollars a pound; also there were members of the Goldfield Miners' Union who were not willing to let the mine owners have all of the rich ore which they (the more unscrupulous men of the union) dug out of the ground.

And so the trouble came.

High Graders Protected by County Officials.

When the last great struggle began, the "camp"—Goldfield—had been producing for about three years. For two years or more the Western Federation had been in evidence. Constant strife and bickering followed. The operators, worn out with the constant turmoil and incessant vigilance, determined to crush the radical element in the Miners' Union once and for all, or else close down. The mines were fabulously rich, but rich as they were, they would be unprofitable unless the deathhold of the Western Federation were loosened. This was partly owing to the constant shut-downs, with consequent losses, the prodigious expense of the never-ending strikes, and, more than all, to the aforementioned practice of high-grading, which the mine operators were unable to prevent, and which they claimed was sanctioned by the union, and aided and abetted by the peace officers—the sheriff of Esmeralda County and his deputies.

That the union sanctioned high grading, and that the officers of the law winked at it, and shielded those who indulged in the profitable habit, would be hard to prove. Yet it is a fact that the operators have lost many thousands of dollars through this kind of theft, and that neither the sheriff of the county nor any of his deputies have ever made one single arrest for high grading. Moreover, by some, high grading is not regarded as criminal. Among the radicals of the union is an element who maintain that the riches of the earth belong rightfully to those who go into its bowels and dig for it, and not to those who, through the chance, hold a title to the ground. Furthermore, in the Goldfield Miners' Union are many Socialists who openly preach the doctrine which holds that the products of the soil belong to no man in particular, nor to any set of men, but to the whole community—the people. Wherefore, it is no crime to their view for a miner to steal all the high grade ore he can secrete in his clothes.

So high grading was at the basis of every strike. Last fall there was a strike in which no attempt was made to conceal this fact. The strike was called because the operators had built change-rooms, where the miners were obliged to go and make a complete change of clothes before entering the mines, and again before leaving the property, after coming up out of the mines when coming off shift. This strike was finally settled by the adoption by the operators of a type of change-room satisfactory to the miners as well as the operators. But as a result of the strike, the operators lost thousands of dollars. One excuse for the strike was that the miners claimed that their modesty was shocked by having to expose their persons to each other while changing their clothes.

It must be remembered that the Goldfield Miners' Union did not always act upon its own initiative, but was directed in the majority of its acts from Denver, where the general headquarters of the Western Federation are. And this work was directed from the inner councils.

There is a very effective system in vogue in the Western Federation through the operation of which the man who advocates mild measures and conciliatory policies is not admitted to the inner councils of the unions. He must obey the dictates of the men in power, who believe in disorder, violence, and "might makes right" policies, or get out of the union. And when he is out of the union he must hustle out of town as quickly as he can.

High grading began early. No sooner was it known that Goldfield promised to produce high grade ore in vast abundance than the "undesirables" of the Western Federation swarmed into the camp. Then began the troubles of the mine operators. It is difficult, without access to the records of the Goldfield Miners' Union, to write statistically the inside of the Goldfield strikes during the past two years. It is more than probable that very meagre rec-

ord has been kept even by the union, and that the great majority of the members of the union have already forgotten what many of the numerous strikes were about. Yet only once or twice was the question of wages involved; the miners of the Goldfield district received higher wages than those of any other district in the United States.

When Peace Became Irksome.

Following the strike over the change-rooms there was a truce between the operators and the miners for a few weeks, and then, apparently, the prolonged peace and quiet became oppressive to the radicals of the union, and the word came from Denver, probably in response to queries as to what was best to do under the circimstances, that the way to bring the mine operators into subjection, and to hold them there, was to get control of the power company.

To Shut Off Light and Power in Nevada.

I am permitted to quote from a report made to the Goldfield Mine Operators' Association by the manager of the Nevada California Power Company regarding this circumstance. He says:

"The Nevada-California Power Company generates electric power on Bishop Creek, Inyo County, California, and transmits it by numerous lines and branches one hundred and thirty miles distant to the mining districts of Tonopah, Miller's, Blair, Silver Peak, Goldfield and Bullfrog. This enterprise has been wholly developed in less than three years, involving a cash expenditure of three million dollars and the plant is not yet entirely completed. Every mine of importance, as well as the lighting plants and nearly every water system in the districts named, are absolutely dependent upon this company for power. The position of the Federation officials, therefore, seemed to have been shrewdly taken.

Early in September, one of the Federation's executive officers was despatched to the scene of the company's construction work in California. He secretly organized unions among the construction forces, precipitated a general strike before any demands upon the company had been made, and then presented the ultimatum of the Federation. Some difference with the management of the power company naturally resulted. The Federation official then served formal notice on the company's general manager that unless the demands made were at once granted, the company would be declared unfair, the fight would be carried into Nevada, and no miner or other member of the Federation would be allowed to work at any mine or elsewhere where the current of the company was used. The Federation official was asked whether he meant to say that if his demands were not granted, he proposed to precipitate a general labor war in Southern Nevada, with a repetition of the conditions and incidents which had been brought about under similar circumstances in Idaho, Montana and Colorado. He answered emphatically and unequivocally 'Yes.' He was nevertheless informed that the demands would have to be denied.

"Thereupon the ban of Federation displeasure was placed upon the company, its construction work over two hundred miles of territory was stopped, and for nearly two months, while the agitators labored to coerce the company and the unions, the towns and mining districts of Southern Nevada, dependent upon the power company, faced the prospect of being at any moment thrown into darkness and idleness.

Conservative Union Men Against High-Handed Measures.

"Fortunately, for the first time in the history of these Southern Nevada unions, a sufficient number of the conservative members of the order stood together against the disturbers to defeat their plans, although considerably more than a majority vote in the Goldfield Union was cast in favor of the proposed strike. The General Federation official who conducted this sixty day campaign against the Power Company was Robert Randall of Denver."

For nearly a month following the failure of this attempt against the Power Company, the peace and quiet of the Goldfield district was undisturbed by the agitators. Then the financial storm swept down upon Nevada from the East. Two of the three banks of Goldfield were forced to suspend. The third continued and still

continues to supply as best it can the wants of the community, subject to such temporary expedients as in times of emergency are universally allowed. For the payment of checks and in lieu of currency, the bank issued its cashier's checks or certificates of deposit in small denominations, which universally pass current at Goldfield stores, and which could be exchanged at the bank for drafts of exchange payable anywhere in the world. The socialist financiers of the Western Federation of Miners, however, did not approve of this kind of banking, and demanded for their members payment in currency or satisfactory guarantee of the securities offered them, and because this could not be given, called the miners out from the mines. They alluded to the bank scrip as "Christian Science money."

In consequence of this, the mines were idle, and men were lacking to even work the pumps to prevent the flooding of the properties.

The Last Straw on the Camel's Back.

The mine operators of the Goldfield district and other mining districts of central and Southern Nevada therefore reached the conclusion that the limit of endurance had been reached. Every one of these communities is dependent for its existence upon the working of the mines. The members of the Western Federation, of course, give their patronage to such of the stores and saloons as can survive the Federation test, but with few exceptions, the members are miners, and work only at the mines. The mine operators of Southern Nevada therefore declined to longer support and harbor the lawless trouble breeders of the organization and their sympathizers.

On December 4th last, President Roosevelt issued orders to General Frederick Funston, commanding the Division of the Pacific, to have Federal troops to the number of three hundred in readiness to proceed to Goldfield, and on December 5th the troops were ordered to proceed. They left San Francisco and Monterey the following morning, and arrived in Goldfield on December 7th.

Some members of the Western Federation of Miners were very much incensed at the movement of Federal troops to Goldfield, and protested loudly. General Funston went to Goldfield himself, to personally investigate the situation, and the President sent a commission of his own selection, consisting of Charles P. Neill, labor commissioner; Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations; and Lawrence O. Murray, assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to investigate and report to him.

Funston Differs with Roosevelt as to Necessity for Troops.

It had been discovered that two members of the Executive Committee of the Goldfield Mine Operators' Association had been instrumental in inducing Governor Sparks of Nevada to issue the call for the troops, and at first there was much censure of his action, and of the action of the President in sending the troops in response to the call.

I followed the troops to Goldfield, in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, and remained in Goldfield for four weeks. During all of this time the radicals in the union pointed to the fact that there was no blood running in the streets and no dynamiting of property, as evidence that the sending of the troops was an outrage and wholly unwarranted. What they would have done, how much blood would have flowed in the streets, and what damage would have been caused by dynamite if the troops never had been sent will, of course, never be known. Possibly there would have been none of this. But I doubt it.

Neither the members of President Roosevelt's Commission nor General Funston would allow themselves to be interviewed on the subject, but General Funston did say, significantly, that in his opinion Governor Sparks had proved himself to be a brave man by his action in calling for the troops.

The commission reported to the President in effect that it could find no excuse for the Federal troops in Goldfield; that Nevada should be able to take care of her own people without Federal aid. The President thereupon decided to recall the troops in two weeks, but later modified this order by saying that a portion of the number would be left in Goldfield for a while longer should the Governor issue a

call for a special session of the Nevada Legislature to make new laws permitting the formation of some sort of State militia. The Governor issued the call forthwith.

Mine Operators in Bad Light.

On the very day that the Federal troops arrived in Goldfield, the Executive Committee of the Goldfield Mine Operators' Association met and issued an open defi to the Goldfield Miners' Union and the Western Federation of Miners. Announcement of a reduction of the wage scale, affecting all underground workers and some of those above ground, also was made at this meeting. For this action, taken at this particular time, the mine operators have come in for some censure. It is just that they should. The action was ill-advised, and it put the mine operators in a bad light. But they were fighting an enemy whom they were certain would take every advantage possible of them, and they evidently determined to take every advantage offered to down that enemy.

I quote again from the statement to the public issued by the Goldfield Mine Operators' Association at this time:

Goldfield, Nev., Dec. 7, 1907.

To the Public:

"The camp of Goldfield has been in existence a little over three years. Its rich mines commenced to produce about the close of the labor troubles in Colorado and the arrest of Moyer and Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners and their taking to Idaho. As a result, the deported Colorado miners and their sympathizers from Idaho, Montana and other points crowded to the new camp. A strong local union of the Western Federation was soon formed, and it commenced to rule the little camp with an iron hand.

"Ruling Like Despots.

"As the marvelous discoveries of the past two years were made, the camp became the Mecca of all the adventurous spirits of the West, and had the usual phenomenal growth of a prosperous mining camp. The Miners' Union continued to rule the camp by the methods and despotism of the Western Federation of Miners, now so well known to the world.

"The owners and operators of the camp have endeavored to live in peace and harmony with the union to the present time; have granted the highest rate of wages paid in the world, conceded most unreasonable demands as to the methods of work, and even consented that their mines might be robbed of their richest ore rather than come to an open rupture. But the continuous strikes, the repeated outrages against individual rights, the banishment from the camp of men desirous of investing in its mines, the open looting of every mine carrying high grade ore, have at last become so unbearable that we must either close our mines, hand them over to the union, or make a desperate effort to gain the right to work them as we please. We have chosen the latter alternative, and propose to make one final struggle for the right to manage our own property.

"We wish to call attention to the following salient facts in support of the truth of the above general statements:

"*First*: From the beginning of the camp certain general classes of American citizens have been denied the right to come to invest in or reside in Goldfield. This includes all Colorado, Idaho or Montana capitalists or citizens who have incurred the enmity of the Western Federation of Miners in those localities. These men have been warned not to come to the camp on the peril of their lives. One who dared to brave these threats, Mr. F. J. Campbell of Denver, and part owner of the Vindicator Mine of Cripple Creek, was brutally assaulted and cowardly beaten and forced to leave the district.

"Beating Up 'Scabs.'

"*Second*: Individual miners and citizens who have incurred the enmity of the union have been beaten up at night by the score and compelled to leave the camp. This has been especially true of miners suspected of being what are called 'scabs' and who have been under suspicion of aiding the mine owners' cause in Cripple Creek or other places. The latest case of this kind was that of Mr. Herbert R. Belford, son of Hon. James B. Belford, of Denver, appointed by President Grant one of the territorial judges of the Supreme Court of Colorado and for many years sole representative in Congress of that State

On last Saturday night, November 30, 1907, Mr. Belford, after being accused of being a 'Cripple Creek Scab' and taken over to the Miners' Union Hall for the purpose of clearing himself of the charge, was taken to a dark spot on Main street, of Goldfield, and most inhumanely and brutally beaten. He will be maimed for life.

"*Third*: Citizens and merchants of the camp who have dared to protest against or even disapprove these outrages have been threatened, boycotted, beaten up and even murdered. One example of this class will suffice: Antone Silva was an inoffensive Italian, the proprietor of a restaurant in the camp. During the strike in March, 1907, he dared to sell meals to the members of a carpenters' union that was opposed to the Western Federation of Miners, and in other ways incurred the enmity of the union. On the evening of March 10th, W. R. Preston, the walking delegate of the Miners' Union, backed by a large number of its members, went to Silva's place and shot him down in cold blood. Preston and Smith, another officer of the union, were arrested, tried and convicted of this murder. The union is now allowing these two convicts five dollars a day each, and is appealing for funds to secure their liberation, and calling them martyrs.

"*Owners Charge Unions with Fostering Theft.*

"*Fourth*: The union has encouraged, protected and assisted its members in the crime of stealing ore from the mines of the district. The ores of Goldfield are very high grade, and in all the mines are millions of dollars worth of ore running in value from two to twenty dollars per pound. This ore has been stolen in a way almost beyond belief. During the six months ending December 31, 1906, there was stolen from the Mohawk mine alone not less than one million dollars, and during the past six months there has been taken from the Little Florence lease on the Florence mine not less than two thousand dollars a day. The union has refused to permit underground watchmen, has ordered a strike when effective change rooms were placed upon the properties, has protested against, and prevented, almost every effort to stop this practice, and in every way encouraged the ore thieves and thwarted the efforts of the mine owners to detect or punish them.

"*Fifth*: In violation of repeated agreements and understandings the union has ordered strike after strike to the incalculable damage of the mines and enormous losses to the owners and general derangement of the business of the district. Without enumerating strikes that went before from December 1, 1906, to December 1, 1907, there were four general strikes in the district, resulting in complete shutdowns of mining. A total of more than ninety days was lost by reason of these strikes, or practically one-fourth of the entire year.

"*Flimsy Excuses for Strikes.*

"Without going into detail as to each of these, it will suffice here to give the cause of each. December, 1906, and January, 1907, for higher wages; March and April, 1907, because the mine owners refused to discharge carpenters who belonged to the American Federation of Labor and did not belong to the Western Federation of Miners; August and September, 1907, because some of the mines insisted on establishing change rooms to prevent the wholesale stealing of ores; November and December, 1907, because the mines were compelled to adopt a system of paying wages in cashier's checks, the only medium of exchange obtainable in Goldfield. In passing, we would also call attention to the fact that in January, 1907, it was expressly agreed, as one of the conditions of the settlement of that strike, that the mines might establish change rooms; in April it was agreed that no strike would be called without a referendum vote and two-thirds vote be necessary, but both the August and November strikes were called without any such referendum vote.

"The Mine Owners have notified the Goldfield Miners' Union that all contracts, agreements and understanding heretofore existing are at an end. We propose to adopt fair and reasonable rules for the operation of our properties, and employ men irrespective of whether they belong to the union. We believe enough courageous and fair-minded miners are in Goldfield who are weary of the tyranny of the union, and who know that they will receive ample protection, to come forward and

work the mines. If there are, they will be given the preference, but if not we will be compelled to secure them from other sources.

"Goldfield Mine Operators' Association."

As an excuse for strikes in Goldfield which involved the question of wages, the miners pointed to the fact that the cost of living is very high in the camp. At the time the operators made the reduction in the wage scale they also made a statement to the effect that the Association and the individual members would do everything in their power to reduce the cost of the necessities of life in Goldfield, and that if no other effort was successful, the Association would build and operate a big general store, where the prices would not be over two-thirds of the present prevailing prices. The miners laughed at this statement. The dispute had reached the point where neither side would believe the statements made by the other.

To show the feeling of the operators toward the members of the Western Federation of Miners, I will quote from a statement prepared by a member of the Executive Committee of the Goldfield Mine Operators' Association, which was submitted to that body in executive session, but which was not given to the public. The writer says:

"What a Mine Operator Claims.

"By far the greater part of the membership of the Western Federation of Miners is composed of orderly, law-abiding workmen, who fear God and regard their fellow men, and who desire to obey the law. If these men were in control of the organization it would be known to-day only as other labor unions of the world are known which promote the welfare of their members and command the confidence of those who recognize and sympathize with the rights of the laboring man; but such men are not admitted to the inner councils of the order and have no voice in directing its policy. They are the victims of a policy of tyranny and terror which makes known that if a man wants to work he must join a union in which 'accidents' happen to those who incur the displeasure of the union leaders.

"The leaders of the Western Federation of Miners are the men who have made this organization notorious throughout the world. Notorious for what? For CRIME. For crime of such rank, cruel, merciless, revolting character as has caused this organization to take preceaence of the Black Hand of Sicily, the High Binders of China and the Stranglers of India. The crimes committed by or in the name of this organization are of so varied, desperate and reckless a nature that a year ago few who have not been obliged to deal with this organization would credit the accounts of them to anything but the lively imagination of mine owners or Pinkerton detectives. But the revelations during the past summer in the court room at Boise, Idaho, the evidence there given to the world, and the numerous lines of corroborative testimony furnished, while not considered sufficient beyond reasonable doubt to convict one individual with a specific crime, was sufficient to damn the Western Federation of Miners with a load of brutality, ignominy and horror which in the years to come will cause this very name to be loathed by decent men and women of whatever class or condition.

"Undesirable Citizens.

"This organization, The Western Federation of Miners, with its criminal record, with its murderous and murdering leadership, with its bloody-handed heroes, with its recipe of socialism, anarchy and dynamite for the regeneration of the world, is the incubus which is to-day fastened upon the neck of Goldfield and the other mining camps of Central and Southern Nevada. W. H. Moyer, now on trial at Boise for complicity in the murder of Governor Steunenberg, is still President of the General Organization. Wm. H. Haywood, recently released at Boise, and the haloed hero of organized and bloody anarchy, has resigned as the (dis)honored General Secretary and Treasurer, while C. H. McKinnon, the brother-in-law of this same Haywood, whose veins are filled with the same brand of virus, is the President of the Goldfield union, the second largest union of the entire organization.

"Nevada never petitioned for this organization. It arrived during the night direct from Colorado, Idaho and the Coeur d'Alene. The immigration was conspicuous for the gang of touts, toughs, dyna-

miters, murderers and professional trouble-breeders who have marked with their trail of bloody horror every mining camp which has attained a conspicuous position on the map of the Rocky Mountain region during the last ten years. There is scarcely a bloody dynamiter who has developed his specialty in the West during these ten years who has not been spewed out of Colorado directly into the new Nevada; and all of them brought the vomit with them.

"It is with these and with THIS that the men who have been putting Nevada back on the map have had to contend, especially during the past two years. A list of the outrages and crimes which have been committed in Goldfield alone in the name of this organization would nearly complete the list of those which it has perfected. This list includes the following:

Terrorizing its members.
Dynamiting property.
Beating-up non-union men.
Murder.
Violent deportation with grand and petit larceny of victims.
Systematic robbery.
Assassination.
Desecration of the flag.

"Most of these crimes have been committed repeatedly, without arrest and punishment, by the regularly constituted authorities. Men incurring the displeasure of the union leaders have been seized on the public streets by day and by night, escorted out of town, beaten and robbed, left on the desert and warned not to return on pain of death. Some of the most prominent mining men of the country, visiting Goldfield, who have incurred the displeasure of the Federation leaders, have been visited and warned, or escorted out of town, and in many cases brutally assaulted.

"Some of the men who are known to have been guilty of outrages of the character described have concluded that a change of climate would conduce to length of days, and have left the camp. Many of the worst of their class are still there. The arch-criminal of them all was for a time laid up for repairs in the Miners' Hospital of Goldfield, recovering from the physical effects of three gunshot wounds inflicted by a brother during a fraternal discussion of Federation policies. This man is Vincent St. John, formerly of Telluride, Colorado, believed to be implicated in the murder of Arthur Collins at that place, and considered the arch-villain of the Federation."

In the Last Ditch.

The Western Federation of Miners is fighting a losing battle at Goldfield. Undoubtedly there have been mistakes by the mine owners and operators as well as by the miners; but no high question of principle has been involved as far as the miners are concerned. The cause of the mine owners and mine operators is uppermost. The most optimistic friends of the Western Federation can see nothing in the situation better than a "waiting game," for the miners. And the great majority of them are in no condition to wait very long. It was at first reported that the Goldfield Union had command of fifty thousand dollars with which to carry on the present strike. But the officers of the union never have been able to locate the fifty thousand, or any considerable portion of it.

No one who knows the facts doubts that refusal of the Goldfield Miners' Union to permit its members to accept the John S. Cook & Co. bank scrip in place of gold coin as wages had any other significance than an excuse to call another strike. Conversely, the mine operators insisted on the acceptance of the scrip by the miners because they had arrived at the conclusion that the best thing they could do was to take advantage of the hard times. Also, because of the refusal of the smelter trust to accept their ores in any great quantities, and the presence of Federal troops in Goldfield, they decided to freeze out the "radicals" in the miners' union.

Once the Western Federation was a powerful organization. Among its membership it included nearly all of the workers in mines producing precious minerals in the States between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. It was very closely affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World, the executive head of which is Eugene V. Debs. By far the greater part of its membership is composed of orderly, industrious and law-abiding workingmen, who desire to do right, and to be treated in nothing more than a fair way. But the organization has been conducted by men of different



MR. WINFIELD HOGABOOM, THE AUTHOR.

mould. The control is in the hands of a few, comparatively, who rule with an iron hand, and who are not law-abiding, nor even fair, but who may be said to be very industrious. They are, indeed, very willing workers, and they have systematically "worked" the Western Federation members for fat salaries. They have at length all but wrecked it.

Had the Western Federation been in other hands than these few semi-anarchists, the histories of Cripple Creek, Coeur d'Alene and Goldfield would have been differently written. These men, however, would not have it changed, even now. They glory in their work, and profess to believe that they are doing good and ameliorating the condition of the laboring man.

Even if it has received its death blow in Goldfield, the Western Federation of Miners will die hard. The end may be long drawn out, or it may come after one final violent struggle. But it can hardly fail to come. Goldfield gives every promise of being a permanent camp, and it will be all the better for it when it has seen the last of the Western Federation of Miners.

TO AN EASTERN FRIEND

BY VERA MOLLER.

Some day you will come to the beautiful canyon,
When my spirit that called you is gone from the world,
When the mighty old trees are yet solemnly standing,
And the green world beneath them in moisture lies pearled.

The clear, singing waters are eagerly sweeping
O'er their wondrous mosaic of small colored stones,
By yews whose green hair like a mermaid's is drooping,
With no murmur or music to blend with their own.

For the hush of the redwoods is solemn as dying,
But their scent is the nectar of gladness and life,
And mark to the sky how each tapering column,
Soars as clean and as straight as the thrust of a knife.

And seen through the branches whose green is as vapor,
From the deeps twixt the hills how entrancingly blue,
And how vivid the sky will shine back on your gazing,
You shall know that my songs were impassioned but true.

And the spirits of peace, inspiration and beauty,
All shall welcome you into the haunts I have known,
And long may you drink Mendocino's wild glory,
In the days when the spirit that called you is flown.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Standing on Market street, two concrete structures, corner Drumm and California streets are conspicuous. Practically all the space in these buildings were rented before their completion.

THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD

SAN FRANCISCO, THE BUSIEST AND MOST INTERESTING CITY IN THE WORLD, HAS PROGRESSED MORE RAPIDLY IN THE LAST TWO YEARS THAN IN ANY PERIOD IN ITS HISTORY. DESPITE MANY DRAWBACKS THE VALUATION OF PROPERTY IS ESTIMATED AT MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS OVER PROPERTY VALUES BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE

BY FRED M. MANNING



AN FRANCISCO, perhaps the busiest, the most interesting, the most marvelous city in the world, has progressed at such a seemingly amazing pace in the short space of less than two years since the mighty holocaust, that if your well-posted San Franciscan were to meet a friend in New York, and tell him the truth, without exaggeration, and without undue optimism, he will find that if his veracity is not questioned, at least his sanity is, and he is taken to be fit for the lunatic asylum.

The truth is almost unbelievable.

Especially is an alien business man inclined to discredit stories of San Francisco's progress in the face of the severe financial stringency which the city has experienced in common with the other large financial centers of the United States. Besides the financial depression, there were other and prior factors—there was the total wiping out of several hundred million dollars worth of property in the great fire of April, 1906, and the subsequent era of high prices, of enormously inflated values, and of almost reckless speculation, which followed when the thousands of people who supposed they had nothing, found themselves at last in possession of real money from the insurance companies. There was the era of wide distrust in San Francisco following the revelations of municipal corruption; there were several notable strikes, among which the street car strike of May, 1907, stands out among similar industrial conflicts in this country as peculiarly bitter and bloody, and finally there was the general financial let-down which, of course, affected San Francisco in a period when money was particularly needed for reconstruction.

But the record of San Francisco's accomplishments, despite these difficulties, suggests a question as to whether, after all, the affairs which have chiefly attracted a national public discussion to San Francisco have not, in many cases, been more

sensational than important. Every large city has its quota of exciting or sensational occurrences, and the fact that these have been brought to the lime-light in San Francisco is a splendid commentary upon the excellent manner in which her citizens have undertaken both the moral and physical rehabilitation of the city.

A Hundred Millions More than Before the Fire.

To tell the truth, the city has been growing at a pace unprecedented, its financial institutions are in better condition than those of possibly any other large city in the United States, and its people are at work. The City Assessor of San Francisco, who is known to be conservative in his appraisements, has added to the assessment roll fifty million dollars over the assessment roll made in March, 1906. This is a remarkable showing, because much of the property which was assessed in March, 1906, was destroyed by fire. The increase of fifty million dollars, therefore, raised the valuation of real and personal property in the last year by nearly one hundred million dollars. Never in the world's history has the destruction of so much property so quickly been replaced. Not only has a sum aggregating more than three hundred million dollars worth of property, that was completely wiped from the earth, been restored, but the assessed value of San Francisco, upon a bed rock basis, is a hundred million dollars more than it was the night before the historic conflagration.

Amazing Record in Realty.

In point of realty transactions, the year 1907 surpassed the years of prosperity and of the most active real estate market in the history of San Francisco. Vast sums were loaned upon real property. Immense wealth was made available for rebuilding. For the fiscal year ending November 30, 1907, the total number of mortgages was:

Not only were large amounts of money raised for building purposes, but vast sums were invested in the purchase of San Francisco realty. Indeed, in spite of all kinds of adversity, the year 1907 had a larger total of sales of real estate than any other years before 1902, excepting 1875, when the profits of the Comstock mine were invested in San Francisco, and in 1890, when the totals were about a million dollars more than in 1907. In 1890 the great boom in San Francisco suburban real estate was at its height, and fortunes were made and unmade in a day, yet even in that year, when the young city was feeling the thrill of suburban expansion, the total sales did not greatly exceed 1907 when the sales were, of course, restricted to buying for absolute needs, with the speculative element practically eliminated. From 1902 to April, 1906, San Francisco had been at high tide; under the stimulus of flush times, the real estate market had exceeded all bounds, yet the substantial development of the city was not as marked as during 1907.

A City of Steel and Concrete.

Possibly no other city in the world has so many modern business structures as has San Francisco to-day. Certainly no other city of similar size possesses as many new buildings, and undoubtedly within a twelvemonth this city will have more new steel and concrete buildings than any other city regardless of extent or population. That this claim is not too far-fetched will be conceded by every one who recalls the fact that the entire business portion of the city is being rebuilt. And, too, it is being reconstructed on such a scale that even to-day the business section of San Francisco has more fine buildings, and, saving the debris of reconstruction, odd vacant lots and torn-up streets, is a grander, more splendid city than perhaps any of its inhabitants had dreamed of seeing within the next generation. The most

	Mortgages	Amount	Releases
Fiscal Year ending November, 1907	6610	$46,088,219	4340
Calendar Year, 1906	5488	35,825,680	4660
" " 1905	6746	35,016,855	4751
" " 1904	6116	32,977,736	3912
" " 1903	5194	30,889,988	4003



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—From Pine and Kearny streets. The Merchants' Exchange, Kohl building and the new Thomas Cluniе buildings are shown.

skiliful architects, engineers and contractors of the country flocked to San Francisco after the great fire, and the best brains in the world has been assembled upon the most gigantic task of city building in all history. The city shows the result of the talent and experience. The magnificent skyscrapers just finished or being built, are the finest known types of commercial structures.

The number and cost of buildings erected and alterations made from May, 1906, to November 30, 1907, are, officially, as follows:

	Buildings	Cost
Class A	59	$13,407,000
Class B	90	6,923,183
Class C	1,033	31,361,209
Frame	7,254	32,108,529
Alterations	3,354	6,944,038
	11,790	$90,743,959

Of course it should be explained that many smaller buildings were erected without the filing of building contracts; that contracts under $1,000 are frequently not filed for record, and that the actual cost of structures exceeds the contract prices. It is estimated that the total building contracts for 1907 aggregated $52,523,553. The building of hotels and rooming houses has gone ahead rapidly. It is estimated that there are almost twenty-one thousand rooms available for travelers in San Francisco. Before the fire, many of the rooming houses were on the steep hill-sides. Although these are being occasionally rebuilt upon the old sites, yet the tendency is to seek the more level portions of the city, and while within one year more the entire business district of San Francisco will probably be almost completely rebuilt, yet it may be five or six years or longer before some of the hillside sites are occupied with buildings. Incidentally it may be observed that the city boasts the finest hotel in the United States; also the largest re-inforced concrete building in the world.

How San Francisco Looks.

Viewed at night, while crossing the bay, San Francisco presents an amazing sparkle of lights at altitudes and depths, from the dazzling hotel on Nob Hill to the big new skyscrapers on Market street. And there are no spaces from which the light does not twinkle; the city is built up uniformly and evenly. In the day-time you will see San Francisco with a greater skyline than it ever had before. Before the fire, there were but few excessively tall buildings; now you will find many of them —and streets are beginning to yawn between like canyons. In some sections, where building operations are completed, the streets have been raised up and regraded, and asphalt sidewalks and curbings have been laid. Often it was a great task, for, in places where the city was on "made land," the streets had sunk four or five feet below the normal level of the curb. Already the retail merchants are back in great numbers upon Market street, the principal thoroughfare of the city. Market street a year and one-half ago was a wilderness of twisted iron bars, fallen bricks, stones and debris. But to-day it is assuming its old-time cosmopolitan air. You will see the old faces along the street and the familiar names. Van Ness avenue, like Fifth avenue, New York, portrays the encroachments of business upon a residence street. After the fire, the merchants flocked to Van Ness avenue and to Fillmore street, both of which were residence streets, and could be quickly prepared to accommodate the sudden demands for housing the retail merchants. Of a Saturday afternoon on all the streets one will see the typical crowds of well-dressed San Franciscans. But after all, Market street, the old favorite is gaining rapidly, and soon will far distance the other thoroughfares.

More Cosmopolitan than Ever.

To-day, San Francisco is more cosmopolitan and more interesting than ever before. Many of the good Bohemian-loving San Franciscans thought that the fire would wipe away those quaint, strange touches of foreign life, the unique cosmopolitanism, and the fascinating polyglot of nations that marked out San Francisco among her sisters in the nation. Yet nothing which San Francisco had has she lost, and to her charms have been added many new attractions—the restaurants in which the city was perhaps unique, the theatres,



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A flush of beauty significant of the re-awakening of the great city, was seen among the brick, stone and twisted iron adjoining the temporary structure on Larkin street, erected by Newsom & Sons, architects. Here in October, we photographed a patch of cosmas, which is reproduced **above.**

the striking assemblage of peoples, have not left San Francisco. Chinatown, the fascinating, is being rebuilt. But instead of being housed in disreputable old buildings that were used by American commercial houses in the early days and which had nothing to commend them that any dilapidated brick structure does not possess, the Chinese now, in some cases, occupy buildings to which a few Oriental touches have been added. And as for the traditions, the Chinese themselves will supply these—sooner would they lose their queues than their traditions. So it is with the Italian, Greek and other quaint colonies that have lent the bright color of cosmopolitanism to San Francisco. Here it may be observed, too, that the business men of San Francisco have proved themselves as constant as the city's charms. At the time of the big fire, it was often prophesied that the disaster would work a mighty upheaval in the personnel of business and the professions. "The old men will leave, and young men, now unknown, will take their places," it was sometimes said. Yet there have not been many changes. New men have come in, and are succeeding, but the older business and professional people, with very few exceptions, all took up the thread where it had been broken. How rapidly this population returns to its favorite locality is shown by the fact that offices in down-town buildings are engaged months ahead. In some of the new sky-scrapers the higher floors are finished first, and before the plastering is fairly done on the ground floor, the completed floors are occupied and tenants go to and from their offices in improvised elevators.

The men who are building San Francisco received as high or higher wages than mechanics in similar occupations in any city in the world. It has been sometimes asserted that the high price of wages acts as a draw-back to the city. But this impression is not borne out by the facts, for the money paid to the workingmen finds its way to the merchant and others, and is distributed throughout the community. Poverty such as the East knows is not characteristic of San Francisco.

The Future of San Francisco.

It is not hard to guess the future of San Francisco. Most people who know the city and the vast area of which it is the metropolis, will be willing to hazard a guess, and their opinions will probably bear close resemblance. San Francisco is to the Pacific Coast what New York City is to the Atlantic, and it always will be. To-day the city has a population estimated at between four hundred and seventy and four hundred and eighty thousand, or about the same population as at the time of the fire; and post office officials believe the present population to be much greater than on April 1, 1906. Yet the population which works in San Francisco has vastly increased. Oakland has perhaps doubled in population in the last two years, its inhabitants now numbering 235,000. Berkeley has 36,000 population and Alameda 25,000. Indeed, were San Francisco and its suburbs consolidated into Greater San Francisco, the new city would have more than 815,000 souls. And these suburbs are perhaps even more closely connected with San Francisco than is Brooklyn with New York. Should the proposed consolidation take place, San Francisco would be exceeded only by New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

Around San Francisco Bay there are already upwards of one million souls—an amazing population to have gathered upon the Pacific Coast in little more than half a century. San Francisco to-day handles more than three-fourths of the imports of the Pacific Coast, and over half of all exports. It does twenty-nine per cent of America's business with China, twenty-seven per cent of that with Japan, and forty-eight of that with Hawaii. The city's bank clearings in 1907 were in excess of two billion dollars, the greatest in its history.

But the people of San Francisco are looking to the future; they are, in some cases, leasing city lots for fifty to ninety-nine years. For San Francisco is greater all the time, and they will have a part in it.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—During the time the St. Francis Hotel was being re-constructed, the Little St. Francis was erected on Union Square, alongside the Dewey Monument. The hotel was completed a few weeks ago, and this temporary structure removed..



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—The Marston building shown on the right, as you look up Kearny street toward Telegraph Hill, had its steel frame up before the fire. The building is now completed and occupied, while every building in this picture was erected since the devastation.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A view of Sutter street, looking towards Market street. The tall building now owned by the French Bank was gutted by the fire. It was originally so well constructed, however, that in a few brief months it was rehabilitated and re-occupied.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Here is a comprehensive view of the new down-town retail district, showing Sutter and Kearny streets in the foreground. The most substantial and modern buildings will be in this district. All are expected to be occupied within a year.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—From the corner of Dupont street, looking down Bush street, a fair idea is had of the substantial reconstruction of the city. The four prominent buildings seen here are the Kohl building, Merchants' Exchange, Macdonough building, and Mills Building.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—The Wells-Fargo & Co. Express building, corner of Mission and Second streets. Since the fire, two new stories were added to this imposing structure. The interior has been entirely rebuilt, making it now absolutely fire-proof.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—Standing on the lot facing Sutter street, looking down Stockton street, a good view is had of a number of permanent structures comprising a portion of the new retail dry-goods district—known as the Down-Town Retail District.



THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—This view of Market street toward the ferry from Stockton street, overlooks the foundation of the Phelan building. The steel portion of the structure of nine stories has been completed since the photo was taken in October.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

BY

CHARLES PHILLIPS



EING FRIENDS, I found, when it came to writing of him that I was stalled. In fact, I was giving the whole thing up in despair when Stoddard cleared the atmosphere with one of those "mustang suggestions" (so christened by William Dean Howells) of his which come just as unexpectedly and refreshingly as his humor. For of course I brought my difficulty to "Dad." "It is impossible," I declared. "I can write volumes about your books—but what is the use when people can read the books themselves? I cannot write about you. To write for the public of any one who holds a personal or intimate place in one's life is impossible—for me, anyway."

"Don't write for the public," was his instant response. "I never write for the public. As an impetus—it is sometimes an inspiration—I write to and for one I love. Just as I write a letter to one of my beloved "kids," so do I begin an article; always with the image of some loved one in my heart. If you were writing to your pal in the Philippines," he went on, "and telling him about me, just what sort of a fellow I am, and so on, you would have no difficulty at all in saying anything and everything. Write to him and say it—and there you are. If others can share the pleasure of such a letter, it only goes to prove how human we all are, whether we're doing the writing or the reading."

Stoddard is essentially and intensely human. What in the world can you find more interesting or more baffling? Baffling, certainly, his personality has been to a considerable part of the world for a good many years, and to none more puzzling than to himself. One needs only to read him to be assured of it. If the Eternal Feminine is an unremitting question mark, then Stoddard should have been born a woman. He has—is—a woman's soul in all its strange and endless changeableness. His is a spirit born for another planet. But he has brought with him from that undiscovered bourne of his a gentleness that makes him all human. Jack London in his Alaskan lingo, calls him "The Love Man."

"I scatter curses by the row,
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever."

is the inscription Robert Louis Stevenson left on a card at "Charlie's" door one day. He never was at home when he was wanted in those days. Nor is he now, so far as the world knows, for he has hidden himself away in Monterey, with his residence ostensibly at the hotel—where the curious never find him in——and his home a good many paces away, on the sea-edge of the old town, with his study windows within ear-shot of the tide's softest whisperings. So it was that I found him at the station—good, kind, thoughtful "Dad"—waiting for me in the rain: else how could I have found him at all, he said.

The rain soon ceased, and the sun came out. It was as if I had returned home, after many days.

We talked of that wandering toe—wonderful digit that has played so all-compelling a part in Stoddard's life. For the time being, it is giving him some respite there by the blue bay of Monterey—respite, for his sunny windows disclose to him a constant picture, since it never pales nor palls—the omnipresent sea. But alas, the smoke and clangor of oil-boom days are already working their evil power on him. A year ago he wrote me, "I seem to have settled, after a fashion, in Monterey. I am weary of wandering. I came to California in '55." But now he is harking back to New England. "Change

of environment—it alone re-awakens my interest in life," he exclaims. "My limit seems to be two years!"

So he declares that he will go back to New England in the spring. "I have an abundance of California work to do," he says, "and the Atlantic coast will give me the perspective that I need."

Even one, and the very least, of Stoddard's books, reveals what a wonderful power of observation he possesses. His mind is a kaleidoscope film, and it is never idle; it registers time-exposures and snap-shots unceasingly, and then develops them in mellow tone prints that escape all description in their elusive beauty. So it is that, despite twentieth century intrusions, Monterey is to me Old Monterey still, because it has been mellowed and glorified by his words. What a Cicerone was there! The days of patio and siesta, of senorita and caballero, were all revivified, and I lived through wondrous changing periods of history, but most of all we tarried in those compelling days of thirty years ago, when Stevenson languished in the little southwest room of the old adobe house that now bears his name, when Jules Simoneau regaled the gentle Bohemian with chat and chess—and hot tamales. Stoddard was an integral part of those days. When we visited Jules Simoneau it was a delight to hear that rosy-cheeked and keen-eyed old octogenarian say "Charlie"—call "Charlie" here and "Charlie" there—as if long years had not run and wrought since the halcyon days of old, when "Charlie" was one of that wonderful but long-vanished group of which Stevenson will ever be the center.



Chas. Warren Stoddard

BENONI IRWIN'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

We sat in front of the old customs house—"Patience Sparhawk" plied her spinning wheel in its northern tower—and listened to the breakers, music that has made a monody through all the years of the nomad-poet's life. We went up the path to the Old Mission, across the entry paved with whale vertebrae and into the shadowy old church. We returned to the sea—the inevitable sea, which is part and parcel of Stoddard's life, and to which he ultimately returns time and time again—and watched the gulls wheel and play over the drenched rocks and the streaming sands. And then we passed along the quiet road to the house. There was not a stir nor a sign of life about.

When Stoddard sighs it is as if his soul expired—that soul long lost from its starry fellows and wandering along the high-roads of alien earth; yet always there is the quick reaction—Howell's "mustang kick" again. He sighed now as he sank into his chair and stretched his arms out over his desk. But there was a flash of the Imp's heels in his eyes when he showed me his mascots that range in a solemn row over the three little bronze mission bells strung across the desk. First, there is the lizard—an iron lizard, very twisty and green. "He has gone around the world with me," Stoddard said, "and I guess it's because he is so crooked that I had to keep straight." Then there is a baby elephant—one of his "kids" gave him that "with a trunkful of love." The ivory skull is from the girdle of a Misericordia, that strange fraternity of laymen who, masked and cloaked, bury the dead in Italy. He found it on the streets in Florence. The Teddy Bear keeps watch over the menagerie. But most prized of all are the monkeys, three of them, preaching their wonderful "Let my ears hear no evil, let my mouth speak no evil, let my eyes see no evil."

But the dare-devil of Sarah is not in Charlie's soul. He is too gentle for that. "My heart," he told me once, "has been in my throat all my life." Yet I have known him, in the face of real peril, to be the calmest man imaginable.

That big bay window seems to be just the place for him. "In the evening," he said—twilight was falling then—"I can hear the Angelus, when it is not drowned in the sob of the sea. And look! the seagulls fly over our garden.

"All week long I sit at my desk here in this deep window and write and dream—and dream and write, and let the world go by. It goes and comes and goes again, by sea and land, and I seem to be holding it all in my lap. Beyond is the harbor and the distant Eastern hills, and always I have the sunrise and the moonrise.

"The Spanish were on the spot where this house stands in 1602, and Fray Junipero Serra said mass within sight of my window in 1770. Listen! Do you hear it?" The tide was beginning to come in, and the faintest sound of many moving waters came to us on the evening air. "It is near the sea, and that is everything," he said. "I could cast an orange into the water—if I weren't such a bad shot."

Stoddard's correspondence is extensive, yet he despatches its obligations with ease. His letter list for last November—any month would do—showed one hundred and five letters written and posted. "I must, of course, write to some whom I care nothing for," he said, and I laughed, for a little while before he had handed me an autograph hunter's letter with a distressed "You open it. She bothers the life out of me." Yet he never refuses the autograph fiend.

I grew fond of that big purple-blooded pen. "He is a great old friend," said Stoddard. "No one will ever guess what work he does. You know," he added, "people call me lazy. Well, if they could see the volumes I haven't published, the reams I have written and destroyed——" He didn't need to tell me that. I myself know of at least one pile of manuscript, the work of years, that he deliberately burned *for fear it would be published!* There were five good-sized volumes in that holocaust. "Scores of other men have written the same things in a better way," is his plea.

But to return to his letters. You will find a bit of his philosophy about letter-writing in "For the Pleasure of his Company." Paul Clitheroe—Stoddard himself ("How I did give myself away in that book!")—was a voluminous writer of letters, the sort of letters that often took the breath out of his friends. But he had an answer for their arguments: "His repu-

tation for indiscretion once well established, he believed that allowances would be made for him. If he continued to write exactly as he talked, honestly and fearlessly, and without artifice or reserve, his correspondents would surely know how to take him."

"Listen," he said to me—that is a favorite introductory exclamation of his—"I think it is a very good plan for a writer to write letters—especially to an intimate friend. One learns to express one's self freely, and presently it becomes one's second nature. One must always write unconsciously—that is, unconscious of self—to write well. If there is any good in my writing, it is because I do not know, I do not feel, that I am writing."

often I have surprised him with quotations from them, and he would exclaim: "How do you remember? I have forgotten them all. They are like the leaves that fall from a tree." But I have gained revealing light from a passing word now and then.

"Any one who knows 'South Sea Idylls,' 'A Troubled Heart' and 'For the Pleasure of his Company,' knows me to the marrow of my bones," he once remarked. "Yet nearly everything I have published is more or less autobiographical—and I must often seem a queer contradiction to the critical reader." Here he did not mention "Exits and Entrances," to my mind second only to the "Idylls." But of course, "For the Pleasure of His Company" is Stod-



STODDARD AT THE SIMONEAU COTTAGE.

There are all sorts of memorable inscriptions in Stoddard's guest book—pages would be required to tell the names of the authors only—and every one of them breathes love and devotion for "Charlie." Then there are his scrapbooks of reviews and criticisms. "These are my play-toys," he says. "They amuse me, and I often spend a leisure hour going through their pages. Some of the reviews are bitter as gall, and most of them too laudatory. But there is a moral in the lesson they teach. Do your best. Be not cast down by adverse criticism."

We have seldom talked of his books, but

dard "stark-naked." "Never was truer book written," he said;—so personal, indeed, it was, that he kept it for ten years after writing it before he would consent to its publication.

It is in dealing with the tropic lands that Stoddard is at his best. Not in the English language is there such voluptuously alluring writing as in the "Idyls." Yet that "mustang" humor of his kicks up its sudden heels on every page, and always when sighing sea and tropic palm begin to make the brain humid with their languorous beauty. Stoddard has told over and over again how much he loves

the Southern seas, but never in better or briefer words than in the inscription he wrote in a copy of "The Island of Tranquil Delights." The inscription was this: "I'd rather be a south sea islander sitting naked in the sun before my grass hut, than be the Pope of Rome."

In addition to the French edition of "The Idyls"—the French call him "the American Pierre Loti"—Stoddard has in press "Friends of My Youth," "Under Italian Skies," and "The Dream Lady." But to the literary world the most interesting item in the Stoddard prospectus will be the possibility of a new book of poems. The world holds a grudge against him because, thirty years ago, without warning or apparent reason, he stopped short in his singing, and since then has, so far as the reading public knows, left his lute unstrung. Yet Stoddard is one of the few American poets whose work will live.

"Why have you never written a novel?" I asked him.

"I cannot write a novel, nor a story even. 'For the Pleasure of his Company' proved that, I think. People say, you know, that I have no imagination, that I can write only of what I have seen. But can a man do that well without imagination?"

After all, it is a cycle, this trying to get at the end of such a puzzle as Stoddard. He is beyond word-measure. But he is the soul of gentleness, "all human," as he says; and then with a sigh, if the puzzle grows too complicated, "God made me." "Repose is my meat and drink," he declares, and he is ill at ease among people "who have no time to loaf and enjoy their souls." As Stevenson once wrote of him:

"O Stoddard! in our hours of ease,
Despondent, dull and hard to please,
When coins and business wrack the brow,
A most infernal nuisance thou."

He is at once the enigma and the epigram of life. He is misunderstood by many—as Kipling, one of his most sympathetic friends, predicted he was bound to be when he read "For the Pleasure of His Company." Yet he fills his heart with the love of those who do understand him. untroubled by the others. He has a faculty for finding some good in every one—some excuse, at any rate, for the bad in them. "If you can't care for a person," he told me once, "try to be sorry for him." He is Christian-pagan. His friends used to say that, when they began to worry about him, with all his skulls and rosaries and Middle- Age trappings, he would declare that he was "tired of God." But this is what he told me: "Whenever you hear the clock strike, make this little prayer to God: 'O God, let my last hour be my best hour.' That is my prayer whenever the clock strikes."

While we watched the big moon swing over the hills and come to us down a pathway of silver over the moving waters of the bay, he spoke of the song the surf makes at night for him, when he puts his bed-time book aside—it was Longfellow's "Hyperion" then: "it is saturated with the most beautiful sentiment"—and harkens to that wondrous monody. Then he looked up with his solemn eyes and said:

"Longfellow wrote a verse about me once, you know: 'And the night shall be filled with music'—"

I stared.

"I snore fearfully," he finished.

Then he told me how the commingled sirens of sardine cannery and fog-horn and freight ships often kept him awake at night but——

"That is the other side of it—the cannery side. It is not the sea. When this strident commercialism keeps quiet, I have the whole world to myself, and the sea booms in my ears all night and keeps me remindful of those Dream Islands in the past."

For a little while I stood alone, for he was in the distant seas among his islands of tranquil delight. When he returned, he told me of his friends whose big oil-ship we could see swinging before us on the tide. "They threaten to kidnap me some day and take me to Honolulu with them," he said, smiling. "I'd have to go on the ship's list, though, for they are not allowed to take passengers. I wonder," with a glance that took in his rotundity—he has an idea that he is most cumbersomely stout—"I wonder if I could go as a tank?"



CLIMBING SUNSET MOUNTAIN

BY

ROBERT M. BARKER

OUR FIRST sight of Sunset Mountain was when rounding the base of the San Francisco peaks we saw directly ahead of us a great red cinder cone standing squarely by itself, the soft, ruddy glow of its surface contrasting strangely with the more restful greens of the pine-clad neighboring mountains. Utterly barren, it appeared to the eye, and of such pleasing symmetry that it seemed to us, ten miles away, as if nature had inverted a huge flower pot to arrest our vision and solicit our constant gaze. Not alone the oddity of shape and color compelled our admiration, but we were immensely puzzled by the play of light on the dome-like peak, and wondered if it possessed some special monopoly of the sun's rays, for no dancing colors appeared on the nearby gray and frowning pinnacles. Later, we learned that while the reddish hues of the sloping sides were due to the thick covering of fine cinders, the exquisite aureola of the extreme top was covered by quantities of chrome-tinted rocks intermingled with chunks of white and yellow sulphur lying exposed on the rim of the crater.

Sunset Mountain, so appropriately named, is an extinct volcano, one of the finest which characterizes that region of early volcanic activity, which extends through Northern Mexico into New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. It lies almost buried away from the world in the depths of Coconino County in Northern Arizona, some twenty miles northeast of Flagstaff, and in the midst of as wildly picturesque and sparsely settled locality as can be imagined. Here in a great area of woodland, bleak cinder piles and jagged lava beds, the formal entry of man has not been made, and there are

neither railroads, saw mills, ranches or farms to disturb the quiet grandeur of a scene unrivaled for majestic beauty of form and color.

The journey to Sunset is usually made in a wide-seated democrat wagon, though the horseback ride is really the pleasantest method, if one feels equal to it. For several miles the course lies over the picturesque old stage route to the Grand Canyon, and keeps close to the sheltering mountains, finally darting into a great forest and passing near by the quaint ruins of the cave and cliff dwellings. To the left are always the gray and rugged San Francisco peaks, over 13,000 feet high, and themselves a gigantic volcanic mass, while across the draw are smaller mountains and buttes detached and standing sentinel-like. On and on, the road winds sinuously over the grassy park-like elevated plateau, whose ancient pines rise superbly, a locality unharmed as yet by forest fires, where there is no underbrush, and where the very stillness makes one want to whistle. Were Sunset Mountain not in tantalizing view constantly, its very proximity would be evident by the fine cinders which now begin to crunch about the wheels, increasing as we proceed, and with the gradual elevation making extremely hard going for the horses. The presence of cinders everywhere is so apt to be associated with human energies that at first it is hard to realize that these are the work of nature and her furnaces, and not of man and his factories, and have been lying here undisturbed since long before the present forests existed.

Arrived at the base of Sunset Mountain, camp is pitched in the shade of overhanging trees; the winded horses are watered from a keg brought for that purpose, while long strips of savory bacon are presently frying over a hastily built fire. One eats mechanically, perforce, for while the long journey has tired his muscles, the full sublimity of the scene, particularly of the great bald cone leading almost straight up from where he stands, dulls the appetite, and awakens in him the same keen desire to climb to the top as it does in the case of the small boy to see his presents early Christmas morning. The immediate scenery is one of beauty weird enough to fascinate the most sophisticated. The center of attraction, the great red cone with its flaming top, rises abruptly from the edge of a vast, circular pit, whose sharp, cindered floor is barren of all vegetation save a few tough little pinions. Separating the forests from the cinder



EN ROUTE FOR SUNSET MOUNTAIN.



NEARING THE SUMMIT.

pit are long stretches of rough, broken lava, tossed up in huge blocks like an ice-floe in spring, their black, naked surfaces devoid of even lichens to tell they have been laid up here more than a week at most. Here, indeed, is every evidence of a titanic struggle, no doubt a series of earthquakes succeeding an outpouring of lava before the fluid mass had fully cooled. The lava beds which form such an impassible barrier are from ten to twenty feet high and perhaps two hundred feet wide. They reach clear across the valley, and it is supposed the molten lava was swiftly carried along until the bordering uplands arrested its fiery progress and caused it to burn itself deep into the earth or spread to either side.

At best, the ascent of Sunset is tedious because of its steepness, the absence of any trail and the difficulty of securing a foothold in the cinders, whose size diminishes with the ascent. To every three steps, at least one is lost. Ropes have been used, where women have essayed the climb, but the usual method is to worry along unencumbered a few feet at a time, then pause to rest and enjoy the gradually unfolding view, meanwhile pondering how far one would roll if he did not dig his feet into the leather destroying cinders. The temptation to start something is very strong, but the absence of anything with rounded edges, save the tourist himself, militates such diversion. As the ascent grows more arduous, so the desire to attain the summit waxes keen. Half way up are two small Spanish pinon trees, their dreary solitude not occasioning so much wonder as the fact that they receive nourishment and have poise on such a slope. A more hopeless environment for tree life is difficult to conceive, yet swaying gracefully in the soft October breeze, their thick autumn leaves are quite as red and golden and firm as those on sheltered branches far below.

With the crater almost at hand, the views grow more entrancing, and it is almost with regret that the last halting place is left behind. A final plunge upward, and the exhausted sightseer scrambles over the rim, first turning quickly to look off at the starting point and congratulate himself on his achievement. Way down at the bottom, he sees the snake-like windings of the lava beds, each radiating from the base of the cone, and finally disappearing in the forests on all sides. In the immediate foreground are small and shapely cones of red cinders and black cinders, some resembling pyramids, others like soft-nosed sand-dunes whose proportions change with every wind. Not far distant are several tiny craters, which show that the molten rocks in their hurry

to reach the surface, burst out at the foot of the main cone and afterward left high-walled, jagged openings like small amphitheatres, built as if to add consistency to the scenery as well as to afford an outlet for the stirred up wrath of the inner world.

Few places anywhere present a more unique and varied panorama of natural scenery than from the crater of Sunset Mountain. Here at an elevation of 9,000 feet, in an atmosphere of surpassing clearness, one enjoys a truly wonderful range of vision. To the north, seventy-five miles distant, and quite distinct, are both cream-tinted rims of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, the fifteen intervening miles suggesting the mark of a soft blue pencil just above the horizon. Beyond and across the rocky Kaibab plateau, as far away again as the mighty chasm, are the violet robed mountains of Southern Utah. To the Eastward, thirty miles away, begins that land of enchantment, the marvelous painted desert, no jarring note of civilization to mar its rainbow-tinted surface. Towards the South and West, for nearly one hundred miles, and rolling like huge billows at sea, stretch the magnificent timber lands of Arizona, the Mogollon forests of yellow pine, enveloping hills, valleys and mountains, with their everlasting green.

One is not likely to be disappointed in his first impression of the crater of Sunset Mountain, for its great depth and symmetry and the entire absence of life suggest most clearly what an ideal crater, long inactive, should be. More than anything else, this resembles an upturned bowl of rough red earthenware. In size, it is about two thousand feet wide and four hundred feet deep, while spread thickly over its surface are fine red cinders, almost spherical in shape, with here and there a specimen as large and smooth as a base-ball, evidence of the velocity with which some of the fluid rock shot out of the earth. The rim itself is sharp and well defined, broken frequently by protruding rocks, containing patches of white and yellow sulphur. Great pieces of this richly colored mineral lie scattered about, tempting the tourist to pick them up as souvenirs, but crumbling quickly at the slightest touch. Standing alone on the lowest point of the rim is a rude monument of flat stones containing within its crevices the written claim of some prospector to the mineral wealth of the old



OUR PARTY OF FOUR.



AT THE CRATER'S EDGE.

volcano. As in other portions of the neighborhood, there is little or no sign that anything yet has been disturbed by man. Whatever the hidden resources, both the distance from the railroad and the obvious difficulty of transporting supplies would lead one to fancy the lonely claim had never been profitable.

If the ascent of Sunset Mountain is difficult, almost as hazardous is the journey about the rim. A mis-step might send one rolling into the crater or hurry him to the bottom of the cone some 2,000 feet below. Again, the insecurity of the foot-



THE CAIRN NEAR THE CRATER.

ing is enhanced by the frequent sulphur beds, whose surface deceives by its apparent firmness. One young woman who had bravely struggled to the summit was considerably agitated to sink in a soft spot to the depth of her shoe top before she could extricate herself. Later, a camera tripod thrust through the opening failed to reveal its depth, which cheering intelligence did not hasten to restore peace of mind to the frightened girl. The trip is not complete unless one circles the whole rim, and climbs to the very highest point whose sharp-pointed rocks make almost a pinnacle on the eastern slope. From here he can easily distinguish the point on the fringes of the forest where he had dinner, also the horses which are tightly tethered, and thoughts of both with increasing lateness of the hour quite naturally suggests town and supper, and he almost reluctantly leaves this supreme vantage point.

With all its loneliness and difficulty of reaching it, the trip to Sunset Mountain is really worth while. To one who loves good, stiff climbing, whose heart can stand extra exertion in a rarified atmosphere, the ascent will mark a mile stone in his journey through life. Not alone the incomparable views, but the exhilaration of the climb, and the altitude, makes one forget the arduous excursion, and, instead of lasting fatigue, he is tempted to make the descent in one-tenth the time he took in going up, an accomplishment not without its ludicrous side. And then the going back to town, through the tall, swaying pines, with the sun falling down behind the distant peaks or flat-topped mesas, leads one to appreciate the natural beauties of this still and wild southwestern land, whose seemingly eternal play of sunshine is only broken by the slowly descending curtain of night.

WAIT

Bright maple-buds, tossing against the blue sky
 Like coral-reefs deep in blue sea,
Uncover your breasts where the baby-leaves lie—
 They are waking and long to be free.
"The master-touch lingers, but never comes late;
We are ready to open, but willing to wait."

O! azure-winged, floating high in the air,
 And dropping down sparkles of song,
Come stay with us, build on the maple-bough there,
 For the long, silent winter is gone.
"I am coming already, I've chosen my mate,
But the time is not yet—so we wait, so we wait."

Sad hearts, growing weary with hope long deferred,
 Waiting still for your highest and best,
Do you yearn for your spring like the bud and the bird,
 For fruition and rapture and rest?
"We have learned from the patience of nature to wait;
The master-touch lingers, but never comes late."

OVERLAND'S NOVELETTES

THE CLOUD-BURST ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY KENNETH WALKER



UTH MARY stood on the high river bank, looking on the beach below to see if her brother Tommy was lurking anywhere under the willows with his fishing pole. He had been sent half an hour before to the earth cellar for potatoes, and Ruth Mary's father, Mr. Tully, was waiting for his dinner.

She did not see Tommy; but while she lingered, looking at the river hurrying down the shoot between the hills, and curling up over the pebbles of the bar, she saw a team of bay horses and a red-wheeled wagon come rattling down the stony slope of the opposite shore. In the wagon she counted four men. Three of the men wore white, helmet-shaped hats that made brilliant spots of light against the bank. The horses were driven half their length into the stream and allowed to drink as well as they could, for the swiftness of the current, while the men seemed to consult together, the two on the front seat turning back to speak with the two behind, and pointing across the river.

Ruth Mary watched them with much interest, for travelers, such as these seemed to be, seldom came as far up Bear River Valley as the Tully's cattle range. The visitors who came to them were mostly cowboys looking up stray cattle, or miners on their way to the "Banner district," or packers with mule trains going over the mountains, to return in three weeks or three months as their journey prospered. Fishermen and hunters came up into the hills in the season of trout and deer, but they came, as a rule, on horseback, and at a distance were hardly to be distinguished from the cowboys and the miners.

The men in the wagon were evidently strangers to that locality. They had seen Ruth Mary watching them from the hill, and now one of them rose up in the wagon, shouting across to her and pointing to the river.

She could not hear his words, for the noise of the ripple and the wind which blew freshly down stream, but she understood that he was inquiring about the ford. She motioned up the river and called to him, though she knew her words could not reach him, to keep on the edge of the ripple. Her gestures, however, aided by the driver's knowledge of fords were sufficient, and turning his horse's heads up stream, they took water at the place she had tried to indicate. The wagon sank to the wheel-hubs; the horses kept their feet well, though the current was strong; the sun shone brightly on the white hats and laughing faces of the men, on the guns in their hands, on the red paint of the wagon and the warm backs of the horses breasting the stream. When they were half-way across, one of the men tossed a small, reluctant black dog over the wheel into the river, and all the company, with the exception of the driver, who was giving his attention to his horses, broke into hilarious shouts of encouragement to the swimmer in his struggles with the current. It was carrying him down, and would probably land him, without effort of his own, on a strip of white sand beach under the willows above the bend; but now the unhappy little object, merely a black nose and two blinking eyes above the water, had drifted into an eddy from which he cast forlorn glances toward his faithless friends in the wagon. The dog was in no real peril, but Ruth Mary did not know it, and her heart swelled with indignant pity. Only shyness kept her from wading to his rescue. But now one

of the laughing young men, thinking, perhaps, the joke had gone far enough, and reckless of a wetting, leaped out into the water, and plunging along in his high boots, soon had the terrier by the scruff of his neck, and waded ashore with his sleek, quivering little body nestled in the bosom of his flannel hunting shirt.

A deep cut in the bank, through which the wagon was dragged, was screened by willows. When the fording party arrived at the top, Ruth Mary was nowhere to be seen. "Where's that girl got all of a sudden?" one of the men demanded. They had intended to ask her several questions, but she was gone, and the road before them plainly led to the low-roofed cabin, and loosely built barn, with straw and daylight showing through its cracks, the newly planted poplar trees above the thatched earth cellar, and all the signs of a tentative home in this solitude of the hills.

They drove on slowly, the young man who had waded ashore, whom his comrades addressed as Kirkwood, or Kirke, walking behind the wagon with the dog in his arms, responding to his whimpering claims for attention with teasing caresses. The dog seemed to be the butt as well as the pet of the party. As they approached the house, he scrambled out of Kirkwood's arms and lingered to take a roll in the sandy path, coming up a moment afterwards to be received with blighting sarcasms as to his appearance. After his ignominious wetting he was quite unable to bear up under them, and slunk to the rear with deprecatory blinks and waggings of his tail whenever one of the men looked back.

Ruth Mary had run home quickly to tell her father, who was sitting in the sun by the woodpile, of the arrival of strangers from across the river. Mr. Tully rose up deliberately and went to meet his guests, keeping between his teeth the sliver of pine he had been chewing while waiting for his dinner. It helped to bear him out in that appearance of indifference he thought it well to assume, as if such arrivals were an every-day occurrence.

"Hasn't Tommy got back yet, mother?" Ruth Mary asked, as she entered the house. Mrs. Tully was a stout, low-browed woman, with grayish yellow hair of that dry and lifeless texture which shows a declining health or want of care. Her blue eyes looked faded in the setting of her tanned complexion. She sat in a low chair, with her knees wide apart, defined by her limp calico draperies, rocking a child of two years, a fat little girl with flushed cheeks and flaxen hair braided in tight knots on her forehead, who was asleep in a large, cushioned rocking chair in the middle of the room. The room looked bare, for the shed room outside was evidently the more used part of the house. The cook-stove was there in the inclosed corner, and beside it a table and shelf with a tin hand-basin hanging beneath, while the crannies of the logs on each side of the door-way were utilized as shelves for all the household articles in frequent requisition that were not hanging from nails driven into the logs or from the projecting roof-poles against the light.

Tommy had not returned, and Mrs. Tully suggested as a reason for his delay that he had stopped somewhere to catch grasshoppers for bait.

"I should think he had enough of them in that bottle of his," Ruth Mary said, "to last him till the hoppers come again. Some strange men forded the river just now. Father's gone to speak to them. I guess he'll ask 'em to stop to dinner."

Mrs. Tully got up heavily and went to the door. "Here, Angy," she addressed a girl of eight or ten years who sat on the flat bowlder which was the cabin doorstep. "You go and get them 'taters—that's a good girl," she added coaxingly, as Angy did not stir. "If your foot hurts you, you can walk on your heel."

Angy, who was complaining of a stone bruise, got up and limped away, upsetting from her lap as she rose two kittens of tender years, who tumbled over each other before getting their legs under them, and staggered off, steering themselves jerkily with their tails.

"Oh, Angy," Ruth Mary remonstrated, but she could not stay to comfort the kittens. She ran up the short, crooked stairs leading to the garret bedroom, which she shared with Angy, hastily put on her shoes and stockings and braced her pretty figure under the blue calico sack she wore, with her first pair of stays, an important purchase made on her last visit to town in the valley, and to be worn now, if ever. It

was hot at noon in the bedroom under the roof, and by the time Ruth Mary had fortified herself to meet the eyes of strangers, she was uncomfortably flushed and short of breath besides, from the pressure of her new stays. She went slowly down the uneven stairs, wishing she could walk as softly in her shoes as she could barefoot.

Her father was talking to the strangers in the shed room. They looked tall and formidable, under the low roof against the flat glare of the sun on the hard swept ground in front of the shed. She waited inside until her mother reminded her of the dinner, half-cooked on the stove; then she went out shyly, the light falling on her downcast face and full, white eyelids, on her yellow hair, sun faded and meekly parted over a forehead low, like her mother's, but smooth as one of the white stones of the river beach. Her fair skin was burned to a clear light red tint like a child's, and her blonde eyebrows and lashes looked silvery against it, but her chin was very white underneath, and there was a white space behind each of her little ears where her hair was knotted tightly away from her neck.

"This is my daughter," Mr. Tully said, briefly, and then he gave some hospitable orders about dinner, which the strangers interrupted, saying they had lunch with them and would not trouble his family until supper time. They gathered up their hunting gear, and, lifting their hats to Ruth Mary, followed Mr. Tully, who had offered to show them the best fishing on that part of the river.

Mr. Tully explained to his wife and daughter, as the latter placed the dinner on the table, that three of the strangers were the engineers from the railroad camp at Moor's Bridge, and the fourth was a packer and teamster from the same camp; that they were all going up the river to look at timber, and wanted a little sport by the way. They had expected to keep on the other side of the river, but seeing the ranch on the opposite shore, with wheel-tracks going down to the water, they had concluded to try the ford and the fishing, and ask for a night's accommodation.

"They don't want we should put ourselves out any. They're used to roughing it, they say. If you can git together something to feed them on, mother, they say they'd as soon sleep on the straw in the barn as anywhere else."

"There's plenty to eat, such as it is, but Ruth Mary'll have it all to do. I can't be on my feet." Mrs. Tully spoke in a depressed way, but to her no less than to her husband was this little break welcome in the monotony of their life in the hills, even though it brought with it a more vivid consciousness of the family circumstances and a review of them in the light of former standards of comfort and gentility. For Mrs. Tully had been a woman of some social ambition in the small Eastern village where she was born. To all that to her guests made the unique charm of the place, she had grown callous, if she had ever felt it at all, while dwelling with an incurable regret upon the neatly painted houses and fenced door-yards, the gathering of women in their best clothes and primly furnished parlors on summers afternoons, the church-going, the passing in the street, and, more than all, the house keeping conveniences she had been used to, accumulated through many years' occupancy of the same house.

"Seems as though I hadn't any ambition left," she often complained to her daughter. "There's nothing here to do with, and nobody to do for. The most of the folks we ever see wouldn't know sour-dough bread from salt-raisin', and as for dressin' up, I might keep the same clothes on from Fourth July till Christmas—your father'd never know."

But Ruth Mary was haunted by no flesh pots of the past. As she dressed the chickens and mixed the biscuit for supper, she paused often in her work and looked towards the high pastures with the pale brown lights and purple shadows on them, rolling away and rising towards the great timbered ridges, and these lifting, here and there along their profiles a treeless peak or bareless divide into the regions above vegetation. She had no misgivings about her home. To her mind, fences would not improve her father's vast lawn, or white paint the low-browed front of his dwelling, nor did she feel the want of a stair carpet and parlor organ. She was sure that they, the strangers, had never seen anything more lovely than her be-

loved river, dancing down between the hills, tripping over rapids, wrinkling over sand-bars of its own spreading, and letting out its speed down the long reaches where the channel was deep.

About four o'clock she found leisure to stroll along the shore with Tommy, whose competitive energies as a fisherman had been stimulated by the advent of strange craftsmen with scientific-looking tackle. Tommy must forthwith show what native skill could do, with a willow pole and grasshoppers for bait. But Ruth Mary's sense of propriety would by no means tolerate Tommy's intruding his company upon the strangers, and to frustrate any rash, gregarious impulses on his part, she judged it best to keep him in sight.

Tommy knew of a deep pool under the willows which he could whip unseen in the shady hours of the afternoon. Thither he led Ruth Mary, leaving her seated upon the bank above him, lest she should be tempted to talk, and so interfere with his sport. The moments went by in silence, broken only by the river; Ruth Mary, happy on the high bank in the sun, Tommy happy by the shady pool below, and now and then slapping a lively trout upon the stones.

Across the river, two Chinamen were washing gravel in the rude miner's cradle, paddling about on the river's brink and anon staggering down from the gravel bank above, with large, square kerosene cans filled with pay dirt balanced on either end of a pole across their meagre shoulders. Bare-headed, in their loose garments, with their pottering movements and wrinkled faces shining with heat, they looked like two weird, unrevered old women working out some dismal penance. High up in the sky, the great black buzzards sailed and sailed on slanting wing; the wood doves coo-oo-ed from the willow thickets that gathered the sunlight close to the water's edge. A few horses and cattle moved their specks upon the sides of the hill, cropping the bunch-grass, but the greater herds had been driven up into the high pastures where the snow falls early, and all these lower hills were bare of life, unless one might fancy that the far-off possessions of pines against the sky, marching up the northern sides of the divide, had a solemn personality, going up like priests to a sacrifice, or that the restless river, flowing through the midst of all and bearing the light of the white noonday sky deep into the bosom of the darkest hills, had a soul as well as a voice. In its sparkle and ever-changing motion, it was like a child among its elders at play. The hills seemed to watch it, and the great cloud heads, as they looked down between the parting summits, and the three tall pines, standing about a young bird's flight from each other by the shore, and mingling their fitful crooning with the river's babble.

It is pleasant to think of Ruth Mary, sitting high above the river in the peaceful afternoon, surrounded by the inanimate life that to her brought the fullness of companionship, and left no room for vain cravings: the shadow creeping upward over her hands folded in her lap, the light resting on her girlish face, and meek, smooth hair. For this was during that unquestioning time of content which may not always last, even in a life as safe and as easily predicted as hers. But even now this silent communion was interrupted by the appearance of one of Tommy's rivals. It was the young man whose comrades called him Kirke, who came along the shore, stooping under the willow boughs, scattering all their shadows, lightly traced on the stones below. He held his fishing rod crouched like a lance in one hand, and a string of gleaming fish in the other.

Tommy, with his practiced eye, rapidly counted them and saw with chagrin that he was outnumbered, but another look satisfied him that the stranger's catch was nearly all white fish instead of trout. He caressed his own dappled beauties complacently.

Kirkwood stopped and looked at them; he was evidently impressed by Tommy's superior luck.

"These are big fellows," he said; "did you catch them?"

"You don't suppose she did," said Tommy, with a jerk of his head towards Ruth Mary.

Kirkwood looked up and smiled, seeing the young girl on her sunny perch. The smile lingered pleasantly in his eyes as he seated himself on the stones—deliberately, as if he meant to stay.

Tommy watched him, while he made himself comfortable, taking from his pocket a short meerschaum pipe and a bag of tobacco, and lighting it with a wax match held in the hollow of his hands —apparently from habit, for there was no wind. He did not seem to mind in the least that his legs were wet and that his trout were nearly all white fish. He was evidently a person of happy resources, and a joy-compelling temperament, that could find virtue in white fish if it couldn't get trout. He began to talk to Tommy, not without an amused consciousness of Tommy's silent partner on the bank above, nor without an occasional glance up at the maidenly head serenely exalted in the sunlight. Nor did Ruth Mary fail to respond with her down-bent looks, as simply and unawares as the clouds turning their bright side to the sun.

Tommy, on his part, was stoutly withholding in words the admiration his eyes could not help showing of the strange fishermen's tools. He cautiously felt the weight of the ringed and polished rod, and snapped it a little over the water; he was permitted to examine the box of flies and to handle the reel, things in themselves fascinating, but to Tommy's mind merely a hindrance and a snare to the understanding in the real business of catching fish.

Still, he admitted, where a man could take a whole day, all to himself like that, without fear of being called off at any moment by the women or some frivolous household errand, he might afford to potter with such things. Tommy kept the conservative attitude of native experience and skill towards foreign contrivance.

"If Joe Enselman was here," he said, "I bet he could ketch more fish in half an hour with a pole like this o' mine and a han'ful o' hoppers than any of you can in a whole week o' fishing with them fancy things."

"Oh, Tommy!" Ruth Mary expostulated, looking distressed.

"Who is this famous fisherman?" Kirkwood, asked, smiling at Tommy's boast.

"Oh, he's a fellow I know. He's a packer, and he owns half o' father's stock. He's goin' to marry our Sis soon's he gits back from Sheep Mountain, and then he'll be my brother." Tommy had been a little reckless in his desire for the distinction of a personal claim on the hero of his boyish heart. He was even conscious of himself, as he glanced up at his sister.

Kirkwood's eyes involuntarily followed Tommy's. He withdrew them at once, but not before he saw the troubled blush that reddened the girl's averted face. It struck him, though he was not deeply versed in blushes, that it was not quite the expression of a happy, maidenly consciousness, when the name of a lover is unexpectedly spoken.

It was the first time in her life that Ruth Mary had ever blushed at Joe Enselman's name. She could not understand why it should pain her to have this stranger hear of him in his relation to herself.

Before her blush had faded, Kirkwood had dismissed the subject of Ruth Mary's engagement with the careless reflection that Enselman was probably not the right man, but the primitive laws which decide such haphazard unions doubtless provided the necessary hardihood of temperament wherewith to meet their exigencies. She was a nice little girl, but possibly she was not so sensitive as she looked.

His pipe had gone out, and after relighting it, he showed Tommy the gayly-pictured match-box, which opened with a spring, and disclosed the matches lying in a little drawer within.

Tommy's wistful eyes, as he returned the box, prompted Kirkwood to make prudent search in his pockets for a second box of matches before presenting Tommy with the one his eyes coveted. Finding himself secure against want in the immediate future, he gave himself up to the mild amusement of watching Tommy with his new acquisition.

Tommy could not resist lighting one of the little tapers, which burned in the sunlight with a still, clear flame like a Christmas candle. Then a second one was sacrificed. By this time, the attraction was strong enough to bring Ruth Mary down from her high seat in the sun. She looked hardly less a child than Tommy, as with her face close to his, she watched the pale flame flower wasting on its waxen stem. Then she must needs light one herself, and hold it with a little fixed smile on her face, till the flame crept down and

warmed her finger-tips.

"There," she said, putting it out with a breath, "don't let us burn any more. It's too bad to waste so many of 'em in the daylight."

"We will burn one more," said Kirkwood, "not for amusement, but for information." And while he whittled a piece of drift-wood into the shape of a boat, he told Ruth Mary how the Hindoo maidens set their lighted lamps afloat at night on the Ganges, and watch them perilously voyaging, to learn, by the fate of the little flame, the safety of their absent lovers.

He told it simply and gravely, as he might have described some fact in natural history, for he rightly guessed that his little seed of sentiment fell on virgin soil. According to Tommy, Ruth Mary was betrothed and soon to be a wife, but Kirkwood was curiously sure that she knew not love, nor even fancy. Nor had he any rash idea of trying to enlarge her experience. He spoke of the lamps on the Ganges because they came into his mind while Ruth Mary was bending over the wasting match flame; and hesitation he might have had about introducing so delicate a topic was conquered by an idle fancy that he would like to observe its effect upon her almost pathetic innocence.

While he talked, interrupting himself as his whittling absorbed him, but always conscious of her eyes upon his face, the boat took shape in his hands. Tommy had failed to catch the connection between Hindoo girls and boat-making, but he was satisfied with watching Kirkwood's skillful fingers, without paying much heed to his words. He had a wonderful knife, too, with tools concealed in its handle, with one of which he bored a hole for the mast. In the top of the mast he fixed one of the wax tapers upright and steady for the voyage.

Ruth Mary's cheeks grew red as she suddenly perceived the intention of Kirkwood's whittling.

"Now," he said, steadying the boat on the shallow ripple, "before we light our beacon, you must think of some one you care for who is away. Perhaps Tommy's friend on Sheep Mountain?" he ventured softly, glancing at Ruth Mary.

The color in her cheeks deepened, and again Kirkwood fancied it was not a happy confusion that covered her downcast face.

"No?" he questioned, as Ruth Mary did not speak. "That is too serious, perhaps. Well, then, make a little wish, and if the light is still alive when the boat passes that rock—the flat one with two stones on top—the wish will come true. But you must have faith, you know."

Ruth Mary looked at Kirkwood, the picture of faith in her sweet consciousness. His heart smote him a little, but he met her wide-eyed gaze with a gravity equal to her own.

"I would rather not wish for myself," she said, "but I will wish something for you if you want me to."

"That is very kind of you. Am I to know what it will be?"

"Oh, yes. You must tell me what to wish."

"That is easily done," said Kirkwood gayly. "Wish that I may come back some other day and sit here with you and Tommy by the river."

It was impossible not to see that Ruth Mary was blushing again. But she answered him with a gentle courtesy that rebuked the foolish blush: "That will be wishing for us all."

"Shall we light up, then, and set her afloat?"

"I've made a wish," shouted Tommy.

"I've wished Joe Enselman would bring me an Injun pony—a good one that won't buck."

"You must keep your wish for the next trip. This ship is freighted deep enough already. Off she goes then, and good luck to the wish," said Kirkwood, as the current took the boat with the light at its peak burning clearly, and swept it away. The pretty plaything dipped and danced a moment, while the light wavered, but still lived. Then a breath of wind shook the willows, and the light was gone.

"Now it's my turn," Tommy exclaimed, wasting no sentiment on another's failure. He rushed down the bank, and into the shallow water to catch the wishing boat before it drifted away.

"All the same, I'm coming back again," said Kirkwood, looking at Ruth Mary.

Tommy's wish fared no better than his sister's, but he bore up briskly, declaring

it was "all foolishness anyway," and accused Kirkwood of having "just made it up for fun."

Kirkwood only laughed, and ignoring Tommy, said to Ruth Mary, "The game was hardly worth the candle, was it?"

"Was it a game?" she asked. "I thought you meant it for true."

"Oh, no," he said. "When we try it in earnest we must find a smoother river and a stronger light. Besides, you know, I'm coming back."

Ruth Mary kept her eyes upon his face, still questioning his seriousness, but its quick changes of expression baffled while fascinating her. She could not have told whether she thought him handsome or not —but she had a desire to look at him all the time.

Suddenly her household duties recurred to her, and refusing the help of Kirkwood's hand, she sprang up the bank and hurried to the house. Kirkwood could see her head above the wild-rose thickets as she went along the high path by the shore. He was more than ever sure that Enselman was not the right man.

At supper, Ruth Mary waited on the strangers in silence, while Angy kept the cats and dogs "corraled," as her father said, in the shed, that their impetuous appetites might not disturb the feast.

Mr. Tully stood in the door-way and talked to his guests, while they ate, and Mrs. Tully, with the little two-year-old in her lap, rocked in the large rocking-chair and sighed apologetically between her promptings of Ruth Mary's attendance on the table.

Tommy hung about in a state of complete infatuation with the person and conversation of his former rival. He was even beginning to waver in his allegiance to his absent hero, especially as the wish about the Indian pony had not come true.

During the family meal, the young men sat outside in the shed room and smoked, and lazily talked together. Their words reached the silent group at the table. Kirkwood's companions were deriding him as a recreant sportsman. He puffed his short-stemmed pipe and looked at them tranquilly. He was not dissatisfied with his share of the day's pleasure.

When Mr. Tully had finished his supper, he took the young men down to the beach to look at his boat. Kirkwood had pointed it out to his comrades, where it lay moored under the bank, and ventured the opinion of a boating man that it had not been built in the mountains. But he had generalized too rashly.

"I built her myself," said Mr. Tully. "Rip-sawed the lumber up here. My young ones are handy with her," he boasted cheerfully, warmed by the admiration his work called forth. "You'd never believe, to see 'em knocking about in her, they hadn't the first one of 'em ever smelt salt water. Ruth Mary, now, the oldest of 'em, is as much to home in that boat as she is on a hoss—and that's sayin' enough. She looks quite, but she's got as firm a seat and as light a hand as any cowboy that ever put leg over a cayuse."

Mr. Tully, on being questioned, admitted willingly that he was an Eastern man—a Down-East lumberman and boat-builder. He couldn't just say why he'd come West. Got reckless, and his wife's health was always poor back there. He had mined it some and had considerable luck—cleaned up several thousands at Junction Bar. Put it in a sawmill and got burned out. Then he took up this cattle range, and went into stock partnership with a young fellow from Montana, named Enselman. They expected to make a good thing of it, but it was a long ways from anywheres, and for months of the year they couldn't do any teaming. Had no way out except by the horseback trail. The women found it lonesome. In the winter no team could get up that grade in the canyon they call the "freeze out," even if they could cross for ice in the river, and from April to August the river was up so you couldn't ford.

All this in the intervals of business, for Mr. Tully in his circuitous way was agreeing to build a boat for the engineers after the model of his own. He would have to go down to the camp at Moor's bridge to build it, he said, for suitable lumber could not be procured so far up the river, except at great expense. It would take him better'n a month, anyhow, and he didn't know what his women folks would say to having him so long away. He would see about it.

The four men sauntered up the path from the shore, Tommy bringing up the

rear with the little black-and-tan terrier. In default of a word from his master, Tommy tried to make friends with the dog, but the latter, wide awake and suspicious after dozing under the wagon all afternoon, would none of him. Possibly he divined that Tommy's attentions were not wholly disinterested.

The family assembled for the evening in the shed room. The women were silent, for the talk was confined to masculine topics, such as the quality of the placer claim up the river, the timber, the hunting, the progress and prospects of the new railroad. Tommy, keeping himself forcibly awake, was seeing two Kirkwoods where there was but one. The terrier had taken shelter between Kirkwood's knees, after trying conclusions with the mother of the kittens—a cat of large experience and a reserved disposition, with only one ear, but otherwise in full possession of her faculties.

Betimes the young men arose and said good-night. Mr. Tully was loath to have the evening, with its rare opportunity for conversation, come to a close, but he was too modest a host to press his company upon his guests. He went with them to their beds on the clean straw in the barn, and if good wishes could soften the pillows, the travelers would have slept sumptuously. They did not know, but woke strong with joyousness over the beauty of the morning on the hills, and the prospect of continuing their journey.

They parted from the family at the ranch with a light-hearted promise to stop again on their way down the river. When they would return they were gayly uncertain—it might be ten days, it might be two weeks. It was a promise that nestled with delusive sweetness in Ruth Mary's thoughts as she went silently about her work. She was helpful in all ways, very gentle with the children, but she lingered more hours dreaming by the river, and often at twilight she climbed the hill back of the cabin and sat there alone, her cheek in the hollow of her hand, until the great planes of distance were lost, and all the hills drew together in one dark profile against the sky.

Mrs. Tully had been intending to spare Ruth Mary for a journey to the town on some errands of a feminine nature which could not be intrusted to Mr. Tully's large but discriminating judgment. Ruth Mary had never before been known to trifle with an opportunity of this kind. Her rides to town had been the one excitement of her life; looked forward to with eagerness and discussed with tireless interest for many days after. But now she hung back with an unaccountable apathy, and made excuses for postponing the ride from day to day, until the business became too pressing to be longer neglected. She set off one morning at daybreak, following the horse-back trail round the steep and sliding bluffs high above the river, or across beds of broken lava rock, arrested avalanches from the slowly crumbling cliffs which crowned the bluff, or picking her way at a soft-footed pace through the thickets of the river bottoms. In such a low, sheltered spot, scarcely four feet above the river, she found the engineers' camp, a group of white tents shining among the willows. She keenly noted its location and surroundings. The broken timbers of the old bridge projected from the bank a short distance above the camp; a piece of weather-stained canvas stretched over them formed a kind of awning shading the rocks below, where the Chinese cook of the camp sat impassively fishing. The camp had a deserted look, for the men were all out at work tunneling the hill half a mile lower down. Her errands kept her so late that she was obliged to stay overnight at the house of a friend of her father's, who owned a fruit ranch near the town.

They were prosperous, talkative people, who loudly pitied the isolation of the family in the upper valley.

Ruth Mary reached home about noon the next day, tired and several shades more deeply sun-burned, to find that she had passed the engineers without knowing it on their way down the river on the wagon road on the other side. They had stopped over night at the ranch, and made an early start that morning. Ruth Mary was obliged to listen to enthusiastic reminiscences from each member of the family of the visit she had missed.

This was the last social event of the year. The willow copses turned yellow and threadbare; the scarlet hips of the rose bush looked as if tiny finger-tips had left

their prints upon them. The wreathes of wild clematis turned ashen gray, and were scattered by the winds. The wood-dove's cooing no longer sounded at twilight in the leafless thickets. They had gone down the river, and the wild ducks with them.

But the voice of the river, rising with the autumn rains, was loud on the bar; the sky was hung with clouds that hid the hill-tops or trailed their ragged pennants below their summits. The mists lay cold on the river; they rose with the sun, dissolving in soft haze that dulled the sunshine, and at night descending, shrouded the dark, hoarse water without stilling its lament. Then the first snow fell, and ghostly companies of deer came out upon the hills, and filed silently down the draws of the canyons at morning and evening. The cattle had come down from the mountain pastures, and at night congregated about the buildings with deep breathings and sighings; the river murmured in its fretted channel; now and then the yelp of a hungry coyote sounded from the hills.

The young men had said among their light and pleasant sayings that they would like to come up again to the hills when the snow fell, and get a shot at the deer, but they did not come, though often Ruth Mary stood on the bank and looked across the swollen ford, and listened for the echo of wheels among the hills.

About the first of November, Mr. Tully went down to the camp at Moor's bridge to build the engineer's boat.

The women were now alone at the ranch —but Joe Enselman's return was daily expected. Mr. Tully, always cheerful, had been confident that he would be home by the 5th.

The 5th of November and the 10th passed, but Enselman had not returned. On the 12th, in the midst of a heavy snow fall, his pack animals were driven in by another man, a stranger to the women at the ranch, who said that Enselman had changed his mind suddenly about coming home that fall, and decided to go to Montana and "prove up" on his ranch there.

Mr. Tully's work was finished before the 1st of December. On his return to the ranch, he brought with him a great brown paper bundle which the children opened by the cabin fire on the joyous evening of his arrival. There were back numbers of the illustrated magazines and papers, stray copies of which now and then had drifted into the hands of the voracious young readers in the cabin. There were a few novels, selected by Kirkwood from the camp library, with especial reference to Ruth Mary. For Tommy there was a duplicate of the wonderful pocket-knife he had envied Kirkwood. Angy was remembered with a little music box which played "Willie, We Have Missed You," with a plaintive reiteration that brought the sensitive tears to Ruth Mary's eyes; and for Ruth Mary herself there was a lace pin of hammered gold.

"He said it must be your wedding present from him, as you'd be married likely before he saw you again," Mr. Tully said, with innocent pride in the gift in which his daughter had been honored.

"Who said that?" Ruth Mary asked.

"Why, Mr. Kirkwood said it. He's the boss one of the whole lot, to my thinkin'. He's got that way with him some folks has. We had some real good talks evenings, down on the rocks under the old bridge—I told him about you and Enselman."

"Father, I wish you hadn't done that." The protest in Mary's voice was stronger than her words.

She had become slightly pale when Kirkwood's name was mentioned, but now, as she held out the box with the trinket in it, a deep blush covered her face.

"I cannot take it, father. Not with that message. He can wait until I am married before he sends me his wedding present."

To her father's amazement, she burst into tears and went out into the shed room, leaving Kirkwood's ill-timed gift in his hands.

"What in all conscience sake 's got into her?" he demanded of his wife. "To take offense at a little thing like that. She didn't use to be so techy."

Mrs. Tully nodded her head at him sagely and glanced at the children, a hint that she understood Ruth Mary's state of mind, but could not explain before them.

At bed-time, the father and mother being alone together, Mrs. Tully revealed the cause of her daughter's sensitiveness, according to her theory of it. "She's put

out because Joe Enselman chose to wait until spring before marryin', and went off to Montana instead of coming home as he said he would."

"Sho, sho," said Mr. Tully. "That don't seem like Ruth Mary. She ain't in such a hurry as all that comes to. I've had it on my mind lately that she took it a little too easy."

"You'll see," said the mother. "She ain't in any hurry, but she likes *him* to be. She feels as if he thought more of money-making than he does of her. She's like all girls. She won't use her reason and see it's all for her in the end he's doin' it."

"Why didn't you tell her 'twas my plan his goin' to Montana this fall. He would not listen to it nohow, then. He'd rather lose his ranch than wait any longer for Sis, so he said—but I guess he's seen the sense of what I told him. Ruth Mary ain't a-goin' to run away, I says, even if ye don't prove up on her this fall. You ought to a-told her, mother, 'twas my proposition."

"I told her that and no more. I told her it showed he'd make a good provider. She looked at me solemn as a graven image all the time I was talkin', and not a word out of her. But that's Ruth Mary. I never said the child was sullen, but she is just like your sister Ruth—the more she feels the less she talks."

"Well," said Mr. Tully, "that's alright, if that's it. That'll all straighten out with time. It was natural, perhaps, she should fire up at the talk of marryin' if she felt the bridegroom was hanging back. Why, Joe—he'd eat the dirt she treads on, if he couldn't make her like him no other way. He's 'most too foolish about her, to my thinking. That's what took me so by surprise when word came back he'd gone to Montana after all—I didn't expect anything so sensible of him."

"'Twas a reg'lar man's piece o' work anyhow," said Mrs. Tully, disconsolately. "And you'll be sorry for it, I'm afraid. I never knew of any good come of putting off a marriage where everything was suitable, just for a few hundred acres of wild land, more or less."

"No use your worryin'," said Mr. Tully. Young folks always have their little troubles before they settle down—besides, what sort of a marriage would it be if you or I could make it or break it?" But he bore himself with a depreciating tenderness towards his daughter, in whose affairs he had meddled, perhaps disastrously, as his better-half feared.

The winters of Idaho were not long even in the higher valleys. Close on the cold footsteps of the retreating snow trooped the first wild flowers. The sun seemed to laugh in the cloudless sky. The children were let loose on the hills; their voices echoed the river's roar. Its waters, rising with the melting snows, no longer babbled childishly on theirs; they shouted and brawled and tumbled over the bar, rolling huge pine trunks along as if they were sticks of kindling wood.

One cool May evening, Ruth Mary climbing the path from the beach, saw there was a strange horse and two pack animals in the corral. She did not stop to look at them, but quickly guessing who their owner must be, she went on to the house, her knees weak and trembling, her heart beating heavily. Her father met her at the door and detained her outside. She was prepared for his announcement. She knew that Joe Enselman had returned and that the time had come for her to prove her new resolve born of the winter's silent struggle.

"I thought I'd better have a few words with you, Ruthie, before you see him—to prepare your mind. Set down here." Mr. Tully took his daughter's hands in his own, and held them while he talked.

"You thought it was queer Joe stayed away so long, didn't you?" Ruth Mary opened her lips to speak, but no words came. "Well, I did," said the father. "Thought it was my plan first off. I might a-know'd it was something more 'n business that kep' him. Joe's had an accident. It happened to him just about the time he meant to a-started for home. It broke him all up—made him feel like he didn't want to see any of us just then. He was goin' along a trail through the woods one dark night; he never knew what stunned him; must have been a twig or something struck him in the eye; he was giddy and crazy-like for a spell—his horse took him home. Well, he ain't got but one eye left, Joe ain't. There, Sis, I knew you'd feel bad. But he's well. It's hurt his looks some, but what's looks? We

ain't any of us got any to brag on. Joe had some hopes at first he'd get to seein' again out of the eye that was hurt, and so he sent home his animals and put out for Salt Lake to show it to a doctor there; but it wasn't any use. The eye's gone, and it does seem for the time bein' some of Joe's grit had gone with it. He went up to Montana and tended to his business, but it was all like a dumb-show and no heart in it. It's cut him pretty deep, through his bein' alone so long perhaps, and thinking about how you'd feel. And then he's pestered in his mind about marryin'. He feels he's got no claim to you now. Says it ain't fair to ask a young girl that's likely to have plenty good chances to tie up to what's left of him. I wanted you to know about this before you go inside. It might hurt him some to see a change in your face when you look at him first. As to his givin' you your word back, that you'll settle between yourselves, but however you fix it, I guess you'll make it as easy as you can for Joe. I don't know as I ever see a big, strappin' fellow put down."

Mr. Tully had waited between his short and troubled sentences, for some response from Ruth Mary, but she was still silent. Her hands felt cold in his. As he released them, she leaned suddenly forward and hid her face against his shoulder. She shivered and her breast heaved, but she was not weeping.

"There, there," said Mr. Tully, stroking her head clumsily with his large hand. "I've made a botch of it. I'd ought to let your mother told ye."

She pressed closer to him, and wrapped her arms around him without speaking.

"I expect I better go in now," he said gently, putting her away from him. "Will you come along o' me, or do you want to get a little quieter first?"

"You go in," Ruth Mary whispered. "I'll come soon."

It was not long before she followed her father into the house. No one was surprised to see her white and tremulous. She seemed to know where Enselman sat without raising her eyes; neither did he venture to look at her as she came to him, and stooping forward, laid her little cold hand in his.

"I'm glad you've come back," she said. Then sinking down suddenly on the floor at his feet, she threw her apron over her head and sobbed aloud.

The father and mother wept, too. Joe sat still, with a great pity longing in his smitten countenance, but not daring to comfort her.

"Pick her up, Joe," said Mr. Tully. "Take hold of her, man, and show her you've got a whole heart if you ain't got but one eye."

It was understood, as Ruth Mary meant it should be, without more words, that Enselman's misfortune would make no difference in their old relation. The difference it had made in that new resolve born of the winter's struggle, she told to no one—for to no one she had confided her resolve.

Joe stayed two weeks at the ranch, and was comforted into a semblance of his former hardy cheerfulness. But Ruth Mary knew that he was not happy. One evening he asked her to go with him down the high shore path. He told her that he was going to town the next day on business that might keep him absent about a fortnight, and entreated her to think well of her promise to him, for on his return he should expect its fulfillment. For God's sake, he begged her, to let no pity for his misfortune blind her to the true nature of her feeling for him. He held her close to his heart and kissed her many times. Did she love him so—and so—he asked. Ruth Mary tremblingly said she did not know. How could she help knowing, he demanded passionately. Had her thoughts been with him all winter as his had been with her? Had she looked up the river towards the hills where he was staying so long and wished for him, as he had gazed southward into the valleys many and many a day, longing for the sweet blue eyes of the little girl so far away?

Alas, Ruth Mary; she gazed almost wildly into his stricken face, distorted by the anguish of his great love, and his great dread. She wished that she were dead. There seemed no other way out of her trouble.

The next morning before she was dressed, Enselman rode away and her father went with him.

She was alone now, in the midst of the hills, she loved—alone as she would never

be again. She foresaw that she would not have the strength to give that last blow to her faithful old friend—the crushing blow that truth demanded. Her tenderness was greater than her truth.

The river was now swollen to its greatest volume. Its voice that had been the babble of the child and the tumult of a boy was now deep and heavy like the chest notes of a strong man. Instead of the sparkling ripple on the bar, there was a continuous roar of yellow, turbid water that could be heard a mile away. There had been no fording for six weeks nor would be again until late summer. The useless boat lay in the shallow wash that filled the deep cut among the willows. The white sand beach was gone; heavy waves swirled past the banks and sent their eddies up into the channels of the hills to meet the streams of melted snow. Thunder clouds chased each other about the mountains, or met in sudden down-falls of rain.

One sultry noon, when the sun had come out hot on the hills, after a wet morning, Ruth Mary, at work in the shed room heard a sound that drove the color from her face. She ran out and looked up the river, listening to a distant but ever increasing roar which could be heard above the ever incessant laboring of the waters over the bar. Above the summit of Sheep Mountain, as it seemed, a huge turban shaped cloud had rolled itself up, and from its central folds was discharging gray sheets of water that veered and slanted with the wind, but were always distinct in their density against the rain charged atmosphere. How far away the rain floods were descending she did not know, but that they were coming, in a huge wall of water, overtaking and swallowing up the river's current, she was as sure as that she had been bred in the mountains.

Bare-headed, bare-armed as she was, without a backward look, she ran down the hill to the place where the boat was moored. Tommy was there sitting in the boat and making the shallow water splash as he rocked from side to side.

"Get out, Tommy, and let me have her quick," Ruth Mary called to him.

Tommy looked at her stolidly, and kept on rocking. "What you want with her?" he asked.

"Come out, for mercy's sake? Don't you hear it? There's a cloud-burst on the mountain."

Tommy listened. He did hear it, but he did not stir. "I'll be a bully thing to see when it comes. What you doin'? You act like you are crazy," he exclaimed, as Ruth Mary waded through the water and got into the boat.

"Tommy, you will kill me if you stop to talk. Don't you know the camp at Moor's Bridge? Go home and tell mother I've gone to give them warning."

Tommy was instantly sobered. "I'm going with you," he said. "You can't handle her alone in that current."

Ruth Mary, wild with the delay, every second of which might be the price of precious lives, seized Tommy in her arms, hugged him close and kissed him, and by main strength rolled him out into the water. He grasped the gunwale with both hands. "You're going to be drowned,' he shrieked, as if she were already far away. She pushed off his hands and shot out into the current.

"Don't cry, Tommy. I'll get there somehow," she called back to him. She could not see anything for the first few moments of her journey, but his little, wet, dismal figure toiling, sobbing, up the hill. It hurt her to have had to be rough with him.

But all the while she sat upright with her eyes on the current, plying her paddle right and left as rocks and driftwood and eddies were passed. She heard it coming, that distant roar from the hills, and prayed with beating heart that the wild current might carry her faster—faster—past the draggled willow copses—past the beds of black lava rock, and the bluffs, with their patches of green moss livid in the sunshine—hurling along, past glimpses of the well-known trail she had followed dreamily on those peaceful rides she might never take again. The thought did not trouble her, only the fear that she might be overtaken before she reached the camp. For the waters were coming—or was it the wind that brought that dread sound so near. She dared not look round lest she should see through the gates of the canyon, the black lifted head of the great wave, devouring the river behind her. How it would come sweeping down

between those high narrow walls of rock, her heart stood still to think of. If the hills would but open and let it loose over the pastures—if the river would but hurry, hurry, hurry.

She trembled with joy as the canyon walls lowered and fell apart, and she saw the blessed plains, the low green flats and the willows and the white tents of the camp safe in the sunshine. Now, if she be given one moment's grace to swing into the bank. The roar behind her made her faint as she listened. For the first time she turned and looked back, and the cry of her despair went up and was lost—gone utterly, gorged, at one leap by the senseless flood.

* * * *

At half past five o'clock that afternoon the men of the camp filed out of the tunnel along the new road-bed, with the low sunlight in their faces. It was "Saturday night," and the whole force was in good humor. As they tramped gayly along, tools and instruments glinting in the sun, word went down the line that something unusual had been going on by the river. There seemed to have been a wild uprising of its waters since they last saw it. Then a shout from those ahead proclaimed the disaster of the bridge. The Chinese cook crouched among the rocks high up under the bluff, where he had fled for safety, when he heard the waters coming, rushed down to them, with wild wavings and gabblings, to tell them of a catastrophe that was best described by its results. A few provisions were left them, stored in a magazine under a rock in the hillside. They cooked their supper with the splinters of the ruined blacksmith's hut. After supper, in the clear, pink evening light, they wandered about on the slippery rocks, seeking whatever fragments of their camp equipage the flood might have left them. Everything had been swept away, and tons of mud and gravel covered the little green meadow where their tents had stood. Kirkwood, straying on ahead of his comrades, came to the rock below the bridge timbers, from which the awning had been torn away. The wet rocks glistened in the light, but there was a whiter gleam which caught his eye. He stooped and crawled under the timbers anchored in the bank, until he came to the spot of whiteness. Was this that fair young girl from the hills, dragged here by the waters in their cruel orgy, and then hidden by them as if in shame of their work? Kirkwood recognized the simple features, the meek eyes, wide open in searching light. The mud that filled her garments had spared the pure young face. Kirkwood gazed into it reverently, but the passionate sacrifice, the useless warning, were sealed from him. She could not tell him why she was there.

The three young men watched in turn that night by the little motionless heap, covered by Kirkwood's coat. Kirkwood was very sad about Ruth Mary, yet he slept when his turn came.

In the morning they nailed together some boards into a long box. There was not a boat left on the river; fording was impossible. They could only take her home by trail. So once more Ruth Mary traveled that winding path, high in the sunlight or low in the shade of the shore. A log of driftwood left by the great wave, slung on one side of the mule's pack-saddle, balanced the rude coffin on the other. No one meeting the three engineers and their pack mule filing down the trail would have known they were a funeral procession. But they were heavy-hearted as they rode along, and Kirkwood would fain it had not been his part to ride ahead and prepare the family at the ranch for their child's coming.

The mother, with Tommy and Angy hiding their faces against her, stood on the hill and watched for it, and broke into cries as the mule and its burden came into sight.

Kirkwood went down the hill to meet it. His comrades dismounted, and the three young men, with heads uncovered, carried the coffin over the hill and set it down in the shed-room. Then Tommy, in a burst of childish grief, made them know that this piteous sacrifice had been for them.

The tunnel made its way through the hill; the sinuous road-bed wound up the valley; when the young men sat together at evening, and looked at the hills in the strange pink light, a spell of quietness rested upon them which no one tried to explain.

OVERLAND'S NOVELETTES

JACK'S BOYS---PART II

BY HELEN WILMANS.

About eleven o'clock that day, as Jack's boys supposed (their clock was now about two months ahead of time and gaining rapidly), a small covered wagon drove up to the house and stopped. Two mangy little ragamuffins filled the door instantly; the head of a third one thrust itself between the first two, like a huge bobbin of flax sprinkled with gold dust, and strained and squeezed and wriggled until it succeeded in dragging out into the light the fat butterball of a boy that owned it. This last was Johnny. His face was one transparent glory, filled with "welcome," but he spake not yet.

"Howdy, boys," said the widow. "Is the folks at home?"

"*We're* the folks," said Tom.

"Well, now, is that so? Ain't you got no father nor mother to take care of you?"

"We got a father, and he's coming home to-morrow night. But we ain't got no mother, nor we don't want none."

"Well, boys, it's powerful wet, and I'd like mighty well to stop a spell with you till the storm is over."

Tom and Willie looked at each other. Here was a live woman coming into the house. What should they do? As is often the case in more momentous questions, Fate decided while they deliberated. Fate on this occasion manifested itself through Johnny. His little face was glowing with cordiality.

"Come right in," he said. "We've got two beds—we boys can sleep in one, and you girls in the other, and Tom can cook bully, bet your boots. I'll get a chair for you to climb down on, and Tom can take your horses to the barn. We've got lots of hay, bet your boots. Now jump out and run in the house; and Willie, you make up more fire, quick."

He issued his orders with irresistible authority, and in a few minutes all were housed, and a bright fire roared up the chimney. The widow glanced around. Dirt and discomfort everywhere. It looked a hopeless job to renovate.

"Believe if it was mine," she thought, "I'd burn it down and camp out till I got another."

Tom came in from the barn, and began to make preparations for dinner.

"Never mind, honey," said Polly; "I can cook my own grub. You sit you down."

Tom obeyed and watched her—watched her with growing interest.

"Hanged if ever I saw a feller as handy as she is," he whispered to Johnny.

"Bet your boots," said Johnny.

Polly found the flour and yeast powder, and made bread. When she first rolled the dough out, after mixing, she spread a thin layer of lard over its surface, and rolled it up again with her hands; then she flattened it out with the rolling-pin, and cut it into shapes. She saw some bacon, and guessed rightly that it was the only meat in the house. She seemed to be looking for something more.

"There's lots of taturs under the bed," said Tom.

She peeled them to boil, and having boiled them, and fried the meat, she mashed the potatoes and seasoned them with bacon drippings, salt and pepper. The biscuits were baked beautifully, and fell apart on being handled, to the surprise of the ex-cook, who could not imagine by what hocus pocus such a result had been produced. There was a pan full of eggs sitting there, and the children wondered if she would cook some of them, but she did not. Dinner was a decided success, and so was supper. In the morning, before breakfast, Johnny pointed out the eggs.

"You can cook just as many of them as you want to," he told her.

"I'm going to make cake out of 'em for dinner," said Polly.

"What is cake?" asked Johnny.

The girls looked up at their mother quickly.

"Well, the pore little creetur—Lord love its pretty soul! To think of its never tastin' a bit of cake. *I'll* make some for it, honey, and then it'll know."

Rosy May asked him if he ever ate any pudding.

"Don't know what it is," said he.

"Did you ever see a pie?"

"I've made lots of 'em, bet your boots."

"What out of?"

"Dirt," said Johnny, triumphantly.

The dimples began to dance around Rosy May's mouth, but she choked them to death at a glance from her mother; but Blossom doubled up her little body like a boomerang.

Saturday night brought Jack, who was greatly surprised to find Polly there, and not any too well pleased, to judge from his greeting. The boys noticed that he was grim and reserved, and they resented it.

"Just to think," said Johnny to the other two, out in the barn, on Sunday morning, "after she made us that cake and I saved him a hunk of it, too. It's over there in the speckled hen's nest, wrapped up so's she won't go for it. I've a great mind to eat it myself, and not give him a bite, when he treats her so mean, and won't hardly speak to Rosy May and Little Blossom."

"*I'd* do it," said Will. "He don't deserve any. And give me a piece of it, Johnny."

"Not much, bet your boots, 'nless you'll give back my striped taw you won from me yesterday."

"Here comes Jack," said Tom. "Now, Johnny, you get the cake and give him. That'll fetch him, sure. See if he don't own up that she beats natur' all holler. Then he'll treat her good, and maybe she'll stay here."

Johnny was prompt to act on this advice, but when he had scrambled up to the speckled hen's nest, a volley of exclamations burst from him.

"Durnd if she ain't been and made a hole in it. She don't think of nothing but her stomach. I wish she hadn't any, I do. I wish she'd starve to death, bet your boots."

"Has she eat it all, Johnny?" asked Tom.

"No; here's about half of it left."

"Well, that'll do. Bring it down, quick, and give it to him. He's 'most here."

But what was their surprise when Jack refused the cake sulkily.

"Eat it yourself," he said.

Johnny ate it, but the tears rolled over his fat cheeks, and he expressed his opinion of Jack at the same time.

"Don't care if I did lose your horgs. You're no better'n a horg yourself. I wish I could lose *you*, bet your boots, durn you. I'd rather have Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma than a pig-pen full of you. I don't like you, anyhow. I never *did* like you much. I'd a swapped you off any time for Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma, bet your boots, durn you."

Jack took no notice, and the small tempest soon blowed itself out. All the next week it rained incessantly. The children played in the barn a good deal, and that relieved Polly of their presence, and gave her a chance to clean things. It is astonishing the change she wrought in one week. She unearthed dozens of flour sacks from under the beds, and washed them. She made each of the boys a shirt apiece, and two table-cloths, and a change of pillow cases, and hand towels, and dish towels, all out of this one fruitful mine. She mended and washed the boys' clothes, cut their hair and made them thoroughly tidy in appearance. Jack came, as usual, on Saturday, and brought a large bundle under his arm, but he was still sulky and disagreeable. The children "prospected" the bundle. It contained muslin, for sheets; ducking, for boys' pants and jumpers; material for shirts and other things. But they were unappeased and ungrateful. They talked about him behind his back, and pitied poor Polly, who could not leave, no matter how much she might desire to do so. It still rained and rained. The bottom had fallen out of the roads. It was impossible to tell how much longer she might have to claim Jack's churlish hospitality. The generous boys not only pitied her, but they began to love her,

with reason. Ideas of order and cleanliness were dawning upon them. They did not want to be again submerged in dirt. Everything was so pleasant in the house. The meals were always on time, and always good. Out of simple things, and few, she contrived a variety that delighted them. From dried apples she made roll pudding, apple dumplings, plain apple pies and apple custard; and just so of everything. Willie put his arms around her one day, when no one else was present, and told her he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for her *then,* and her price was raising every day.

When Jack came again, churlish and disagreeable as before, the rain was over, and the waters had run down. At breakfast, the next morning, Polly said:

"I reckon the roads ain't so bad but what I can get over 'em somehow. I've been here a mighty long time, and I s'pose I'd orter go."

"I s'pose you had," said Jack.

The boys were aghast. They had ceased to think of such a thing. "Oh, don't go," "Don't go," was all they could say. Polly looked at Jack.

"You're right," said he. "I think it's time you left."

Then all the children opened on him like a pack of hounds.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jack," said Tom.

"Leave yourself, if you want anybody to leave," said Willie.

"We can do without you better than we can without Polly," said Tom.

"Just give us a chance to try it," said Willie. And plenty more off the same piece.

But Johnny was the champion who "fit, bled and died" on this memorable occasion. The family had risen from the table and were moving away, when Jack glanced around just in time to dodge a potato aimed by Johnny, and thrown with such force as to strike the opposite wall and scatter itself all over the room. The young warrior stood on one of his chair-rounds, leaning on the table with his left hand, and throwing with the other. Whack —*whack*—went the potatoes, Jack dodging all the time, until Johnny, reaching too far for his ammunition, bore so heavily on the ricketty old table that it fell, and he with it. Springing up, with his hair full of peelings and crumbs, he grabbed a fork and threatened to throw that.

"Help, help!" roared Jack. "I call for a parley. Now, what do you fellers want me to do?"

"We want Polly to stay here," said Johnny, breathless, "and Rosy May and Little Blossom, too; and we're agoin' to keep 'em, too—bet your boots."

"Well, now, Johnny, if Polly stays here I'll have to marry her, and then you'll have a step-mother to pound you round."

All the boys became conscious of that other fight instantly, and for a moment seemed vanquished. Johnny hung his head, but Tom spoke up like a man.

"Tell you what it is, Jack, we was eejots then. We didn't know what we wanted. We've got more sense now."

"Well, what do you want *now?* I'll do anything for you in reason."

Tom glanced at Polly. She was sitting on the side of the bed, with her handkerchief before her eyes, crying, he thought. Her shoulders shook with excessive emotion, and the old bedstead trembled like an aspen leaf. The little girls were up behind her, where they had taken refuge during the potato storm. It occurred to Tom now that perhaps it would be necessary to obtain Polly's consent to the marriage, as well as Jack's; so he went and put his arms around her neck and whispered in her ear. Polly's grief was convulsive for a moment.

"Will you do it, Polly? Say yes—just you say yes, Polly—that's all you have to do."

"Do say yes," urged the other boys; "just one leetle, *leetle* yes; that's all you have got to do."

"Come here, Jack," said Johnny; "you ask her to say yes—she'll do it for you."

"Well, you lay that fork down first," said Jack.

Johnny put the fork down, and Jack advanced to do as he was bidden; but hesitated for the want of words.

"Ask her to say yes, Jack; she'll do it for you, I know. Say yes for Jack, Polly, won't you?"

"Say yes, Polly," said Jack.

And, with a last explosion of grief that seemed a compromise between a snort and

a scream, Polly said "yes," and rushed from the room.

* * * *

In a year after Polly said "yes," Jack's miserable quarter-section, that no one would have bought of him at the rate of a postage stamp an acre, was covered with young grape vines, the rocks were picked up and built into fences, and a garden was growing around the house; the spring water from the hillside was led down to irrigate it; watermelons and muskmelons jostled each other on the aristocratic side of the house, while pumpkins, squashes and cucumbers loafed around in lazy content near the kitchen quarters; mammoth beets poked their heads many inches above the soil; peas, sweet-corn and string-beans grew and ripened as if it were the height of their ambition to please Polly and the children. Before long, the ponies and spring wagon Polly brought as her marriage dower were put to a good use. Five days of each week they carried Jack's boys and Polly's girls to the village school. The boys are getting to be strong, manly fellows, and "May" and "Bloss" are two of the sweetest little girls ever seen. Jack bought them a Mason & Hamlin organ the other day, on which they can wring out a few wheezy tunes, and the good fellow is just as proud of their accomplishments as if they were his own "young 'uns."

DESTINY

BY MYRTLE CONGER

Upon the maple boughs are swaying—
Jubilant with mystic life,—
A thousand, happy, winged seeds;
A little while in sunshine playing,
While, down the vale, the summer speeds.
Then to become a maple tree,
Fulfilling thus, his destiny,
With deep desire, each seed is rife.

Up through the mellow air, the yearning
Earth doth call, "Come thou to me;
Dwell near the dog-wood and the rose,
Sweet, through the air, thy fancy turning,
And, in my heart, seek thy repose.
To willing winds, be cast thy fears,
Believing that, in future years,
Thou shalt become a maple tree."

And then, as if their wings unfurling,
Out toward the luring sky,
Each trusting seed, yields to the breeze,
In countless numbers, earthward whirling—
Alas, how few that shall be trees!
For while, to winds, seeds trust their flight,
For one that strikes the ground aright,
A thousand fall amiss and die.

And so, with man, a while enjoying
Youth's most sweet security,
He soon doth join the busy throng,
With secret hopes, his mind employing,
By fitful winds is borne along.
And so a thousand miss the way,
Thus, you and I were blown astray,
While one fulfills his destiny!

PLANT AFFINITIES

BY MRS. EMMA BURBANK BEESON, MR. SISTER OF LUTHER BURBANK

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)

THE PRINCIPLES governing affinities in plant life are imperfectly understood, and are only a little less complicated than those affecting human life.

Like the principles governing all of Nature's laws, though simple in themselves, in their action they admit of an almost infinite variety of combination; and present an unlimited and intensely interesting field for investigation; the study of which will throw light upon the pathway toward the improvement of plants and perhaps of mankind. If we could get at the real meaning of plant affinity we should be very close to the foundation of all knowledge and to the mystery of existence.

Affinity is more than unison, it is harmony resulting in melody—the music of life—and every forest, meadow and sloping hillside is a symphony.

The principles of chemical affinity are more easily demonstrated than those of plant affinity, as they deal with forces acting in only a few directions; yet even here we find a vast array of complicated forms of force so arranged as to produce most wonderful results. Two elements uniting may produce a substance having little resemblance to either factor of the combination; a common illustration is that of water, a fluid composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. The same is true of plants—characters which appear incongruous and discordant may unite in producing most harmonious results, just as the lower tones of the musical scale accord with the higher tones, producing entrancing music.

Often qualities apparently new are only new combinations of either latent or obvious characteristics of the parent plants trained in certain directions by frequent repetitions. Or a new quality—an odor for instance—is obtained by the elimination of an element not in harmony with the others.

Many improved fruits and flowers have a complex ancestry, and are the result of multiple combinations.

A certain likeness is necessary to complete affinity, as is also a certain unlikeness in order to produce pleasing harmony.

The fundamental differences between the great botanical orders, like those between the great human races, seem to present insuperable barriers to complete affinity.

There is, however, no such clearly marked dividing lines between species as was once supposed to exist, and there is great danger of losing the spirit of plant life in too exact systems of classification, thus making our knowledge artificial—a matter of dry facts and Latin names, instead of living truths open to the observation of all who love the growing plants more than the dead specimens of the herbarium.

If we would not become disenchanted and estranged from nature, we must consider the life which is so full of marvels and so full of beauty, as well as the form and structure of plants.

Many of the most highly organized plants, vegetables and flowers are the products of repeated combinations as the result of plant affinities; because not guided by the intelligence of man, these have, in the past, been termed chance results; yet wind and tide, animals, birds, insects and numerous other forces of nature have been active in furthering their development by

overcoming obstacles of distance and other adverse environment.

Instinct, which is an organized form of sense activity, is another factor to be considered. A close study of plant perception and movement reveals a tireless energy in the display of expedients, artifices, adjustments and aversions which furnish the key to the study of relationship and attraction or affinity.

"The great fact of nature is adaptation," and

"Form is but the track left by life."

Our childhood fancies and the folk lore and song of primitive peoples are a mixture of poetry and wisdom, containing the kernel of truth, which we now acknowledge, that plants are living sentient fellow beings, and play an important, though silent part, in the great battles of human life.

We may compare the whole universe to a harp of a million strings producing the music of the spheres. Substances which, like the rocks and metals, play upon only two or three of these strings we term inert, yet any one of them possesses latent forces powerful enough if liberated to destroy even human life.

Plants touch still more strings of the great harp of the universe; their affinities leading them in directions that cannot be followed by less complexly organized substances; they reach out and touch many strings of the great harp, producing beautiful forms, colors and flavors. These again awaken the chords and touch the harp strings of human life, which respond to their influence in some form always and everywhere.

In our life, we find response to ten thousand influences too subtle to be in affinity with any of the forces involved in plant life. We think we can respond to all of nature; but there are forces, acting in the numerous octaves, between the sound waves, to which the air responds, and the light waves, responded to by the ether, the existence of which can only be proved by mechanical means, as no human eye, ear or other sense has ever vibrated in response to their waves.

Then above the light waves extend the ultra-violet or chemical waves to which not only metals, but plant and animal life, respond in varying degrees.

Science has proved that, above all this, there are waves which are not in affinity with anything that we know, unless it may be our higher spiritual nature; we have reason to believe—yes, we may say, have almost proof by scientific demonstration—that living waves reach upward octave after octave in vibrations that can never be sensed by us while in mortal form.

A study of plant affinities involves the theory of evolution, including variation, adaptation, selection, heredity and environment, and is too profound a subject for a short magazine article, yet one to which more thought will be given in the future than has been given in the past.



THE DIAMONDS

A STORY OF NOB HILL

BY HORATIO LANGFORD KING

A HUMAN shape moved swiftly across a patch of light and paused when it touched the shadow's edge of the big elms. Because of lateness of the hour, there were but few sounds which foretold a temporarily suspended life—that pulse beat of human activity which breaks out with the first flush of morn, heralded by the scream of factory whistles and the shuffle of lagging feet along unseen pavements in answer to their blatant call. The man flashed his dark lantern and looked at his watch.

"It's half-past two," he said. He then drew in a long, agonizing breath and peered up at the dark windows of the big house looming in front of him through the trees. "And eight days ago I was in New York," speaking to himself, "and I've tracked him—across a continent! And for what? For diamonds—and the bunch of them are worth twenty thousand if a cent. That necklace alone is worth ten, and all beauties. What's the fellow coming?"

There was a succession of faint footfalls in the distance, the distinct "clack!" of a policeman's club against the pavement, and the approaching steps grew in sound. The man standing in the shadow of the elms crouched coweringly until the menace had passed—within ten feet of him. Then he arose to his full height again, felt for something in his coat pocket, and slipped a cloth mask over his eyes. A tremor went over him, a spasm of self-hate, but in a moment the feeling had passed off, and he was gliding, slipping on his hands and knees, across a long stretch of green lawn. He brought up sharply against an iron railing, which he readily recognized as being the bars of one of the basement windows fitted in and locked like a gate.

"Rich chap, that fellow!" he reflected. "What are a few diamonds to him? Pshaw! There are greater things—more valuable things a fellow might lose, his wife, his honor—if he ever had either. Ho! there's a gentleman, a one-time dandy fellow prowling to do you dirt, friend, and his brain is keen to this sort of game. Swear! is every lock as easy as this? It's off, for a fact!"

With a twist of his hands, he wrenched open the door and ran his fingers deftly over the smooth surface of a window pane. A thin, rasping sound filled the space of five or six seconds, and the window pane crumbled, noiselessly, into the open palms of his hands. He laid the pieces of broken glass on the ground and thrust a hand through the aperture thus made. He felt about inside cautiously, and the window swung back on its hinge as the useless iron door had done.

That finished, the man wiped the perspiration from his face onto the sleeve of his Prince Albert and paused for rest. His heart was going at an alarming rate, and his temples ached with the pressure of too much blood.

"It's my nerves," he muttered. "Too many high-balls and late euchre in the old days of my aristocracy. Well, here goes!" He thrust his body in, feet foremost, balanced himself on the inside sill of the window, cautiously feeling for the floor with the toes of his dangling feet. The toe of the left shoe came in contact with something hard, and there was a rattle of dislodged coal.

"That's the deuce of it!" he hissed. "That and a fox-terrier—excuse me!"

He pulled himself up sharply on the

window sill again to reflect, his heart going at the same alarming gait. His heart! That was the thing which had always given him trouble. Some long forgotten utterance came back to him, drumming softly in his memory: "Take the heart out of a man, and you leave a cold, thinking machine." God! to be only a machine tonight, to forget he had ever been a gentleman, to forget the past! Following this came the thought of his wife, the wife who had left him, who, despising him for the shame which had fallen on his name, had disappeared with another man. That was the story, the story as it had been told and breathed about among the people he had once known, the story invented and elaborated by those with whom he had once associated, but who no longer accorded him their friendship or sympathy. And it had the ring of truth to it—that story. She had gone—some said Europe, others stretched their imaginations a bit and suggested Zealand. Why Zealand? Don't ask him. And still others said she had never left the East. Take it as you please, she had gone—gone to hell, as he was wont to put it. As for himself, he had been an innocent man falsely accused, deserted by his former friends, snubbed by the social set, doubly disgraced and humiliated by the infidelity of a woman. God! once the Beau Brummel of society, a clubman, a leader of fashionable cotillions, now a cracksman, a thief! For two years now he had been vowing he would seek her out in the end, he would kill her. He had only dropped the scent to follow this man with the jewels, the jewels he had seen him buy at Tiffany's eight days ago. With those jewels and more cash in his pocket he would catch the first steamer at the San Francisco docks for Zealand. Perhaps the gossips were right; he would look for her in Zealand. Zealand! What a little world it proves when you are trying to hide in it! There is always some dressed-up, caper-cutting gendarme, or policeman, turning up—somebody you knew back in the States turning up in the most unheard-of places. "Why, hello, Horace Wimple, name of heavens, what brings you over here?"—and you are thinking the same thing of him. Bah! That coal—that and a fox terrier, excuse him! Both made enough noise to arouse a fool's bedlam.

He flashed his lantern into the darkness below him. A blotch of light danced hither and thither like an adder's head, pausing here, quivering there. There seemed to be tons and tons of it. How was he to cross that sea of coal? Ah, here was luck! Suddenly, within the radius of the lantern's ray he saw the end of a heavy beam; he followed its length with the light. It extended all the way across the great heap of anthracite. Once more he lowered his feet; he tested the board with but half of his weight; it remained steady. He stood upon it, and once more the agonized breath, the sigh of relief. With the dancing reflection of the lantern guiding the way, flashing in and out, as if breathing an incandescent fire, he started across the plank. A light spring brought him to the cement floor on the opposite side at the foot of a dusty stairway. He sat down on this stairway, parted the skirts of his Prince Albert, spread a bit of folded paper on his knee, and proceeded to study it under the light of his flash. It was a crude diagram, and he claimed it to be a rare piece of cunning—the manner in which he had procured the plan of that house without ever having seen the inside of it. He had hunted out the architect who had built it, said he was thinking of building himself; he had the appearance of a gentleman, looked as if he might be a person of means. Would the architect show him the plans of some of the mansions he had built out towards the Presidio? Gladly. Does the reader comprehend? He looked at the diagram and chuckled at the thought? Perhaps, after all, he had found his true calling. Every man to his true calling, every man a howling success. Hoh! what was that—in the room above? Nothing—nothing. He looked at the diagram again, the forefinger of his right hand tracing out certain lines. "This stairway," he was saying, "leads up to the kitchen—damn a kitchen. The door at the top is locked, of course, just as it should be. Then there is a butler's pantry, then—Gad! a dining room as long as a country club ball room. A hall connects with this dining room to the left. It is the main hall, and also to the left side of that is the grand stair-

case." He crumpled the bit of paper between his fingers and tossed it from him in the dark, immediately regretting the action. What if it should be found, he thought? Clues—anything is a clue, and that architect might remember. The flash-light went dancing, quivering over the coal, into mysterious corners, across the white cement floor. He found the bit of paper, tore it to threads, then still gazed at the remnants suspiciously.

"D—— you, if you should peach on me!" he breathed.

He started cautiously up the creaking stairway.

This stairway had a low ceiling, and was very narrow, hardly wide enough to permit one to walk with comfort. A dumb-waiter of some sort must have been used in lifting the coal to the floors above. At the top of the narrow stair he felt for the door, and as he expected, it was locked. With the help of the bull's eye, he examined the lock, felt of its outer surface with his fingers, gently, caressingly, and nodded his head pleasantly.

"We're friends," he said. "You will let me in. Innocent little thing."

He selected a long, steel wire from his little chamois-skin bag and proceeded with the work before him. In three minutes, perhaps less, he had the door open; it creaked from long disusage, but swung on its rusty hinges easily enough. Kitchens he had always despised. There were always so many loose things lying about in a kitchen ready to be knocked over—tin pans and such abominable truck. Also, there was something extremely bourgeois about a kitchen—any kitchen—which was highly offensive to the submerged other self of the man which stirred in him a species of unexplained horror. A kitchen excuse him. Would the smell get in his clothes? He swung his lantern in a semi-circle, suspiciously, distrustfully. There was fire still in the big kitchen range, a suffocating odor of something which had been overcooked—where was it? Ugh? He'd get out of that place right then. A swinging door led into the pantry, but he stood very still for a few minutes, listening, before he pushed it open. Once in the pantry the air was cleaner; he sniffed appreciatively.

"Damn smell, that," he said.

From butler's pantry to dining room—grandeur!

All was pitchy dark in that great, sumptuous apartment, but he knew it was there, *felt* it, without seeing it; it was all around him, silver plate, cut glass, fine stuff, costly. But, bah! the diamonds—they were the stuff. His foot struck something hard; he stooped quickly, feeling cautiously. It was the head of a tiger-skin rug. He flashed his lantern on it; then that blotch of light went dancing and racing gleefully across that great expanse of polished floor, resting like a huge butterfly on pieces of statuary, the great side-board, the liqueur cabinet, finally the folding doors opening into the hall. The folding doors lacked several inches of being closed, so he peered through the crack into the wide, silent passage beyond. He saw nothing, heard nothing. He entered the hall, flashing his light rapidly, bringing himself in touch with every object, silent of tread in his soft-soled pumps. That shifting fleck of light—there was something uncanny about the thing and the way it danced about like a little fiend without form, without substance, but bringing other objects out of obscurity as if by magic. The man chuckled. He was standing near the wall, the wall next the dining room, when suddenly out of the great hush and darkness of the big house there rushed a reverberent clang—as the clashing of musical cymbals—filling the great hall with a flood of murmuring echoes, resounding in the hall and rooms above. He staggered backward, his arms thrown upward as if in defense, his eyes dilated with a speechless fright. Then it was the ray of his flash-light caught the round face of the big hall clock ticking loud and sillily above him. The man stared up at it stupidly, a grin of enlightenment passed over his face; then once more the agonizing breath, the sigh of relief.

"Three o'clock," he said—"three in the morning, and I ought to be out of this—*hell!* Yes, I'd a killed then; I had the derringer out. God! I ought to be out of this. That was a scare, though. Bah! these—these nerves I got! The diamonds—well, I don't know but a fellow deserves the haul he makes. A card game with a thousand at stake isn't just the feeling.

Tame, tame, and this is purgatory!"

Again he flashed his light and moved towards the foot of the broad staircase. There was a deep strip of velvet carpet running the length of the flight; it made no sound under the foot. Curious are the tides of one's thought in crucial moments —even that of a house-breaker in the dead of night. At that moment the man was thinking of something foreign to the work at hand; he was thinking of a home —a ruined home—the wife he had loved. "Eloped with another," he was repeating unconsciously to himself. "Eloped!" She had made him what he was. Yes, he'd get those diamonds or *try*—he'd go to Zealand, anywhere; he'd find her and kill her as *quick as the bat of an eye!* Trust him. It wasn't the love, the past sentiment, which was eating at the soul of him, it was revenge—revenge! She had ruined his life. She had made a thief of him. Don't forget that, little lady!

He ascended the broad staircase.

The upper hall proved to be a replica of the one below, but perhaps a little less richly furnished, but as wide and mysterious in its aristocratic dimensions. No doubt, through it had passed the light, decorous tread of butler and maids of liveried servants. There was dignity in its very darkness and silence. Trust him to know a place like that. Yes, yes, he'd know it in the *dark*. Here was wealth, wealth of the *novus homo,* perhaps, but wealth all the same. You had but to touch a thing in the dark to know its beauty, to know it was worth its weight in gold. Rich chap, that fellow. Hem! and not a bad looker, either—a dresser. No doubt he spent money profusely, no doubt there were intrigues, journeys—a yacht, perhaps. Trust him for a Lothario, now! Horace Whimple, the cracksman, had not always been a cracksman; he had memories of his own. Also there was an odor about this upper hall, this *sanctum sanctorum* of the disgustingly rich. And it was decidedly a pleasant odor which invited the senses and had an effect like opium. It was a *feminine* odor, full of strange lure, the odor which quickly permeates and drunkens the will of man—the odor of delicate laces, of perfumed hair—gold or black—just as you like best, of scented bed-clothes. In short, the odor of the boudoir. Let him into a woman's boudoir, the *real* boudoir, let him feel, examine, smell and he could tell you just what sort of woman lived in that room, tell you if she were beautiful or not. And there was a beautiful woman somewhere close, *beautiful!*

He felt his way along the bannister railing until he came to the end of it. He then crossed the hall and felt for the opposite wall. A wall always feels good; it offers a sense of security, at least from one source. He followed this wall until he came to a door, the lock and panels of which he felt with deft, sentient fingers. Satisfied, he passed to the next, and the next. The fourth opened into a room with a street exposure. He had also neared the end of the hall where there was a great center table and leather divans; also there was a bay window of heavy plate glass running to the floor which admitted one to the conservatory over the stone port-cochere; heavy lace curtains bellied gently to a stray breeze coming from the park in front. He stood for some time before this door, hesitant, doubtful. Clearly, this was the boudoir; there was a woman in that room—but where were the diamonds, the man? He knew for a certainty that the man, this man whom he had followed all the way across a continent, had not left that house that night, for he had kept diligent vigil in the park opposite, so he and jewels must be there. But where? Ah, pardon him, the jewels had been for his wife. Sure, let us suppose that. He ran his fingers along the lower panels of the door, turned the knob and pressed gently at first, then harder; it was locked. He put an ear to the crack and listened. He heard gentle breathing, a cough a woman will make in her sleep, which is like a sigh, and straightway the blood seemed to congeal in his veins. Why, he knew not. Nothing had happened to arouse his suspicions, people often cough in their sleep. Women invariably sigh like that in the deepest of slumbers. And yet that cough; it aroused something which had been lying dormant in his brain.

What was it? It was possible that she would cough again. Again he listened, but this time is was the odor, that sensuous wave of perfume coming from the room beyond, which produced the shock,

tugging at his halting memory, coming back like a voice. He wiped his face with a linen handkerchief, the echo of that sigh still taunting him, repeating itself in his brain. Then, resolutely, he shook the feeling off and unfolded the little chamois bag at his feet on the rug. He took out the long steel wire, and a set of slender nickel pliars, and began a time-worn and tedious occupation—tedious, perhaps, because he never failed to accomplish the task, that of breaking or throwing a lock, whether Corbin, Sargent or Yale—they always yielded to his skill in the end, the skill of those deft, slender fingers he had. And they were wonderful fingers he had, come to think of it, endowed with a brain of their own, sentient to the touch of unknown things in the dark. He twisted the little wire this way, and that, now desisting suddenly. Presently he nodded as if complimenting the unseen fingers; they had accomplished their little time-worn trick, the lock had been thrown without a sound, without apparent resistance. He stood back and listened. What had he forgotten to do? He did not feel at ease, that voice, that instinct of his breed, it was calling, giving warning. Ah, yes, the telephone! Where was that telephone? Look along the wall just outside the hall window, please—cut the wire. Perhaps there was an extension telephone running up into that room. He would *fix* that telephone! Hah! fix it so it would have to be fixed over again. He went to the window, stepped out onto the porch, examined the wall. He found the wire and severed it with his tweasers. No message now, no whispered call of distress could reach the lair of bluecoats. The police! He remembered the time when the sight of a policeman had no effect upon him; he was even unconscious of this perennial presence; he used to tip them—give 'em a drink, as it were. They were menials, servants, perhaps socially, mentally, not rated as high as Panteur, that one time valet of his, who smoked good cigars—during the master's absence—wore gentlemen's clothes—after being slightly soiled by the master—had an air of solemnity more profound than that of the whilom master. But now!—even in the broad light of day, when he was dining or driving where the *eclat* did the same, immaculate of dress, outwardly serene, his childish, craven fear of an officer of the law bordered onto insanity. He scanned the street up and down as far as the eye would reach, nothing loitered under the shadows of the ancient elms. He went back to the door of the boudoir, assured. A push and it stood open. He took a quick step into the apartment and closed the door behind him. He stood motionless, gazing into the darkness, intently, his eyes riveted on a certain spot. That is the only way to detect a thing in the dark—keep your eyes on one spot. Something will grow there. Then plant them on another spot. Something will grow there, too—no telling what. Gradually something took shape in that part of the room where his eyes were turned, a thing of misty whiteness, a filmy gauze, the dull glitter of brass. He dared not flash his lantern as he stood; he must feel his way and avoid touching that brass bed or disturbing the mosquito netting which encircled it. He sank to his knees and crept softly. In this way he got around to the foot of the bed. There he paused, lying flat on his stomach, breathing long and hard. He flashed his lantern along the floor, bringing out the rich patterns of the thick carpet, legs of furniture popped into view. In one corner of the room the frail, gilt supports of a cheval glass, nearby those of a dressing-table. In another corner was a massive, carved bureau of bird's-eye and gilt. Next to the bureau heavy silk portieres of a foreign manufacture swayed gently to a passing current of air. It was the portieres which first claimed his attention, the bull's eye fluttered at their edge, tentatively, suspiciously, as if trying to guess their secret. What sort of room was that which they concealed? Ah, yes, the man, the diamonds. He shut off the light and crawled in the direction of the portieres—disappeared. The room he now found himself in was much smaller, and standing squarely in the center of it was another of those extraordinary brass beds, the legs of which were astonishingly thick, cold, brass, as were those in the adjoining apartment. He knew they were brass because he could both feel and see them; he knew that a man lay asleep on that bed because he could see his face, almost ghastly white

in the ray of light which entered at one of the windows, that pale amber light which a sickly crescent moon sheds in the early hours of morning. For fifteen seconds or more he stood looking at the man who lay asleep on that bed, his brain trying to form a question. Where had he seen that man before? Where? A flying scintilla of vague conjecture swept through his thoughts—club *soirees,* social doings of the *elite,* of which he had once been a welcome guest, the races at Brighton, Kahns', Delmonico's—where? That forehead, those eyes deep set but now inscrutable in their deep-set but now inscrutable in their this man at some time. Perhaps he had even gambled with him, perhaps—My God! why couldn't he think? Damn the jewels; he had forgotten the jewels. Where had he seen this man before, what wrong, what terrible injury had this man committed against him, for he felt his enmity; it lay fawning behind those shut eyes. Ah, how readily, how thoughtlessly, he had accepted the friendship of men in the old days, how quickly they had crumbled! Who was this man, that was what he would like to know. Where had he ever seen this man? Damn the jewels!

He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. Twice to-night within that house and the past fifteen minutes, a queer feeling had gone over him, which he could not fathom, or understand, which alarmed, disturbed him beyond comprehension. Could it be he was gradually losing control of his nerves, that he would soon be compelled to give up this most lucrative profession as a cracksman? He moved cautiously along the wall, his eyes still fixed on the face of the man on the bed. God! His nerves had gone to pieces. He knew that in this room was probably the safe, those small, ineffectual affairs which the rich are in a habit of puncturing the walls of their homes with. He would get out of this house right away; he would hurry up with this job. He also knew he was standing very near that safe then. It was either in the wall directly at his back or behind the chiffonier which stood three or four feet away. This chiffonier protruded some inches from the wall at one end, as if it had been pulled out and carelessly, pushed back by hasty hands. Evidently the man on entering the house had gone straight to the safe and deposited the jewels. He tried the chiffonier; it showed signs of yielding at the slightest pressure. He pushed with greater force and it moved noiselessly across the thick carpet; he pushed again and again, and all the while his eyes were fixed on the man in bed. The man on the bed did not stir; he was breathing stentoriously, the lower jaw relaxed. He ran a hand along that part of the wall which had been concealed by the chiffonier. He had been correct in his surmisal. The safe was there but there were no visible signs of its presence with the exception of the small keyhole which his fingers finally rested on. The outer door of this safe was made of wood, identical in grade and color to the panel work, which was of heavy polished cherry. The key to this door was probably in one of the pockets of the man's clothing. His coat and trowsers were resting on a chair almost within his reach. He searched the pockets. In one pocket, the inside breast pocket, he found a little plush jewel box, and in this box was a gold key. He felt sure this was the right key, and it was the property of the wife, for likely she was in the habit of keeping her jewelry in the man's strong box in the wall. But he would make a thorough search. It was his dictum, his motto, to always be sure, *sure.* This second search resulted in a shock of surprise, for it brought to light a much larger jewel box, and in this box, laid away in a nest of pink cotton, was the diamond necklace. It was the surprise of the find which at first aroused his suspicions. The man's eyes narrowed to cunning slits in the dark; his fingers were running over and over the smooth stones, delicately, in nervous distrust. Suddenly the fingers rested motionless; he wanted to laugh aloud, to laugh in the sleeping man's face. Certainly, *most* certainly, the man on the bed had underestimated the cunning and knowledge of the educated thief, the cunning of Horace Wimple of the social parlor tricks, the man who could make a rose bush evolve out of an ordinary tooth-pick, find an innocent white dove in a lady's two-by-two handkerchief, pick real roses. from the friezes of Mrs. Van Coort's main salon. Bah! He thrust the box of paste diamonds in the pocket of his coat and went

back to the safe. It was a simple affair, that little frail lock, which boasted of a gold key; but the inside door was of sheet steel and worked by a combination lock. That promised better sport. He began turning the small nickel knob nervously, but swiftly, and after each failure, he tried a new series of numbers, varying the reverse spin; finally the right combination came around. If you have a clear head for figures, deft fingers, know the mechanism of all locks in Christendom, and with twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the inside of that safe, it's easy, at least for a man of Horace Wimple's calibre. He worked swiftly, untiringly, keeping the old numbers and reverse turns of the spindle in his head until the right numbers came around. He knew it when there was a soft click and a yielding of the door. At the same time, the man on the bed turned in his sleep. Like a flash, the figure near the chiffonier sank to the floor noiseless as a shadow, the bull's-eye went out.

The man on the bed pulled himself up on an elbow, muttering to himself. Softly the heavy, musk-scented curtains lapped at the windows. Possibly the man in bed had been dreaming, for he gazed about the room, aimlessly, frowning, then sank back on his pillow. How little he guessed that at that moment long, tenuous white fingers were reaching out to strangle the first utterances he made! And it looked so secluded, so *secure,* in that richly furnished room far up above the street in a mansion of stone, with the pleasant odor of the boudoir to scent his dreams. And the shadow by the chiffonier, for a long time it crouched quiet as death. And once more the toll of the big hall clock down stairs filled the great house with its musical pean of sound. It was half past three. One hour since he had looked at his watch under the shadow of the elms, and those were the sort of hours in a man's life which play havoc with his nerves, bringing on a terrible age. Each hour spent like the last, prowling in the homes of the rich like visitant dead, amounted to a year. The shadow by the chiffonier stirred slightly; once more it was reaching out a tendril towards the unseen open door of the safe; it spread along the wall thick as a man's body; its arm was in the safe. And yet there was not a sound but the soft swishing of the musk-scented curtains, the far-off "clack" of a policeman's club down the deserted avenue.

"Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one," the shadow was counting. "Twenty-one in the necklace alone. God! I'll leave him the fakes as a memento. Twenty-one! That was a close call, though. But when it comes to coal and a fox-terrier—excuse me!"

The shadow slipped the little bag of jewels in the breast pocket of its Prince Albert, and slowly sank to the floor again, and as it passed the little table which stood near the head of the big brass bed, it reached a hand up, and almost flippantly took a gold-tipped cigarette from a silver tray. It was as if the little roll of paper had taken wings and vanished with a current of air which eddied violently at the base of the silk portieres, and Horace Wimple, the cracksman, had quitted the room. And trust him, if he wasn't jolly glad the torture was at an end.

Once more in the boudoir the terrible strain of taut nerves relaxed. He stood there against the wall in the thick dark, haggard of face, breathless, but smiling, a great lassitude flowing like a molten current through his veins. He mopped his white forehead, bit his nails, touched his lips. He lingered. It was folly—*folly*! but he stood there, his eyes fixed in the darkness where that blur of white was. Suddenly he had been seized by an insane desire to look upon that woman's face, the woman about whose throat that diamond necklace was to be worn. He moved to the foot of her bed, reached down and felt of the silken covering. Out of the abysmal depths of his memory—that submerged past—rose the cry of a wounded soul, the soul of a ruined man.

Once more he touched the silk covering, ran a hand along the cool, polished brass; his eyes fixed on the center of that bed. A woman lay there, he could see the curl of a white, naked arm, a mass of dark hair, but the face was a blurr. There was something oddly familiar about the attitude of that sleeping woman, the curled white arm, the little hand half-closed, clutching the lace of the pillow like that of a child's —something which carried his memory back to his—wife. Again he brushed his

forehead. God! what did it mean, this idea of a presence he could not identify, this crushing sense of futility which sickened him? What was this woman to him? Why at that moment, when the diamonds were in his possession, should the lure of those diamonds let go their bondage over his soul—and that shadow of something, a lost happiness, should fill his soul with a nameless hate of the world, should kill that spark of life, of hope, which had been struggling to survive that greatest tragedy of his life, the infidelity of a woman? Well he realized the peril of flashing that light in that sleeping woman's face, and the thief in him was cowering in fear. Reluctantly he pulled himself away from the bed; he reached a hand out behind him, feeling for anything which might obstruct his way. But there was no use to resist the madness which held him fast in its clutch. It was as if he had changed his personality in a twinkle, was being driven by a power which mere human will could not control. He paused at the door again, clutched the knob of it, swung it open, and sprung the shutter of his lantern. It was as if a great white arm had reached out, had torn a veil from that face, laid it bare in the unconscious purity of its classic, dazzling beauty. As suddenly the shadow at the door reeled.

The woman stirred in her sleep; she sat up in bed, groping out a hand along the wall for the electric switch. Suddenly the room flared brilliant with warm light. She stared in the direction of the door from which she felt something had reached out and touched her; it was closed. Perhaps it had been a dream—but why must *he* always be haunting her dreams; why must *he* always be coming back to her in her troubled sleep? She rubbed the pink knuckles of her jeweled hands against her cheeks, nervously, childishly, looked at the little silver clock on the table. Twenty minutes of four! What a horrible hour to be awake! Her haunted eyes rested on the silk portieres which separated the two rooms; she shuddered, then, suddenly, she put her face flat on the damp pillow and uttered a smothered sob.

The man in the Prince Albert was groping his way down the grand staircase; he did not stop until he had reached the basement. There he sat down on the last of the dusty steps leading up to the kitchen and frowned at that great, that preposterous heap of coal. While he sat there, he took out the diamond necklace—with the twenty-one stones—and examined them under his light. Once more he was under the spell of their bondage.

"God!" he repeated, "at least they are real—they're pure, they're the right stuff—no guess here, and they are worth twenty thousand dollars, the bunch of them. Kill her? Hem! Well, I guess not. But I'll go—what's the matter with Zealand now, so long as she is not there? Go to Zealand to live, that's it, to *live!*" A new light came into the haggard face. "To live!" he repeated—"to be a gentleman once more, to love again, perhaps, to —damn that coal! And it is almost four o'clock. Well, here goes."

Before emerging into the street he paused under the shadow of the elms and looked up at the house. Lights were streaming from its upper window; he heard the prolonged ringing of a bell. He fished his high silk hat out of the shadow of a lilac bush, and set it rakishly on the side of his head; he struck a seaman's gait.

"Whash matter," he muttered. "Whash matter go home? Say?"





AN ANCIENT ADOBE CHURCH AND PUBLIC SQUARE.

THE DECAYED CITY OF URES

THE STORM CENTER OF YAQUI TROUBLES, SONORA, MEXICO

BY J. E. CARNE

URES! A CITY of the past! Deserted! Abandoned! A fragment only remaining in its struggle for continued existence. Once a metropolis, and capital of the great State of Sonora! Now only a village, her walls in ruins, and houses a mass of decay.

Ures is situated in the midst of a great plain. The Sonora river on its way to the sea passes close by, and Hermosillo, the present capital, is distant a day's staging to the West. It is one of the oldest towns of the Spanish rule in Mexico, and was founded upon the site of a native pueblo, itself ancient before the banner of Cortez was unfurled over the calm waters of Lake Tenochitlan.

A few miles above Ures are some towering red cliffs full of caves, seams and fissures. These natural caverns were once the home of a race of people still more ancient.

Near by, in the wide, open plain, there are shafts with subterranean streets, which were once occupied by cave dwellers of whose existence tradition does not even speak. I found them by accident. Their openings are covered by mesquite, and they are now the home of bats.

When in the full tide of her prosperity, Ures had a population of more than thirty thousand souls, besides which there was a suburban addition of more than three thousand Yaqui Indians, who lived in a separate village contiguous to and up the river.

The population of the entire municipalidad of Ures is now reduced to less than two thousand of all classes, and is struggling in the last stages of decay to maintain a place on the map—proud of

her ruins, and rich in associations of former greatness.

Great indeed has been the fall of this city of the mesquite desert!

As El Paso was once mistress of the verdant fields of the Rio Grande, and held sway over the trackless yucca plain, so did Ures formerly command the commerce of the Llanos, and the rock-ribbed hills with their mines of wealth, from the piny Cordillera steeps to the blue Gulf sea to the west.

It was the center also of a strong and glittering military despotism, and stood many a siege and battle during the stirring times of revolutionary usurpation and conflict.

At present it is the storm center of Yaqui hostilities, and every road and path to the district is guarded by Mexican soldiers.

For years these fierce tribesmen have kept the region about Ures in a state of ferment and alarm.

Remote from the tide of travel, situated in the midst of a thorny desert, that surrounds and envelops it, Ures is but little known to the great outside world, yet no spot in Northern Mexico is more worthy of a visit. It is a spot full of romantic interest.

During the period of civil strife, antecedent to and following the downfall of the unfortunate Maximilian and the beautiful Carlotta, Ures was the theatre of war and battles; a hotbed of political conspiracy; and to-day the distant pueblos each contain one or more "emigres" living thus remote and obscure, who at that time commanded an army corps. They are voluntary exiles from fear for the rash acts of years ago. The numerous and well filled cemeteries in the vicinity attest the bloodshed of opposing factions before the strong hand of Diaz quenched the blazing strife and compelled adherence to one central power at the City of Mexico, instead of as before divided into States and division of States, each petty Governor usurping power and knowing no higher law than their own arbitrary will.

All that now is changed, and the lives



A WELL IN THE DESERT NEAR URES.

of her citizens flow as peacefully along as do the waters that lazily fill the canals, and wander through the beautiful gardens that bloom in her midst.

Ures is a town of striking contrasts! The desert creeps to its very doors, and the mesquite invades every street of the peon quarter, and thrives, a thorny thicket among the ruins, but the compact district of the still living quarter is embellished with rich gardens as lovely as a dream, where the orange and pomegranite bloom, and the date palm rises in mystic beauty to the ever and unchanging blue of that rainless sky.



A GROUP OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

The zone of "acetecias," and canals fed by the flow from the river's source mark a long but narrow area where fields of sugar cane, maize and favorite chili produce with harvest fullness many crops a year. It is a striking feature to persons coming from the ice-bound north in January to see wheat ripening in the head and cottonwood trees in full strong foliage at Ures.

Water courses chart each field, and these are often margined by tall carisso. The narrow roads and paths generally follow these ditches because of their shade.

The town proper, like most old towns in Mexico, is horrid! No comfort or convenience. No privacy. The worst feature of such places! And so unsanitary! A modest person is continually shocked by this want of seclusion.

Ures abounds with shady lanes. They are so restful! A brush fence that becomes a living hedge of all kinds of climbing bush and flower and vine that grow upon it in wildest and aggressive profusion border these lanes. Beyond is the "sakie with its pleasing gurgle and rhythm of moving waters." The little rabbits come out and play; the quail scratch in the rusty wheel ruts, and then timidly peep at you from their leafy screen, but a yard distant. They are not afraid. The ubiquitous American boy, with his senseless murder-inflicting "pea gun," is not there. The Mexicans never molest these pretty creatures.

Sauntering along these quiet paths, and through cool groves of bending alamos



VEILED BEAUTY OF URES.

and waving carisso, whose tall white plumes rise and fall in musical concert with each trembling breeze, one's whole being relaxes into sweet peace and heavenly content. Dreamily the drone of insects and the cooing of doves fall upon the ear, and the monotonous creak of wooden axles of strange wooden carts take the mind from the present, and transports it back to the times of long ago. Such carts were used in the times of the Patriarchs.

In Ures a person is no longer modern. He becomes absorbed into the atmosphere that surrounds him, which is much the same as when Cortez apportioned the land among his followers. There is no legal slavery in Mexico, but the peons of Ures district are as firmly bound to their masters to-day as they were four hundred years ago.

Causes of Decline.

No special cause can be assigned for the decrease in population. The transition from a teeming center of thousands to one of melancholy abandonment has been most gradual.

Simply in the resistless march of empire it has been left by the way-side. It is not on the line of progress.

Railroads, that ever potent factor, which so often disturbs industrial conditions, on its journey to the sea, left Ures to the East and created instead, Hermosilla, the present capital.

Hermosillo has borrowed much from Ures, as Cairo did from the ruins of ancient Thebes.

As Hermosillo grew, so did the ancient capital fall, until its houses are but grinning skeletons, and the daily bustle of its business no greater than the turmoil of a village street—a faint echo only of the din and noise that once prevailed within its walls.

The spectacle is now presented of whole blocks in ruins, and entire districts a heaping mass of decay, where the wild cat hides and the yelping coyote has his den.

On every side are the dangling framework of costly mansions, which creak and groan in the night wind, as it shrieks through the cracks, and howls dismally among its swaying and disjointed parts.

The State House is the most modern of its public buildings, and is rent with gap and seam, and the tower has fallen in. One part, however, has been kept in repair and is now used as a prison.

Mines of Silver Wealth Locked Within Adobe Walls.

Concealed in many a toppling column and secreted in the structural wall of the adobe buildings are treasures of minted silver, and bars of yellow gold.

It was buried thus for safety during the troublous times of revolution and partisan warfare, when the State of Sonora was drenched with blood.

Such hidden wealth is often found in the tearing down of the adobes.

There were no banks at that time, and much gold was vaulted thus from motives of ordinary prudence.

Personally I know of one curtilage where forty thousand dollars lie concealed. Fifty years ago its possessor, knowing nothing of banks, stocks or bonds, entombed it in the walls, and still watches

the spot, as, with infirm and faltering step of great age, he moves to his accustomed chair. His time is chiefly occupied with petting two chattering parrots and a large land tortoise which has lived in the corral for more than a hundred years.

The tortoise subsists on flies, and changes its position not twenty feet in thirty days. The tortoise and two immense python-like black snakes in the garden back of the old cathedral will go down into history.

A notable instance of finding a fortune is that of the Senor Ochoa, an affable merchant of Ures, and the Administrator General de Timbre, of the Mexican Government for that district.

The Senor Ochoa began life as a poor clerk. After a while, from his savings he purchased an old adobe building- intending to erect thereon a modest home, and in the fullness of time to marry.

In tearing down the walls of his purchase he found thirty thousand dollars in minted coin. He did marry! He married one of the foremost ladies of the town, and now is one of its leading citizens.

Ancient Park.

During the period of her political supremacy and commercial importance, when Ures was the center of wealth and population of all of Mexico north of the twenty-sixth parallel and west of the Cordillera, it was beautiful with public parks, gardens and flowers.

A military band played in the principal park every Sunday, and on all festive occasions.



THE CENTER OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, ALWAYS QUIET AND GREEN.

It is now a cane field.

During those halcyon days, the great recreation ground was gay with life and music. The people of all classes in bright colors of holiday attire flocked thither. Military officers in gay trappings, civic heads and the landed gentry, each vied with the other in the richness and elegance of their dress.

The ladies were beautiful, and attired with exquisite taste. The looms of France

furnished the costly lace and expensive silks. Wealth was abundant, and the most prodigal luxury was manifested.

At the close of the festive day, the bronze and silver bells from old Spain chimed their call to fandango and dance, which continued until the stars blinked in the grey of morning light.

The park was well provided with benches and a music stand. The seats were of solid masonry, with high backs, like an old English settle.

The benches are now cracked and seamed by the elements, and like arch and tower of the entrance, have fallen to decay. They are but monuments of a forgotten past. It is a most melancholy sight to behold! And the old settle backs look up at one with such melancholy appeal!

At eventide, the tall alamos sigh and murmur along the hedges, and the crows and buzzards croak a dismal requiem over the grandeur of this city once so proud.

It is a peaceful spot, is this old park. Many pleasant hours have I spent under its restful shade; of lime and lemon and uncared orange; leered at by the ebon crow, which makes this his peculiar retreat.

Sitting on those ancient benches, one can find repose from the torrid heat of the desert, or the fiery walls of the town. Anciently there was music of harp and fife and drum, but the gentle swish-swash of the cane is sweeter music by far to me, and is the only sound that breaks the stillness—a plaintive music it is, low and soft like a distant echo of the past—responsive to each lightly swelling breeze.



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD PARK CORRAL.

Water System of its Fields and Gardens.

Ures sleeps on an oasis, and wakes to the music of flowing waters. A narrow strip of verdure—a ribbon of green—stretches across the waste of desert, and connects the piny hills beyond with the ebb and flow of the gulf sea about 150 kilometers west.

This belt of emerald marks the course of the Sonora river. All else around is

a far-reaching and all-pervading desert, upon which the cactus and mesquite alone do flourish.

The river is a pleasing study! It is a most useful stream, and more capricious than a maiden's whims. For nine months in the year its surface channel is dry. It flows and filters and struggles underground. In places it comes to the sunlight, then it smiles.

In passing, the bending willows slap it with playful glee. Thus it goes for a few yards. when with a rhythmic gurgle it again sinks into the dark depths of its subaqueous channel.

and not find a pool to quench the thirst. Suddenly it will emerge, and go merrily onward, swift and wide and deep, as if it had never been coffined for miles in crystal sand.

During the rainy season this stream becomes a dangerous and raging torrent.

Water for the district of Ures is vital. Without it, their fields would be parched and the gardens all shrivel and die.

The river bed, hot, dry and dusty, looks unpropitious enough for water. It would seem to require the roof of Moses to evoke any aqueous fluid, but it is there. Under the sands so dry is a flow sufficient to



SONORA RIVER. NINE MONTHS OF THE YEAR THE STREAM FLOWS BENEATH THE SANDS

By the side of the green of the river path there is presented a band of white sands, from fretted waves of the deep sea to the whispering pines of mountain source.

On either side of the channel is a hedge of alamos, willow and plumed carisso, where the blackbirds hide and the turtelito coo and build their nests.

One can walk for miles on the micaceous sands of this river bed, and burn

water all the fields and gardens around.

The method is to dig deep trenches into the channel. This taps the underground stream, which fills the acetecias and diverting ditches, carrying life and fruition to the fields.

After the floods have ceased, the peons of all the farms begin work, and soon have excavated miles of canal in the river bed. This collects the water. Such work has to be done over every year, as the



RUINED TOWER OF THE OLD CAPITOL. NOW A PRISON.



WOMEN HIDING FROM THE AMERICAN IN A PATIO.

floods fill and level everything in its path.

Corn and sugar cane are the chief staples. The raw sugar is called panoche, and is moulded into little cubes for export. Transported into the interior on burros, this form of raw sugar is exchanged for the silver of the mines.

Honey is also raised for export. The date palm flourishes and oranges are plentiful; but they rot on the ground, as there is no market for the surplus. The Mexican buys but little of such luxuries—he is too poor. A stalk of sugar cane is his chief delight. On these he squanders his centivos. In the shade of an adobe wall with four or five canes he will sit and suck all the livelong day.

Very few of the houses of Ures contain any furniture. A table, a few rude stools and perhaps a bench make up the sum total of the household effects of the average Urean. Stoves are unknown, and a mattress a thing only to be dreamed of. There are no covered vans for moving furniture in the entire municipiladad of Ures.

The young ladies are beautiful, and dress exquisitely in good taste and in costly fabrics.

Color is much affected by them, but in perfect taste and harmony. Their dresses, however, are but poorly made.

The American girl is always afraid of her back hair. The Ures girl is equally afraid of the back fastenings of her dress—she has no confidence in its fit and adjustment. Admire an American girl, and forthwith, self-consciously, all unconscious of the fact, she will nervously adjust her back hair. The Mexican girl, likewise, wholly indifferent as to her exquisitely dressed locks, puts her hand to arrange her skirt.

The young ladies are mostly finished musicians, and every family that claims the least pretensions to social life in Ures owns a costly piano. They may not have a chair or table, but a piano is a necessity, and leaning against the windowless adobe home one can hear such music as is undreamed of outside of grand opera at $2.50 prices elsewhere.

Few Mexican girls do anything useful. They are taught that their mission in life is merely to look pretty and get married.

Of the younger men, speaking generally, they are most degenerate and worthless. Their morals are horrid. It is women, wine and gambling. When they can afford it, they spend their evenings riding in a hack around the circumscribed limits of the town, and from one square to another, stopping at every "cantino" on the way to drink mescal. This, with dancing, is about the only amusement that they have, except when a fragment of a mountebank circus comes to town, and pitches its vagrant tent in one of the deserted squares.



RALSTON'S CRUCIAL MOMENT

THE STORY OF A PRIZE FIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO AND HOW A STANFORD MAN WON THE GIRL HE LOVED

BY WALTER A. RIVERS



RALSTON HAD drawn on a pair of trowsers, slipped into a sweater and was now lacing his fighting shoes when he heard Clancy's voice from the room adjoining his dressing quarters.

"Oh, Jim!"

He threw open the door and stepped into the other room.

"What is it, Billy?"

"Say, what'd you think," Clansy waved his hand excitedly toward the pavilion, "they're offering odds of ten to seven against you—you the champion! Why, it's a shame to take the money."

Ralston finished lacing his shoes, and then gazed thoughtfully for several moments at his trainer.

"Yes, I know, Billy, but I can't understand it. Why should I be the short-ender when my opponent is practically a new man at the game?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Clancy replied, "it's as simple as the nose on your face. There's a bunch of would-be sports in this town who think they've got a twentieth century wonder in tow, and are backing him with all their coin.

"He's no slouch, but shucks, he can't beat you, Jim!"

Ralston paced up and down the floor several times before speaking.

"Is that the only reason for the odds, Billy?"

Clancy hesitated for some time. "No," he finally admitted, "you see, some guy has started a rumor that a woman's got you a-goin'; that you've lost your nerve."

Ralston eyed his trainer searchingly.

"Who has dared to connect her name with this affair?" he demanded.

It was Clancy's turn to stare. "Her name? There wasn't any name mentioned—they only said a woman."

The fighter turned away, and his trainer came a step nearer.

"There ain't no truth in it, is there, Jim?" His voice was almost pleading.

There was no answer, and the brief silence which ensued was suddenly broken by the sound of footsteps from the passage-way outside, followed by a gentle knock. The door swung softly open, and a girl stood in the aperture.

"Jimmy!" she cried.

For a moment he was confounded.

"Madge!"

Clancy, who had moved to the pavilion door, stood hesitating. "So it's true," he murmured.

Ralston turned on him with a fierce gesture. "No! I tell you it's not true, Clancy!" he said, emphatically. "Leave us for a moment."

"All right; but you ain't got much time," he growled. Then he went out, slamming the door behind him.

The fighter cast his eyes questioningly upon the girl.

"You were talking about me," she ventured tentatively. He did not answer her. "Oh, I know," she persisted, "I have heard the rumor. But I had to come, Jimmy; I had to come!"

"Madge, do you realize that this is a fighting pavilion, and no place for a respectable girl to be found? Think what people would say!"

"Yes, I have thought, Jimmy, but my coming meant our future happiness. Did you think me such a prude that the mere idea of what people might say would cause me to sit idly at home and make no effort to save it?"

"What do you mean?"

She brushed a few stray wisps of brown hair back from her eyes and met his gaze

fearlessly. "I mean I came here to ask you not to fight to-night."

"Not fight?" He half murmured the question as if unable to grasp its meaning.

"Yes." Her voice faltered a trifle. "Father believed you had forsaken prize-fighting. To-night he learned of this affair and became enraged. I argued and pleaded with him, but with no effect. He has commanded me to break our engagement if you enter this contest."

Ralston gazed at her helplessly. "Madge, do you realize what this means to me? All the money I have in the world is involved in this fight. Besides, people would laugh and jeer at me for a coward showing the white feather. They'll think I'm afraid to meet my opponent. You already know the rumor that is being spread abroad about a woman causing me to weaken. My very honor is at stake."

The girl's eyes flashed. "Honor? Is it in defense of honor that two men stand up and pummel one another? Is it more to you that a few men who, because their lust for blood is unsatisfied, call you coward." She caught her breath sharply. "Does that mean more to you than me?"

Ralston was awed by her vehemence.

"Besides," she was reasoning calmly with him now, "what right has a man of your education to be following a career of this sort? You are a Stanford man."

"That isn't the question, dear. My duty to those who are backing me should have consideration. I must fight to-night. It will be the last, though, I promise you."

"But my father——" she began interrogatively.

"His demand is unreasonable. He can't really understand the situation. How can I, at the last moment, refuse to meet my challenger with no excuse other than the wish of my fiance's father?" He waved his hand in the direction of the pavilion. "What do you think those men in there would say to that explanation?"

The girl's only reply was a dull stare.

"You would not want the man you loved to be a weakling," continued the fighter. "If I could withdraw without injury to any one but myself, it would be different. But others will suffer, Madge, can't you understand?"

The girl's head dropped helplessly as she moved slowly to the door.

"Yes, I think I understand, but father is an old man, Jimmy, and very feeble. His ideas regarding prize-fighting are decided. I'm all that he has left in this world. Do *you* realize what that means? For me to disobey him now would mean his death, and I can't do that, Jimmy! Oh, I can't do that!" Her head sank upon her breast, and a sob seemed to stifle further words.

Ralston's gaze followed her eagerly. "You mean——?"

Madge raised her eyes sadly to his and spoke with slow deliberation. "I mean we must never see each other again because——" A paroxysm of grief overcame her, and she leaned against the door, sobbing bitterly.

Ralston was at her side instantly, one arm encircling her waist. "Forgive me, Madge, I never thought of the matter in that light. I'm brutal. I'll not fight to-night, I promise you."

The sobbing ceased, and she raised her head quickly, her black eyes shining through a mist of tears.

"You shall not regret this sacrifice, Jim," she said. "No matter what happens, my love will only be the stronger." And with a happy smile she slowly left the room.

Ralston stood listening to her footsteps receding down the passage-way, and then as the street door closed, he sank into a chair beside the table and rested his head in his hand.

To give up this girl meant the loss of everything in the world held dear to him. If it should come to a final test, he could stand the humiliation, the scorn of those who were his friends, but sacrifice her he would not. Then the disquieting question of how he was to explain this sudden action flashed across his mind.

His meditations were suddenly brought to an end by the unceremonious entrance of Clancy from the pavilion.

Ralston arose from the chair and faced his trainer.

"Jimminy! what are you looking so serious about!" ejaculated the latter. "Why, say, you'll be a little tin god with the sports before the returns from this fight are in, Jim. The fools have raised the odds ten to six."

The fighter looked squarely at his

trainer a moment, his mouth twitching slightly as he attempted to speak.

"Say, what's ailin' you?" demanded the other, quizzically.

Ralston found his voice. "It's no use, Billy," he declared slowly. "It's off. I'm not going to fight."

Clancy grinned. "Aw, say, cut it out; quit your kiddin'. You've got to go on in ten minutes, so hustle."

"This is no joke, Clancy, I'm serious. I am not going to fight!"

The other stared stupidly. "Not goin' to fight?" he said, as if weighing the words. "Say, look here, you told me there was no truth in that rumor. You've let that woman make you chicken-hearted."

Ralston laid one hand upon the other's shoulder. "Easy, Billy, easy. Don't make it harder. You may say what you please about me, but leave her out of it."

Clancy glared savagely. "Well, by the eternal, she's——"

"Stop!" Ralston gripped the trainer's shoulder firmly, and his eyes flashed the command. "Don't make me forget that we've been friends, Clancy."

The other turned away sullenly. "Say, I've trained men of eighteen carat ability for the last ten years, but this is the first time I've ever been handed a mit like that. I stand to lose a pile of money, but that cuts no ice. I'd rather lose the money than have the sports know me as the backer of a man with a yellow streak."

"I know how you feel, and I'm sorry, Clancy, honest. But it's either that girl or this fight, and she's more to me than all the inducements any fight could offer."

The trainer threw a contemptuous glance at the fighter. "Women always did play the deuce with a man."

"Well, you shall not suffer by this. I'll square you with the crowd; rely on that. And every dollar you lose by my action I'll pay back."

"Hang the crowd!" cried Clancy, with impatience, "and the money, too." Then he softened somewhat. "Say, don't you see what you're handin' a bum decision to, Jim? This fight could be yours for the taking, and with it a fat sack of double eagles. Besides, every guy along the line would go two blocks out of his way to give you the glad mit."

"I know that."

"And yet you stand there as indifferent as if the money was bogus, and the guy with the happy hand some duck you owed money—and all for a girl."

"Yes."

"Aw—what's the use!"

"You've never been in my position, Billy, and consequently can't appreciate the situation."

Clancy pulled his cap over his forehead, thrust his hands into his pockets and glared disgustedly. "No, I haven't! When I do—well, I hope some kind-hearted guy will kick me until I wake up.

"But let me tell you this," he went on after a brief pause. "I took you for a fighter. I didn't think you'd turn out a quitter. I'm in it now and matters can't be helped, but after to-night we're quits—remember that."

As Clancy finished speaking, he turned sharply and was about to leave the room when a loud rap sounded upon the door leading to the street. He stopped, and after a glance at Ralston, shouted gruffly, "Come in!" The door opened and a district messenger boy stepped into the room.

"Is James Ralston here?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm the man," said the fighter.

"Telegram for youse, sir."

Ralston accepted the proffered envelope and tossed the lad a coin.

"T'anks, sir, t'anks." The boy bobbed his head gratefully and vanished.

The fighter held the message in his hand and gazed at it quizzically. Finally he opened it. Somehow, as he did so, his heart beat faster and his hand trembled. Why he could not tell. Slowly he unfolded the yellow slip and read:

"James Ralston, San Francisco, Cal.

"Operation mentioned absolutely essential to save mother's life. Dr. Madden most reliable surgeon. Very high priced. Wire instructions without delay.

"Dr. Geo. Adler."

Ralston read the message several times, his face growing whiter with each perusal. The terrible significance of the words stunned him.

Clancy noted the increasing pallor and

looked at the fighter curiously. "Bad news?"

"Yes." He looked up with haggard face. "Read, Clancy. Every dollar I have in the world is on this fight, Billy, and my mother's life is in jeopardy as a result."

Clancy read the message and then glanced at the other. "Well, what you goin' to do?" he asked sullenly. "Still refuse to fight?"

"Stop, Billy, this is a question of my mother's life or my own happiness. There is but one thing to do. I *must* fight, and fight to win."

"But the girl——" began the other.

At the mention of Madge, Ralston's head dropped on his chest, and he stood mutely locking and unlocking his hands. All the charm of life seemed suddenly to vanish at the thought of losing her. Time was precious. There was no opportunity to see Madge before the fight, and Ralston feared that once her father learned he had broken his promise it would be useless to remonstrate or try to explain. The thought was maddening.

"God!" he cried, pacing irresolutely up and down the floor. "What can I do? There is but one course open for me!"

A sudden cheer from the pavilion brought him to an involuntary pause. Clancy stepped quickly to his side.

"Jim! Come, Jim! They're calling for you. Remember it's for your mother's life."

"Yes, yes, I know, Clancy! I know! I'll fight and I'll win! Come!" As he started impulsively for the pavilion, the door opened, and several men, carrying towels and a bucket, entered. Clancy motioned them back with his hand and then followed Ralston into the big building.

At sight of the champion, the cheering began afresh, then died down, but there was an increased buzz of voices and a general restlessness of expectancy as he climbed into the ring.

The preliminaries had aroused the crowd's fighting blood and they hungered for the main event.

Heavy clouds of tobacco smoke filled the pavilion, and the arc lights sputtered spasmodically through the haze.

Ralston was removing his trousers and sweater, when his opponent, clad in a bath robe, entered the ring.

Jim's heart was thumping against his breast, and a peculiar nervousness with which he had never before been troubled, now took possession of him. The vital necessity of a victory was almost weakening.

He sat in his corner, staring straight before him with a dazed, far-away look in his eyes as the seconds laced the gloves upon his hands.

"Jim." It was Clancy's voice calling him to the center of the ring. His opponent, Jack Brusso, was already there, nodding pleasantly to his friends around the ringside.

Ralston paid but slight attention when the announcer introduced him as the undisputed lightweight champion, nor did his interest increase during the recital of the final instructions by the referee. He could not get his mind away from the events which had so recently changed the course of his life.

On returning to his corner, Ralston leaned back, resting his arms upon the ropes. The constant sputtering of the lights, the restless murmur of the throng, the air of suppressed excitement irritated him. He endeavored to shut them out for one brief moment by closing his eyes.

The pavilion and the crowd gradually faded, and in their stead he pictured a sick room where his mother lay pale and weak. She was smiling upon him encouragingly, as if she understood that he was fighting for her life. And then another picture kaleidoscoped before his mind. It was the picture of a girl. A girl with large, expressive eyes that gazed at him with a pained, sad expression in their depths.

Something tugged at his heart-strings as he involuntarily murmured: "She does not understand, she does not understand."

He opened his eyes quickly. "Let 'er go!" a voice shouted, and at the same moment the gong clanged discordantly, bringing him back to his immediate surroundings with startling suddenness.

He stepped briskly to the center of the ring and faced his adversary.

There was a marked difference in their appearance, an almost unequal difference. The one with his large, bulky muscles and

coarse, brutal face, on which lingered an expression of nonchalant insolence, loomed up ominously against his slight, wiry antagonist, whose boyish, yet intellectual features seemed strangely out of keeping with his profession.

Cautiously they circled about the padded floor, sparring for an opening. A quick jab from Ralston drew a tiny trickle of blood from the big man's lip, and was returned by an angry rush.

Jimmy side-stepped and countered with a stinging right swing over the other's ear. This caused Brusso to lose his head for a moment, and he again rushed madly, swinging right and left. By clever footwork, Jimmy managed to avoid the blows.

Brusso seemed suddenly to realize the futility of such methods and desisted, husbanding his strength and remaining upon guard.

The crowd, now aroused by the promise of a stirring fight, began cheering lustily, Ralston being plainly the favorite.

It was towards the close of the round that Jimmy unconsciously dropped his defense, and the other, quick to see an advantage, landed a right swing over the heart.

As Ralston staggered forward, the big man with an exultant cry, again rushed wildly, bent on finishing the contest without delay. The situation was a critical one, and the crowd arose to a man. A breathless calm pervaded the building. Brusso appeared drunk with victory, but as he drew back his arm to strike the fatal blow, the gong sounded, and the round ended.

Clancy leaped into the ring, his arm encircling Ralston's waist and assisting him to his corner.

"Careful, Jim; don't leave no more openings like that; take your time," he admonished, as he directed the work of the seconds.

Considerable betting was going on around the ringside. A man in the second row stood up, flourishing a roll of greenbacks.

"Two to one against the kid," he shouted.

Clancy leaned far over the ropes. "I'll cover that for a hundred," he said.

The gong clanged once more, sending the two men together. The big man, elated over his previous success, grinned contentedly.

Ralston was now himself. The excitement of the first round had banished all nervousness, and was replaced by a feeling of quiet confidence.

At the sound of the gong for the second round, the fighters met in the center of the floor, and a sharp exchange of blows followed. Brusso's plan of action was to rush and swing, but each rush was met with a hard, clean-cut punch by Ralston, who was suddenly swinging into his usual form. In and out he dodged, countered and struck, the constant tap, tap of his feet upon the floor continuing with steady insistence. Brusso was unable to find him. His seconds were frantically advising him to rush and end the fight at once, but he was too dazed to understand, and floundered about helplessly. The round ended in Ralston's favor.

During the intermission, Jimmy gained new strength. He must win. There could be no outcome, for the terms of the fight were winner take all.

When the third round opened, Ralston assumed the aggressive and kept forcing his antagonist back and forth, delivering blow after blow with telling effect.

The fight continued in this fashion up to the sixth round when suddenly Brusso, enraged to a degree of ferocity by this unabating onslaught, and his inability to protect himself, charged once more. Bellowing curses and raining ineffective blows upon the air, he came blindly on. The assault was so unexpected that Ralston was forced to give ground. He found himself in a corner, with no obvious means of escape, while the deafening yells of the spectators momentarily bewildered him. He threw up his guard to break the force of the rush, but still Brusso showered blows upon him. His wits returned quickly, however, and the one opening he had waited for presented itself.

Feigning with a vicious left swing, he drove a terrific right uppercut to his opponent's chin, rendering him stunned and helpless. Then ducking like a flash, he turned and with all his strength sent a short arm swing to the helpless man's jaw. Brusso trembled violently for a moment, and then collapsed into an inanimate heap

to the floor. It was over. Ralston had won the fight.

Overcome with sheer joy, he reeled into his trainer's arms as the referee slowly counted ten.

When he had sufficiently recovered from his exertion, he hurried through the shouting, admiring spectators to his dressing room.

As he reached the threshold, he paused long enough to turn and look for his trainer. Clancy, however, had waited to reap in the harvest of his bets, so Jimmy continued his way alone.

There was no look of exultation upon his face. His eyes alone expressed the satisfaction of having done his duty.

He dressed quickly. A feeling of abhorrence for everything pertaining to prize-fighting took sudden possession of him. He wanted to get away. Away where he would never again see, or even hear, of that which had now become loathsome.

It was three hours later, happy, yet miserable, that he reached his apartment. A messenger boy was just leaving the building as he came up.

When he entered the room, he found an envelope slipped under the door. With much haste he tore it open, and found enclosed the telegram he had received some hours previously. On the reverse side was written:

"When I learned you had broken your promise, I couldn't believe it. That you would deliberately do such a thing was inconceivable. I tried hard to stay away and hate you, Jimmy, but my heart would not let me. I just had to find out for myself. Upon returning to the pavilion, I saw you were fighting, and something seemed suddenly to go out of my life. Then I found this telegram and understood. I can't tell you now how I love you for what you did. Father understands all. MADGE."

CO-OPERATION

BY ODELL T. FELLOW

This morning, with my garden hose,
I gave the thirsty trees a drink;
When, from what place God only knows,
 A bluebird fluttered to the brink
And drank his fill from that small pool,
 And with a flirt and knowing wink,
Disported in the waters cool,
 As if to say: "'Tis fine, I think!"

Quoth I: "My forward feathered friend,
 You do presume this pool to share,
Since mine alone the task to tend
 This garden spot; while, free from care,
You wing your way from tree to tree,
 From lake to river, everywhere,
Why, then, obtrude yourself on me?
 Begone from out my garden fair!"

Just then a grub-worm, by the flood,
 Was forced to seek the light of day;
He quick became the bluebird's food,
 Then off the songster winged his way.
Thus did he all my aid requite,
 Thus more than all his debt repay;
And as he took his airy flight
 I still could hear his roundelay.



LUNETTE FOR THE M'KINLEY MAUSOLEUM, CANTON, OHIO. CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.

THE M'KINLEY STATUE IN FRONT OF THE MAUSOLEUM, CANTON, OHIO. CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.

THE M'KINLEY MAUSOLEUM, CANTON, OHIO. DESIGNED BY H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE.

THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL

The dedication of the McKinley monument in front of the State House at Columbus, Ohio, in September last, called to mind the admirable virtues for which the memory of the late President is beloved.

It also disclosed to the public view a superb work of art, and a faithful representation of Mr. McKinley.

The merit of the work lies in the fact that it is essentially natural. Those who knew McKinley and look upon the statue recall that on such and such an event the President revealed those traits which are emphasized in the statue.

"The President looked just that way when he addressed the Grand Army," or "That looks like the President when he was in Saginaw." Over and above all, the character suggested is that of patriotism; one instinctively feels, upon seeing the monument, that here stands a great American statesman.

The work was executed by Mr. Herman A. MacNeil and his wife, Mrs. Carol Brooks MacNeil, young sculptors whose previous work has received recognition. Upon receiving his commission, Mr. MacNeil performed a vast task in assembling every representation of McKinley. "The result of his work has commended itself alike to those who loved President McKinley and to those who merely idealized him as a patriot."

A SONG OF PAN

BY RAYMOND SUMNER BARTLETT *

I am the soul of the meadows and streams,
I am the rustic god Pan;
I am the spirit of soft summer dreams,
I am the genius of man.
When skies are the brightest,
And clouds are the lightest,
I laugh through the rushes,
My spirit it hushes,
While gentlier murmurs the stream.

Mine is the silence of hollow and wild,
Mine where the forest walls sleep;
Mine is the home which admits no intrusion,
Mine where the cataracts leap.
When zephyrs are sighing
And echoes are dying,
My cloven hoofs prancing,
The wild satyrs dancing,
I laugh and the echoes reply.

Mine is the depth of the forest's seclusion,
Mine is the cowslip strewn glade;
Mine where the crags of the cavern lie piled,
Mine is the evergreen shade.
When the full moon is shining,
Young lovers a-pining,
Sweet philomel singing,
The purple glen ringing,
I romp with my satyrs and shout.

I am the ruler of wild sylvan places,
Mossy strewn dells are mine;
I am the breath of the wild boar that races,
Roaring through thicket and vine.
When the rosy morn flushes,
O'er willows and rushes;
When curlews are sweeping,
The wild roses weeping,
I rise from my clover-strewn couch.

I am the haunter of marshy-girt islands,
I am the soul of the breeze;
I am the keeper of woods and of highlands,
I am the will of the breeze.
When the twilight descending,
The purple mists blending,
Envelops my form in the mantle of night;
I return to my shadows,
In forest and meadows,
'Till the rosy red heralds the first shafts of light.

**Mr. Bartlett's poem, "St. Christopher," in the Christmas Overland, attracted very wide-spread attention.*

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

BY H. M. B.



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

WHEN NATURE makes a real man, she endows him with instincts for the primitive. Therefore, she makes him simple, loving, child-like. Such a man is not at his best in society, but in the wilderness, among the mountains or by the mighty river. Here, free from the conventional, alone with God, he is the prophet who receives a message for man.

George Wharton James has talked with God on the wild mountains, in the lonely desert, by the mighty rivers of the titanic West. By nature ordained as one of the world's great reporters, the light of inspiration has shone upon him from the desert cliff, from the walls of the Grand Canyon, from the dashings of the Colorado, and Truth has smiled on him.

The divinely appointed writer has an eye for everything. He reduces everything to note-book system, and makes everything he touches tell its story to mankind. The mountain, the tree, the ruined mission is changed as if by magic into music for his soul.

Herbert Spencer reduced the arts and sciences to the formula of evolution. To Bancroft, an empire is but the medium for history. To Shakespeare the world was emotion. George Wharton James would reveal to mankind the innermost reaction of the world upon his soul. He lives to truthfully trace his impression of the human, of the natural, of the divine.

Hence, no sooner is he in the presence of a theme than his soul longs to recount it. Thus he unfolds the desert and its strange beauties and glories; he reveals the mighty canyon; he catches the dying mission with his camera and trails in a multitude of pages its quaint history.

With the sureness of a lynx he searches every cranny of a young literature, that no line of its inspiration may be lost; no echo of its rhythm fade away.

There is no subject too subtle for his pen. The problem Jaques Loeb seeks to solve, or the scientific necromancy of Burbank, or the divine afflatus of Miller or Markham, each alike is food for his ravenous mind. He is at home with the child or with the college president; and each falls in the same way under the scrutiny of his eye.

He formulates a philosophy, while he halts to record the story of a sparrow.

But you say: "No man can do all this; you make him divine." Wait till you read and know; for this man's mind is all-devouring, all consuming, and his voice will be heard.

He is no stylist; nor does he claim to be; hence the petty critic fails to fathom him. To transparently tell the truth is his aim. Self-assertive to the highest degree, in carrying on his work, he is the only man I know who, in dealing with his fellowmen, actually lives the doctrine of nonresistance. Weaknesses he has, but they are impulsive and not intentional. Sorrows he has had, but he has triumphed over them.

How will he stand the test of time? No one can tell. God is in him, and this is the mark of a man serviceable to the world.

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT

VICTOR H. METCALF, SERIOUS AND SOLID



SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR VICTOR H. METCALF, OF OAKLAND.

WHEN Theodore the First (as the irreverent newspaper correspondents in Washington call the President), visited Calinia in the early summer of 1903, he was so delighted by the fine prospects and prosperity of the country, the enthusiasm of its citizens and the large number of babies, that forthwith he declared that the cabinet, his cabinet, should and ought to be represented by a Pacific Coast man. Wherefore there was a great commotion among the ranks of the eligibles. "California," said the Californians, "is the Pacific Coast. He means one of us."

Theodore the First departed amid a vision of molars and congratulations. He had promised nothing, but the wise and otherwise winked the other eye. Victor H. Metcalf, however, who is wise, did not wink. It would have been undignified; it would not have been serious. And Victor Metcalf is nothing if not serious and solid. Whether or not he had cause to wink is quite another story. The present Secretary of the Navy, then Congressman Metcalf, hadn't talked much for the public or figured in the papers, but he had been Johnny-on-the-spot. Whenever the President had wanted the real solid information about the Pacific Coast and its resources, the depth of Oakland harbor, or the price of ham sandwiches available to the workmen in Mare Island Navy Yard, Victor had passed him the parcel in great solid chunks. As the torpedo boat Paul Jones rushed from Oakland Mole to Mare Island at 'steen knots an hour, two conspicuous figures loomed up besides the smoke stack. They were Victor Metcalf and the President. The President's coat tails flapped in the furious wind; envious newspaper correspondents and George C. Pardee tried to get the ear of the hero of San Juan. But he wouldn't budge an inch; Victor had that ear, and he was passing over the Real Statistics so fast it would make your head swim. Snatches caught the ears of the scribes.

"Now, Mr. President, the spot over which we are passing is 4 and 826 hundredths fathoms deep. Should a first-class battleship be armored below water line amidships, aft and furrard with 12 inch plate, she couldn't pass over. Eleven and one-half inch plate gets her over; it is imperative that the spot be dredged if we are to maintain——"

"But the rule of three and the Rule in

Shelley's case," Theodore would suggest.

"I respectfully insist, Mr. President, and furthermore will take the great liberty of calling your attention to what you already know, and I humbly agree with you on several points you might mention, that while these observations are of stupendous and colossal importance, yet it is equally true and much more so, that the demand is imperative for a dignified, conservative presentation of the real needs of the Pacific Coast by one who has made the subject of "Real Needs a life-long study. Moreover, I humbly, respectfully, emphatically, conservatively, strenuously and mildly call to your attention a fact which has undoubtedly long been in your mind, that the question of Real Needs is one that demands a local knowledge of any subject under consideration, tempered and enlarged by an experience in national affairs such as would come to a Congressman from Alameda."

"That reminds me of a Teddy Bear I choked to death in Wall street," observed the President.

"To return to the subject about which you were probably intending to inquire, a large appropriation is undoubtedly necessary if we are to secure that militant position upon the Pacific Ocean which you mentioned in your address this morning, as you sat within two feet of James D. Phelan in Union Square. A REAL NEED——"

* * * *

Seriously, the Real Needs of the Pacific Coast have received the most careful attention from Hon. Victor H. Metcalf, formerly Congressman from California; later Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the present Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Metcalf is the first Californian to be honored with a position in the President's official family, and while his appointment as Secretary of Commerce and Labor came as a great surprise to the public generally, it was no surprise to those who had known how close Mr. Metcalf had come to the President, when the latter was seeking for some one who could intelligently and definitely inform him as to actual conditions upon the coast. Mr. Metcalf not only was enabled to give Mr. Roosevelt the information he wanted, but he presented it in a terse, matter-of-fact way, and his proposals to carry out needed public improvements have always been essentially conservative and matter-of-fact. Mr. Metcalf's public career has been singularly devoid of pyrotechnics and red-fire; he has devoted his dignified efficient personality exclusively to his cabinet duties.

The coming of the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific is in no little measure due to Mr. Metcalf.

Mr. Metcalf was appointed on July 1, 1904, upon which date he resigned from the 58th Congress, having also served his district in the 56th and 57th Congresses. The Secretary's life had been an excellent preparation for the unusual honor, to a Pacific Coast man, of a cabinet place. In 1876 he graduated from the Yale Law School, being admitted to the bar in Connecticut in the same year, and to the New York bar in 1877. For two years he practiced law in Utica, New York. In 1882 Mr. Metcalf married Miss Corinne Nicholson of Oakland, and thenceforth his interest in California increased. From 1881 until 1904, he had also been a member of the firm of Metcalf & Metcalf, in Oakland.

Mr. Metcalf's rather military bearing would suggest the portfolio of war rather than that of the navy. However, it antedates his qualifications for either position, since before entering Yale, he was for several years a student at Russell's Military Academy, New Haven.

Mr. Metcalf perhaps resembles the Hon. George Cortelyou more than any other member of the President's official family. He is, however, not so secretive and frigid as Mr. Cortelyou, and although he is not much more communicative, it is because he is habitually reserved and is extremely conservative and thoughtful in his utterances. He was born in Utica, New York, October 10, 1853.

He has a closer and wider knowledge of the essential needs of the navy upon the Pacific Coast than any other public man.

GEORGE C. PERKINS

PLAIN, RICH AND AFFABLE.

The Honorable George Clement Perkins, United States Senator from California since July 24, 1893, was fairly thrust into fame from the start, for perhaps no man who begins his career as did the af-



UNITED STATES SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS, OF OAKLAND, CAL., SENIOR SENATOR OF CALIFORNIA.

fable senior Senator from California can fail to hit the bull's-eye.

Mr. Perkins, despite his extreme activity and agility, was born about the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, or a little later, and in somewhat the same kind of country. On August 7th, 1837, in Kennebeck port, Maine, he was one day old, and to-day he's the youngest old man, and one of the grandest, besides, on the Pacific Coast. Up to the time he was twelve years old, saith the chronicles, young George Clement did farming, acquiring an education essential to any one who will capture the agrarian vote. At twelve years old, our hero, then a most husky youth, runs away to sea, and for the next four years, he made one of the best cabin boys that had ever shipped from Kennebunkport. It was during this apprenticeship on the stormy wave that he learned to pass hard-tack (and the buck), in the roughest weather, and to straddle both sides of a question without offending any one. In 1855, Mr. Perkins anticipated Horace Greeley's advice to young men. He shipped before the mast on a sailing vessel bound for San Francisco, and upon his arrival, went to Oroville, where he promptly began to get rich in the mercantile line. Later he engaged in banking, milling, mining, and became a steamship magnate. Between times he served as State Senator, from 1868-76, and Governor of California, 1879-83.

Mr. Perkins is one of the old warhorses of the Republican party, and has led the elephant around the ring more times than any one else in California. As one who is able to make the beast perform, he has few equals and no superiors. There are hundreds of stalwarts who find their bread thickly buttered on the Republican side, and Mr. Perkins not only has access to the butter crock, but he wields the bread knife as well.

Mr. Perkins is Plain, Rich and Affable. "He's just as plain as an old shoe," they say up in Oroville. He knows all the old-timers in the Sacramento Valley. Nobody has ever called him "Uncle George," for the title has been pre-empted. He seldom goes to sea now, and in fact is seldom at sea on any question, and he has the rare ability to talk melodiously for hours without stopping to catch his breath.

Apropos of the sea, it is said that last summer, while in bathing at Monterey, the genial old Senator got into deep water—the first time in his life—and drifted away on the high tide, as he always does, looming up amidships like a bell-buoy.

He was fortunately rescued by the arrival of a Standard Oil tank-steamer, and one of his sons, who promptly towed him to shore and claimed him as flotsam.

Essentially a self-made man, Senator Perkins is one of the most polished public speakers in California.

He has done excellent work in the national councils for the Pacific Coast. Those desiring further information should write the Oroville Chamber of Commerce for data on their best exhibit, or apply to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

M. H. DeYOUNG

M. H. de Young, the proprietor of the Chronicle, and his paper, have been much written about, but I fancy that there is still a word to say on the subject, which will place him and his journal in their true light. The paper and the man can



MR. M. H. DE YOUNG.

hardly be discussed apart. Indeed, those who narrowly observe the course of both do not fail to recognize that they are animated by the same spirit—that of desiring to advance the interest of the community.

The Chronicle is nationally recognized for its work in building up the West. No newspaper has shown a more steadfast adherence to the idea of promoting the welfare of the community in which it is published. It has labored zealously during many years to fill California with desirable immigrants, and has adopted methods to accomplish that purpose which have earned for it the reputation of doing more to advertise the resources of the State than perhaps any other instrumentality.

I do not know much about the inner workings of the Chronicle, but the evidence furnished by Mr. de Young's activities as a public man indicates that he communicates his spirit to those who surround him, and that it is because he lays so much stress on doing things thoroughly that the Chronicle is celebrated for the thoroughness of its work for the benefit of the people of the State.

Usually qualities of this kind are displayed in a prosaic fashion. There is no truer saying than that which assumes that the happiest peoples are those whose annals are quiet, and it is probably true that in the long run the humdrum accomplishments of men contribute more to their prosperity and happiness than showy conquests. But there are exceptions to every rule, and M. H. de Young has on more than one occasion furnished the evidence that the lively uplifting of a community will sometimes accomplish more for it than long-continued efforts of the ordinary kind, even when the latter is well directed.

I do not think that anything in the history of San Francisco stands out with more distinctness than the achievement of M. H. de Young in calling into existence and carrying through successfully the Midwinter Fair of 1894. When all the circumstances attending the inception and conduct of this enterprise are recalled, and its success is compared with the numerous failures of expositions liberally aided by the Federal Government, and by States and other political subdivisions, the result seems marvelous.

It was certainly a plucky thing to do. Mr. de Young, while in Chicago attending to the duties imposed upon him as a commissioner or one of the executive officers of the Columbian Exposition—he was first vice-president, I believe—conceived the idea that California would benefit by having attention attracted to it as a land in which one might live and escape the rigors of the winters of other countries, and that the best mode of accomplishing that object would be to hold a fair in midwinter which would have the features of an international exposition.

He had another purpose in view which, however, was not loudly exploited, for prudential reasons, although it was freely communicated to those who were asked for contributions to set the enterprise in motion. Mr. de Young was one of the first to perceive that the depression which began in 1893 was likely to prove severe and far reaching. Experience had taught him that our remoteness from the Eastern

mercantile and financial centers, and the fact that San Francisco, to a greater degree than almost any other city in the country, was financially independent of the outside world, would defer the date of visitation. That had been the case in earlier panics. He did not think that trouble could be wholly averted, but he believed that if the mind of the community could be diverted from what was impending, the situation could be dealt with.

The suggestion was at first not received with fervor. Mr. de Young, like most strong men, had enemies, and they joined with his rivals in pooh-poohing it; but opposition could not withstand the arguments in favor of the project which in a very short time took hold of the popular mind and caused a measurable unlossening of the purse strings, although the aggregate of the contributions compared with the amounts subsequently lavished on fairs which proved ignominious failures, was pitifully small. I am writing from memory, but I think I am within the mark when I say that to launch the Midwinter Fair Mr. de Young did not have more than $350,000 at his immediate command.

But what he lacked in capital for the enterprise, Mr. de Young made up in nerve and ability. He had a commission to assist him, but it was an open secret that he was "the whole thing." As Director General he supervised everything, giving attention to the minutest details. It was fortunate for the enterprise that the disposition to let him shoulder the principal burden existed, for it put him on his mettle, and made him work untiringly for its success. How great a success it was a large part of the present community knows, and the newcomer, who has made his home in San Francisco since 1894 is afforded substantial evidence of the fact that it was a success in the Midwinter Fair Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park, which was established with funds derived from the successful management of the Fair.

The Fair had the distinction of being a pecuniary success. Through the energy and ingenuity of its projector, it was made so attractive that on many days the attendance rose up to 100,000. That was before the city had grown to its present proportions, and when all things are considered, it was really marvelous.

I was shown a few days ago a series of photographs of the buildings of the Midwinter Fair placed side by side with those of a recent exposition on which millions were lavished and which proved a dismal failure. I do not think that Californians need shrink from the comparison. While the principal buildings of the Midwinter Fair were not as large, they must have appealed far more strongly to the imagination than those of Jamestown, for they were characteristic.

But the greatest success achieved by the Midwinter Fair was the realization of its projector's belief that if the community took a lively interest in the scheme they would forget to bother about panics. That actually proved to be the case. While banks were going to smash in every Eastern city and failures of mercantile houses were of daily occurrence on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, San Francisco passed through the storm unscathed. There was not a single failure of consequence, and 1904, instead of being a dull year, proved to be a fairly good one in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

The same characteristics exhibited by Mr. de Young in the conduct of the Midwinter Fair were displayed on other occasions in this city. Whenever M. H. de Young happened to be associated with a celebration of any kind, it not only proved a complete success, but the finances were usually so well administered that there was money over to provide a memorial of the affair. More than one piece of a monumental character decorating our public places is due to the care he took to see that every dollar collected for a purpose went back in some form to the people who contributed the money, and the form chosen was invariably an enduring one.

I once asked a man who had been associated with Mr. de Young in one of the public functions of San Francisco, which involved the spending of a great deal of money, how it happened that the things in which the editor interested himself were usually pronounced successes, while others, apparently managed with the same zeal, had to pass around the hat after the occasion to make good a deficit. His answer was illuminating. He said that

when Mr. de Young had to do with public affairs he insisted that every dollar expended should be accounted for, and buy as much material and service as could be obtained for a dollar by a private individual. Favoritism on jobs was not countenanced. Everything was done in shipshape style, and as methodical an accounting made as he insists upon having from those in his personal employ.

It is these qualities of M. H. de Young that impress me most, and I have more than once expressed the opinion that if we had a few more men of his kind the city and State would be vastly benefited. There are men who are ready to respond liberally when the hat is passed around, but there are very few who show the inclination to throw all their energies into work done for the benefit of the public. M. H. de Young has shown his willingness to do this on many occasions, and each time he has made a success of what he has undertaken. He has devoted his own efforts and those of his paper to the upbuilding of the State, and when the story of the development of California is told, his name will have to be included in the list of its most popular and public spirited citizens.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.

THE PACIFIC Short Story Club is for anyone seriously seeking literary culture. Great opportunity for growth is offered to those who wish to practice the art of composition in any line, to know the books and authors, or to teach. There are in the club members of national reputation who are lending their inspiration to the upbuilding of the work. There are teachers who are deeply studying into the best methods of presenting literature to classes. These teachers are giving the club the benefit of successful experiences. The local club meetings in various parts of the State offer both active and associate members for studies in appreciation of the masterpieces.

The official magazine of the club is the Overland Monthly—the Overland of Bret Hart and new Overland of to-day. The Overland will soon offer attractive plans to our writers for the bringing out of their work, and announcements of this will soon be made.

Without doubt, the field of story-writing is the great opening for literary aspirants at the present. The explanation of public demand for the story probably lies in the fact that this is eminently a character study age. We want to know the motives of our associates—how they feel and under what conditions they act; and we unconsciously go to the story writer to find not only a mirror of ourselves, but an analysis of our friends' mental attitudes. This sort of knowledge, if such it may be called, is necessary to every one who plays even a minor part in complex modern life. It is true that the drama does this also, but the small audience which listens to the play, compared with the immense army of magazine readers, makes the story by far the greater factor as a delineator of character.

The following officers were elected or appointed at the recent Santa Cruz session of the club:

President, Henry Meade Bland, San Jose. Secretary, Lawrence E. Chenoweth, Sacramento. Assistant Secretary, Zannette W. Potter, San Jose. Executive Committee, Mary B. Williams, Sebasto-

pol; Clyde Reynolds, Lodi; Grace Hoover Potter, Hanford; Emma Schray, Fresno.

Editorial Committee, Mollie Bloom Flagg, San Jose; Margaret J. Hale, San Jose; L. Viola Lawson, San Jose.

An adjournment was taken at Santa Cruz to the Summer School session at the State Normal School at San Jose. This summer meeting of the club will be the first regular semi-annual session for the year.

There are many literary workers in all parts of the West who will find the club organization a substantial aid to their aspirations. Such should as soon as possible ally themselves with a local club, as a group of even three or four will find mutual criticism and sympathy wonderfully helpful. For the benefit of those who may be near these centers, it is again stated that there are already organized local clubs in Berkeley, in Stockton, in Santa Rosa, in San Jose, and in Fresno. For information concerning club memberships, the President of the Pacific Short Story Club should be addressed at San Jose.

Club members will be deeply interested in the new issuance of the double volume of poetry from the hand of an honorary member of the club, William Butler Yeats. Yeats is devoted to the work of rescuing from oblivion the old-time folk-lore, myth and story of the primitive Celt. He hopes to aid in rebuilding for his people, the Irish, an intellectual independence which shall replace the political independence now lost to Ireland. The poet has built his dream of Irish revival upon the symbolistic interpretation of old Celtic life.

Suffice it to say, that Yeats has produced some of the greatest lyrics of modern times, as the two herewith quoted will amply testify:

"Though you are in your shining days,
 Voices among the crowd,
And new friends busy with your praise,
 Be not unkind or proud,
But think about old friends the most;
 Time's bitter flood will rise,
Your beauty perish and be lost
 For all eyes but these eyes."

"Be you still, be you still, trembling heart,
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
Him who trembles before the flame and
 the flood,
And the winds that blow through the
 starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the
 flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestical multitude."

The publications are of the Macmillans, New York. Per volume, $1.75.



ADMIRAL EVANS TO THE PACIFIC

Vice-Admiral Robley D. Evans, who is in command of the greater part of the American navy upon its long cruise to Pacific waters, has, heretofore, had an experience of similar character. When, at the beginning of the Spanish-American war the Oregon made her memorable trip round the Horn "Fighting Bob" was in command.

The transposition of the fleet to the Pacific side, which "is a part of the United States," consists of sixteen battleships and a flotilla of six destroyers, and will steam around South America, up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco, to which port they will be due early in April. The normal time required for the cruise will be considerably prolonged by friendly calls of several days at each of the principal ports on the voyage and a month's target practice in the Pacific. The fleet will then proceed on its voyage, and on arriving at San Francisco, will be joined by the considerable Pacific squadron. Thence the entire fleet will probably proceed from Seattle. At the present time it is rumored that the fleet may visit the Philippines, returning to the Atlantic Coast via the Suez Canal.



Copyright by Waldon Fawcett.
VICE-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

For more than two years past, this cruise has been under the consideration of President Roosevelt and his cabinet. The object of the cruise is to afford the entire navy the actual sea practice which makes for efficiency, and not, as the sensational press has hysterically assumed, to give a warlike demonstration for the benefit of Japan or any other nation. The practice which our sailors receive on this journey, the most memorable of the kind in history, will prove invaluable. And there is a vast difference in the lesson of preparedness achieved by the crew of a battleship which makes a short or solitary cruise and that of a similar ship which journeys with a squadron.

To lead upon this memorable journey which is a part of the administration's wise plan to call the attention of the American people to the necessity of a larger navy, Admiral Evans is most happily suited. His career has been an active one, and has fitted him for the perform-

ance of those duties both of peace and of war for which a navy is maintained. Needless to say that Admiral Evans—beloved in the navy—will receive a magnificent welcome from the people of the Pacific Coast upon his arrival here.

The following shows the battleships and commanders of Admiral Evans's fleet:

Ship and Commander	Tonnage	Guns
Connecticut, Hugo Osterhaus	16,000	24
Kansas, Charles E. Vreeland	16,000	24
Louisiana, Richard Wainwright	16,000	24
Vermont, William P. Potter	16,000	24
Georgia, Henry McCreel	14,948	24
New Jersey, W. H. H. Southerland	14,948	24
Rhode Island, Joseph B. Murdock	14,948	24
Virginia, Seaton Schroeder	14,948	24
Minnesota, John Hubbard	16,000	24
Ohio, Charles W. Bartlett	12,500	20
Missouri, Greenlief A. Merriam	12,500	20
Maine, Giles B. Hatber	12,500	24
Alabama, T. E. DeW. Veeder	11,525	18
Illinois, John M. Bowyer	11,525	18
Kearsarge, Hamilton Hutchins	11,525	22
Kentucky, W. C. Cowles	11,525	22

Auxiliary Division.

Glacier, supply, W. S. Hogg	7,000	..
Culgoa, supply, J. B. Paton	5,725	..
Panther, repair, V. S. Nelson	3,380	8
Yankton, tender, Lt. W. R. Gherardi	9,725	4

SUMMER SEAS

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Good-bye to burning days and breathless nights—
To the hot cloud of dust that blinds and blights—
To blistering pavements and to voices rude
That spoil the cities' semi-solitude—
To idle by-ways that the wild-woods robe—
The dainty dandelions' misty globe—
The honey-suckle banks, the bees, the birds—
The lolling brook, with knee-deep sweltering herds—
The myriad cricket-choirs, and everywhere
The butterflies that blossom in the air:
Good-bye to steaming rocks and brazen shore
Where creaming breakers melt and are no more!
Good-bye to the dead past, there let it lie!

E'en to its memory, good-bye, goodbye!
Welcome the morning star, whose level beam
Tinges with roseate glow our matin dream;
The baby breath of dawn, how sweeter far
Than all the perfumes of Arabia are:
The first sweet kiss our conscious eyelids take,
That with a thrilling whisper bids us wake.
Welcome, O Sun!—a golden bubble blown
Out of a golden wave! The night has flown,
And now the azure wave with curling lip
Glosses the clinking chain, the while we trip
The willing anchor, and away we speed
While every pleasure follows where we lead.

Now sinks the sun o'er far Hesperides,
Now swims the yellow moon o'er crystal seas:
O mellow moments under mellow moons—
O cares that sailed away like light balloons!
Not softer is the sea-dove's foam-flecked breast
Than the dream-couch that woos our souls to rest.
A summer rest in summer seas, and thou
With the fair fate that, throned upon thy prow,
Breathes on the troubled waters as thy keel
Slides into port with Fortune at thy wheel!

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

BY DAVID HENRY WALKER



DAVID HENRY WALKER.

THE SUN was sinking into the Pacific Ocean, and its radiance lay like a pathway of gold across the watery expanse. It gilded the sails of a stately ship that moved outward through the Golden Gate, and a small fishing craft, one-masted and latteen-sailed, glowed, momentarily, while its canvas was suffused with a hue such as might have streamed through the gates of Paradise.

The cockle-shell boat, heavily laden with fish that its two occupants had drawn in an hour earlier, had its bow turned homeward. Far away, in the inner harbor, many fisher-boats were catching the late glimpses of sunlight at the Fishermen's Wharf. Stout and swarthy fishermen, with gay sashes of red or blue, snugly tied about their stalwart waists, hummed snatches from Italian opera choruses and unloaded the finny spoils of the day, or pulled their russet brown nets up, all dripping, to dry on rails, where the falling drops of water flashed like diamonds.

Each fisherman carried in his belt a keen-edged knife, with the daily use of which its owner was familiar. Upon his head, perched fantastically a little on one side, was a knitted cap with tassel depending. On the hilt of knives, upon bits of the blades, that were not concealed beneath sashes, on the jaunty knitted caps of various colors and on the bronzed faces of the fisherman, the sun placed its guerdon of glittering light.

All the windows on Telegraph Hill caught the sunlight glare and looked out of their casements like eyes of pure gold. The gilded cross of a church in San Francisco burned like fire against the soft blue of the sky and upon it the eyes of the devout looked approvingly.

Thankfulness was in many hearts on Fishermen's Wharf. Want and privation were not in view. All the boats—save one—were in, full of fish, and that one would be in its berth soon.

Grazia a Dio! The young men were wisely rich in hope, and thought gaily of the time when they might marry and have homes of their own. Bright-eyed Italian girls of North Beach, Madonna-faced, their beauty glowing like fair moons from their night of dusky hair, should become wives. Olive-hued children should prattle in the gentle patios of the land of song—their own beloved Italy—by the fireside when the storms and stress of the day of toil at sea was over, and loved voices and soft hands should minister to happiness.

The old men, they with gray beards, foresaw an early day when they might retire from their labors, sit all day under the shade of their own rose trees, smoke a beloved pipe, drink Chianti and agua vitae, and be looked up to by the younger generation as men of consequence. Buon recalta! They had a good harvest from the waves.

Knotted muscles and undaunted hearts had combatted the sea and wrested wealth from it. They who dwelt in the shadow of Telegraph Hill—merry-hearted Italians—had gold that clinked in their purses. The billows on which they adventured daily, contained millions of fish to turn into more gold. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin and her glorious Son, the faithful should never lack for bread while the surges of the blue Pacific continued to beat on the California strand—and that would be forever.

Therefore, it was no marvel that songs from Italian operas should be sung by the children of sunny Italy. After awhile, as the fishermen made snug for the night, there arose the rich sound of a chorus from "Poliuto," in tones that were deep and satisfying. Fishermen who lingered on the wharf, and others who were still in their boats making ready for another day, joined in the strain which was sung by groups of men who were walking away through the gathering twilight, and the balmy air of the October night, fragrant with the salt spume of the sea, throbbed with the sensuous beauty of the melody and the fervor that gave it voice.

Lovely Italian maids and matrons listened to the cadences and knew the voices of their sweethearts and husbands and brothers and sons, and love-light was in their eyes as they heard.

One maiden alone, of all the colony, was not thrilled. Blessed with youth, hope, beauty and talent, yet her hands trembled and were cold. Her heart was like lead in her bosom. Her slight form shook as with an ague as her maids fastened glittering finery about her; as they put around her delicate throat a string of pearls of great value and made her wonderful charms the more dazzling by all the arts known to women.

"The prima donna," said her favorite maid, who fondly toiled amid the finery, "trembles, ah, so much. Is it because she fears that she will not make the opera house to thunder with applause when she sings the 'Ah fors e lui' in the grand opera this night? Fear not! The Signorina has the voice, the power, the beauty, the passion. To-night her success shall be great. She shall become famous this very eve, and then—ah, then—she shall wed with whom she will and shall be happy ever after, like the Princess in the fairy story book. Is it not so?"

"Go quickly and tell Allessandro to come to me—if he is back from the sea. I do not hear him singing. I had a dream last night—that—that—he would never be mine. Amina, go at once and tell him I must see him, and go swiftly."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the cantatrice and fell on her rich bodice as she spoke.

"Signorina, his boat has not yet come in. It is on its way, and was seen passing through the Golden Gate some time ago."

"Ah, yes. I felt it. And—and—with whom did he sail this day?"

"Pietro, Signorina."

"All is not well. Stay at the wharf and tell him to fly to me the instant he comes to shore. See, here is my card that the manager gave me this day. With that he can come behind the scenes, on the stage, to my dressing room. He must come to see me triumph if——"

"There is no 'if,' Signorina. The work and the anxiety for the opening night of the season have tried the strength of the Signorina. Allessandro shall be here soon. The sea is smooth and he is a brave sailor and a good one. He shall have your message from your ever faithful Amina and all will be well."

The face of the singer grew brighter as she heard these words, but a cloud of trouble instantly followed, and she sighed:

"Your carriage is waiting, Signorina."

"Very well, I will go. Be sure, Amina, to give him my message. Tell him that I shall fail, that I cannot sing, that I shall faint, if he does not let me know that he is there. Say to him that if I am not on the stage he shall hasten to my dressing room that I may know that he is well and that my sad dream of yesterday was idle. I shall not be myself until I hear from you, my Amina."

"Dearest Luisa, you are and shall be my first care. That you must know already."

This was the night to which Luisa Teresi had looked forward in her day dreams for many months. The Italian opera season was about to open in San Francisco. Her voice had been heard in minor roles, and in choruses, but without establishing

her reputation as a singer. Then a critic discovered her, and Fortune gave her favor at once.

The Violetta of the Turin Grand Opera Company, at the last moment, was suddenly taken ill. Therefore, Luisa would sing the title role in "La Traviata," and her cup of happiness would be nearly full. Ah, if only Allessandro could be there—Allessandro, who would tell her how lovely she looked, and who would be like a good genie to make her success certain when she should try for fame.

Allessandro, tall and athletic and handsome as a Greek statue, had been Luisa's earliest playmate, in a small village on a slope of Vesuvius, the fiery mountain. Like the volcano, his heart was aflame—with love of her. No one was as daring as he. None could sing the songs of love so ardently and with such thrilling effect. No other was so faithful. They were devoted to one another in Italy. Life was to them like a golden dream, until one sad day Luisa told Allessandro that she was going across seas and broad foreign lands, and that they might never meet again.

"I shall come to you wherever you are, dear Luisa," said Allessandro. "There are not seas enough in the universe nor lands broad enough to keep us apart."

When Luisa's father had sailed with his daughter for far-off America, Allessandro pined until he found a chance to smuggle himself into the hold of a vessel voyaging from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. Thus he at last reached California, enduring many hardships for her sweet sake, and, after many days, he found Luisa, who cried for joy when she saw his fine face once more.

She was then budding into young womanhood, for Italian roses bloom early. Clasped hand in hand, as from the heights of Telegraph Hill they looked toward where the sun rises in Italy, the playmates and lovers pledged eternal love and fidelity to one another.

They must keep this a secret, for the father of Luisa, when larger advantages had been opened to him in America, had determined that she should marry the son of an old friend, who had many fishing boats; who had much money in banks, where scores of acres of vineyards on the warm hills of Sonoma, where the wine grapes grow in prodigious clusters and yield rich wine that brings in gold.

"She shall marry Pietro," so Luisa's father had promised, and he was known to keep his word true always.

Pietro's father was practical. His son should sail in his fishing boats, should work in the vineyards, should learn to be a banker, should know how to manage all the properties that should be his some day—his and Luisa's—should read, study and be a great man.

Pietro was obedient and he was willing that his father should select a wife for him. When he learned that the parental choice had fallen on Luisa, and when he saw how good and kind and beautiful she was, he straightway became so madly in love with her that he dreamed of her by day and night; and he courted her with fervor and grew jealous when any man, young or old, dared even to look at her.

Luisa never would listen to his tales of love, but would turn away from him gently but decidedly, so that he knew that he did not have the key to her heart. Why, he had all that a sensible Italian girl could require, and he was generous and accomplished, and loved her with all his strength and devotion. Day by day he sought to learn who was the favored one who was loved of Luisa, but he found no answer to that all-absorbing question. His jealousy burned the more fervently then, because he could not know who was his rival for the affection of Luisa.

One day he learned the secret by accident. From Luisa's neck hung a slender gold chain, one end of which was buried in her bosom. Playfully Pietro pulled this chain, and, behold, there was a locket at the other end, where it had rested next to Luisa's heart.

"Whose picture do you carry thus?" asked Pietro.

Luisa unhesitatingly and with full confidence handed the locket to him. Trembling, Pietro opened it and saw within a picture of Allessandro.

"I have trusted you," said Luisa. "You, who say that you are my friend. You shall keep my secret, is that not true, Pietro?"

"Do you love Allessandro?" asked Pietro.

"You have no right to ask that."

Pietro scanned Luisa's face earnestly. He saw that if Luisa had answered his question she would have said "yes."

Very well! Pietro was pleased to find that his rival was only a poor young man, without friends—except Luisa—and he trusted that he would be able to make Luisa promise to be his wife. In the meantime, he would watch Allessandro.

From that time, Allessandro saw much of Pietro. The rich young man contrived many opportunities to be with Allessandro. Often he spoke about Luisa, and to see what his rival would do, praised her beauty and her goodness as only one might do freely who is an accepted lover or close friend, but Allessandro was a prince of dissemblers in the cause of love, and manifested no feeling for Luisa when Pietro was near. But when Pietro had gone away, Allessandro raged like a caged lion.

"He knows that we are lovers," so said Allessandro one day to Luisa. "How did he find that out?"

"He saw your picture in my locket."

"Did you show it to him?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry, for he will make trouble for us, if he can."

"What then?" asked Luisa, archly.

"I will kill him."

"No, no, Allessandro, you need not fear that I cannot keep him at a distance. But I cannot forbid him to come and see me, for then my father would suspect. You must not speak of killing, Allessandro. If you are impatient, an alarm will be given to my father, and he would hasten a marriage, that he might fulfill his promise."

"Pietro shall never marry you, Luisa."

"I shall marry no one but you, Allessandro."

The lovers embraced, when this avowal, for the one thousandth time, had been made. When love is young, repeated pledges of affection are dear to the ears of lovers, especially when they are ardent —and Italians.

Luisa's voice developed gloriously under the fostering and judicious care of Signor Bellini, who had been a great singer before he came to San Francisco to live.

"I shall make our fortune," so Luisa told Allessandro. Signor Bellini says that I shall sing so that the great managers shall pay me what I want—what we will. You shall be my man of business, when the time comes, and you shall take the money and buy vineyards for us and they shall be, yes, as large as Pietro has, and we shall be very happy together, and no one shall keep us apart."

"Your father will not consent."

"Then I shall do as the Bible says, and leave father and home and kindred for your sake and be your true and loving wife forever."

Then Alessandro was very happy, and sang as he worked and waited with patience, as much patience as youth has, for the blessed time to come when their hopes might be fulfilled.

Pietro noted the sign and hated him for the happiness that told all too eloquently the progress that Allessandro had made. For Luisa and her chosen one the days and the nights, in the light of this rosy dream, were filled with bliss. Pietro took a savage delight in torturing himself with jealousy, and he was with Allessandro more than ever.

Allessandro did not fear Pietro, although he saw frowning hatred in Pietro's eyes. He only laughed and sang even more gaily. Pietro had kept his promise to Luisa never to speak about the locket, but he grew more unhappy daily, so that his father noticed the change, and, guessing the cause, shrewdly arranged that Luisa and Pietro should be married the coming Christmastide.

It happened that on the day preceding the appearance of Luisa as Violetta in grand opera, Pietro and Allessandro were sailing together in through the Golden Gate when the sun was sinking and when all fishing boats but theirs were at the Fishermen's Wharf. They had drawn in the nets together in seeming peace. They had talked as calmly as if they were strangers. But now, homeward bound, minds of both were full of Luisa, and their jealousies were as fierce as the molten sun whose glare had so lately illumined their foamy track.

The wind died, and the latten sails flapped idly. There were miles to be passed to get to the Fishermen's Wharf. Then they must row, and they seized the oars, and with almost feverish energy pulled as they had never pulled before.

Allessandro was nearest the stern, and his back was turned to Pietro. The fury of the men was fed by the exercise that sent the blood bounding through their young veins. They tugged in silence, and their oars stirred up the phosphorescence of the waves so that they glittered in the dim light.

Each stroke that they took carried Allessandro nearer to Luisa—blessed thought. The regular swing of the oars in the rowlocks became eloquent in their message to him. All sounds and sights brought joy to his expectant heart. Overflowing with happiness, after the Italian fashion, he sang as they passed the changing lights at Fort Point. The turning lantern of the lighthouse flushed his face the color of blood. Then the gleam from the white light of the lantern was thrown across the boat, and he seemed to have turned pale and ghastly with the trick of the light.

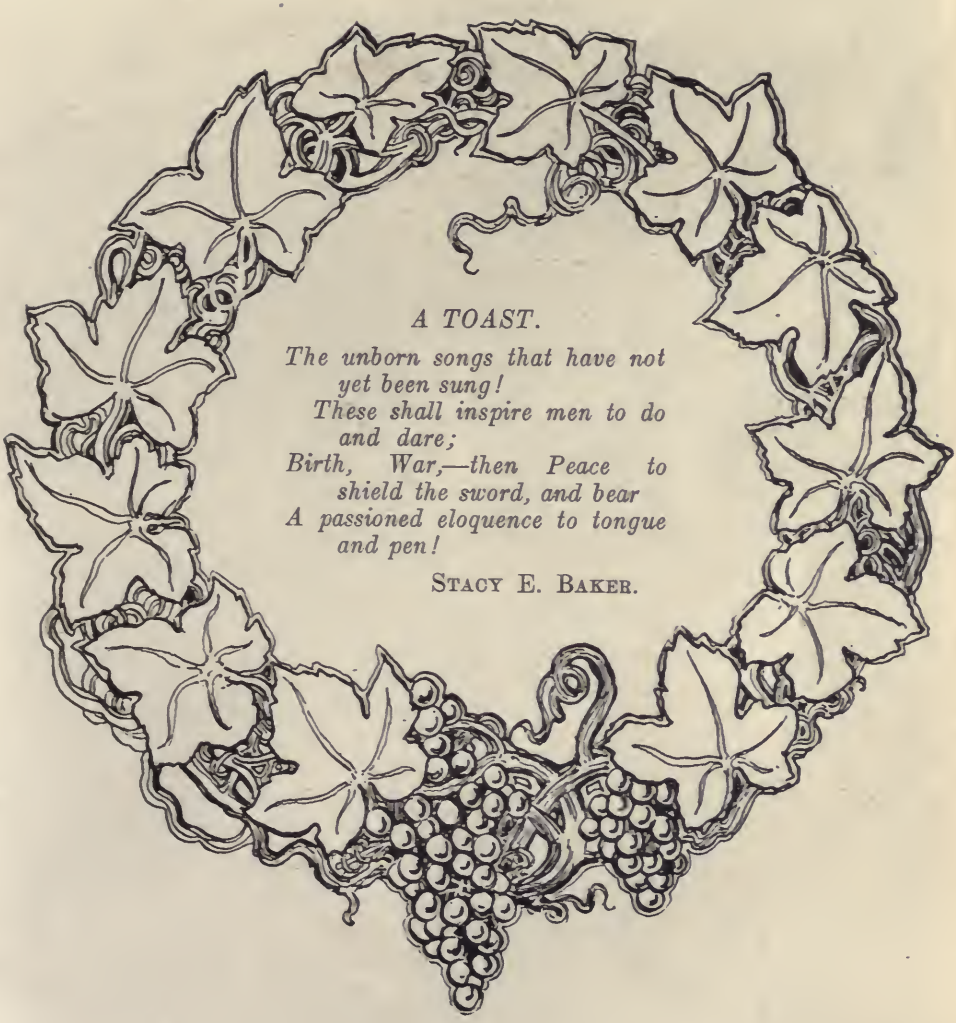
Continually his spirits rose. Even when a bell that was swung by the motion of the waves, pealed from its sentinel watch on a sunken reef, its sepulchral warning sounds, its tolling, was hardly noticed, and the song grew stronger and more jubilant. Pietro watched and listened keenly.

Thousands of lights in San Francisco's homes, perched on sandy hills, came in sight as the boat glided on level keel on its journey. To Allessandro they seemed like friendly eyes looking at him. From the homes of wealth and culture, where they shone, the musical folk of the city would soon be going to the opera. Silks would rustle and jewels shine. Then the people would be breathless when the first sweet note of Luisa's voice would ring through the auditorium where the great ones of earth had sung before her. Such wonder there would be. Changing his song, Allessandro made the air ring with a melody common to lovers—a folk song of Italy.

"Dearest Love, I pledge my life to thee,
Throughout this world and all eternity."

(*To be Continued.*)





A TOAST.

The unborn songs that have not yet been sung!
These shall inspire men to do and dare;
Birth, War,—then Peace to shield the sword, and bear
A passioned eloquence to tongue and pen!

STACY E. BAKER.



THE CREW IN FULL SWING, PASSING UNDER BARNES' BRIDGE.

See Page 216.

MAR 9 19

MARCH, 1908

No. 3 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE "JEKYLL-HYDE" HARRIMAN

BY EDWIN WILDMAN

Something like ten years ago, perhaps eleven, traveling West, I went over the Union Pacific Railway. Even as far back as that, the New York Central and the Lake Shore were model roads, carrying very fast trains. But from Chicago westward, the service and road bed grew worse. I was accustomed to travel upon all sorts of railroads from the old ramshackle, squeeky, bridged lines in the Sunny South, to the narrow gauges in the coal and oil districts of Pennsylvania. But the Union Pacific! From boyhood, I had heard the name of the great undertaking and reverently approached the "two streaks of rust" that united by steel the East and the West. Long before I reached Ogden, my boyhood illusion was dissipated. Yet one thought resulted from my trip along the great stretch of worn, sun-warped, frost bitten rails, stretching over small, rotten ties, on creepy trestles and around hair-raising curves—a thought that rude bumps and rough treatment could not shake from my tired brain: "What a shame—and what an opportunity!"

LITTLE DID I dream that perhaps at that very time there was creeping out across the plains along that very track an exploring party consisting of an engine pushing a Pullman coach slowly from Cheyenne to Ogden. Upon the front platform of that observation car, day after day stood a small, sharp-eyed, big-browed man, inspired by the same thought, and engaged in the preliminary work of rehabilitating, re-equipping, shortening and rebuilding that vast system of 7,500 miles of iron track.

That backing-up trip in 1898 across America was E. H. Harriman's first real introduction to the Union Pacific Railway. Ripe with experience, just fifty years of age, and the master of an original investment of $50,000,000 or $60,000,000; already in control of the Illinois Central and the Chicago and Alton, as well as a director in a number of smaller Eastern lines, Mr. Harriman took over the great American "lemon," the Union Pacific, in the face of a record of failures and rottenness hardly equaled in the annals of American railroad building. Then, unknown to the public at large, Mr. Harriman's achievements as a railroad constructor and a financier, must have been familiar in 1898, to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, and his associates, who paid the United States Government over $40,000,000 for its claim against the Union Pacific. He must have brought demonstrated ability into the balance when these gentlemen made him chairman of the Executive Committee and honored his imperative demand for millions upon millions, for betterment and increased facilities to take care of the

"traffic that was there." He must have even given his New York associates, "backers," if you wish, demonstration of his financial as well as his constructive ability when he gathered in, at one stroke, the entire Southern Pacific, twice the length of the Union Pacific, and the longest continuous trackage on the continent and most embracing and complete system of railways in any one section of the United States, and at a cost exceeding $70,000,000 cash, including stock value of $18,000,000 preferred and $90,000,000 common.

This demonstration of executive genius, over a period of six years, of reconstruction, also involved gold dollars to the extent of 200,000,000.

The Wall street broker, who started in at the age of twenty-two years, was, at the age of fifty, the virtual master of transcontinental railways and Pacific Coast lines, together with the Illinois Central and the Baltimore & Ohio, affording a through trunk line to the Atlantic seaboard—and it took him less than ten years to achieve the financial and reconstructive work that have placed the Union Pacific on a ten per cent dividend-paying basis, and the Southern Pacific common stock on a dividend paying basis for the first time in its history. The gross earnings of the railroads under Mr. Harriman's control exceed $170,000,000 yearly, and in all the vast expenditures in that empire of railroads, the charge of "graft" is unknown. The Harriman interests include "The Standard Oil crowd," Rockefeller, Rogers, Stillman; they include H. C. Frick, master of the Pennsylvania, of vast steel, railroad and coke properties, and Jacob H. Schiff. Over against him, contending every inch of his ascendency, stands the powerful Thomas F. Ryan, controlling the vast insurance moneys, tobacco monopolies and New York traction properties, Stuyvesant Fish and his allies; James Speyer, the banker, J. P. Morgan and the "First National Bank crowd," James J. Hill, master of the North West, the Goulds and their affiliations—even the Vanderbilts and Astors, and yet this little compact of human mechanism of nerve, energy and foresight, holds his ground and steadily builds, creates and controls the greatest system of railways in the world.

The lime-light has glared white upon the head of the reticent Harriman. The news wires have flashed his name over the continent a million times. His acts—his quasi-public functions, his myriad of activities, are known to him who reads. His battles for achievement, his successes and failures, are current history. His enemies are as many as his friends, and as strong. In high places he has offended, with the intricacies of Wall street he has shown a past-mastership, but three vital significances impress themselves upon the most cursory observer of Harriman; he knows finance, he knows men and he knows railroading.

* * * *

If Mr. Harriman had lived in San Francisco, he would have erected a palace on Nob Hill, pre-empted the slopes back of Mill Valley, or even the topmost slopes of Mt. Tamalpais for his home. Heights appeal to him.

On the highest ridge of Rampo mountains, that beautifully wooded chain of hills an hour out of New York City, in the famed Tuxedo region, Mr. Harriman is building a splendid domicile of rugged Indiana lime-stone and steel. Solidity is the key-note. There are no pillars, marble embroideries, or attempts at reproducing Continental or ancient classics of architecture, and yet it is said the "Harriman Palace," as the local denizens are pleased to call it, will cost $2,000,000. Every stone that goes into this structure is hoisted 2,300 feet up a private cable road. When this "palace" is completed, Mr. Harriman will have an abode that might be compared to the fortress of a feudal lord. From every point of the compass, he may look out over the hills of Rampo, across the extent of his great estate, twice the size of Manhattan Island, and with his telescope, if he pleases, may tell the time of day from the ball on the Western Union Building on Broadway.

Mr. Harriman *lives* at Arden, where the air is clear, the water from his artesian wells is pure, and the breath of the forest is ever in his nostrils. His "softer side" is not admitted in evidence by New Yorkers, but out at Arden it is very much to the front. His home life is ideal—the life of a country gentleman and farmer. Upon his estate of 30,000 acres, he in-



E. H. HARRIMAN IN HIS OFFICE.

dulges his love of horse-flesh. He owns blooded stock and holds the reins over his own flyers. He owns cows and sheep; the cows must be good milkers and the sheep good wool producers. Three days of the week are consecrated to his home and family, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Mounted upon a favorite horse, he rides through the wild trails of his forest lands in company with his children. He plays hockey with his two sons, Averell and Roland, and golf with his daughters. He walks, reads and rests, and forgets the cares of railroading, though the telephone is always in close touch with his New York offices. His daughters are expert whips, and can tool a coach over the Rampo hills or in a parade through Central Park, with as much skill as a professional. His eldest daughter, Mary, is his closest companion, and he is oftenest seen in public by her side. Quite naturally, these children are Mr. Harriman's pride and joy, for he is not a man of mystery, neither is he inscrutable, as some have pictured his personality.

The eldest son of this happy family is Averell. He is sixteen years of age, and is named after his mother, who was Miss Mary Averell, of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Young Averell is a school-mate of Quentin Roosevelt, at Groton, Mass. The younger son is twelve years of age, and last summer Mr. Harriman took him on a sight-seeing trip to Washington. He also accompanied him to the collegiate boat-races at Poughkeepsie. But it is a characteristic of the "Jekyll-Hyde" Harriman to chum with his children. He is at present absorbed in the forthcoming marriage of his daughter, Miss Cornelia, to Robert Livingston Gerry, a grandson of the famous American statesman, Elbridge Gerry, which event will unite two particularly congenial young people, both devoted to coaching and out-door sports.

One of Mr. Harriman's "peculiarities" is his devotion to children. This "eccentricity" has expressed itself in the establishment of a boy's club, at the corner of Tompkins' Square and Tenth street, New York City, in the heart of the East Side. This club is the culmination of many years of interest with, and in, the boys whose parents are unable to give them the opportunities that were to a certain extent denied him in his early youth. Mr. Harriman is president of this club, which he has liberally endowed and which is the largest of its kind in the world. It is not religious or reformatory, or ethical in its character, but simply a big playground or play-house for something like ten thousand boys from the so-called slums of New York City. Large gymnasiums, baths, reading rooms, play-rooms, a miniature theatre, and nearly half a hundred separate club rooms, give these fortunate youngsters every opportunity to express themselves, through base-ball associations, camera clubs, musical clubs, debating societies, social clubs, or whatever they will.

Though Mr. Harriman frequently visits his pet boy's club, and participates in their sports, Arden is the *sumum bonum* of his pleasures. To quote his own words, "Arden to me is the Arden of 'As You Like It' * * * a retreat from the world worries. Here I seek to free myself from all business cares, and so far I have been successful. My guests here are made to understand that they are most welcome if they abstain from talking shop."

In New York, the town house of the Harrimans, is not so unpretentious in its architecture. For many years, Mr. Harriman lived just above the Vanderbilts, off Fifth avenue, in a rather modest house, which was one-half office and one-half domicile, for many of the largest financial *coups* were worked out at his home, where each morning he cleared away a great deal of intricate business before going down to his city office at 120 Broadway. These offices are quite as quaint and old-fashioned as can be found in the business heart of New York, and do not bear the impression of the immense transactions that take place there. In the social life of the metropolis, Mr. Harriman personally is seldom in evidence, though his family and his wife's family have placed the Harrimans in the most exclusive social set in New York. Gossip has had it that at the time that Mr. Stuyvesant Fish was deposed from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railway, Mrs. Fish, who, it is said, aims to bear the mantle of the elder Mrs. Astor, as the social leader of New York, attempted to "cut" the Harrimans and exclude them from some of the exclu-



E. H. HARRIMAN'S NEW CITY HOME, 11 EAST SIXTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

sive functions. If this were the case, her failure was conspicuous, for there are no more popular people in the younger set of New York than the Harriman girls. Miss Cornelia is a vivacious golden-haired beauty, with a rose and white skin, reflecting the love of the simple life out of doors. Miss Mary, a piquante, handsome girl, with large brown eyes and brown hair, always brushed back in an unwaved pompadour. She is the president of the Junior League, an association originally organized for the promotion of the Settlement Movement, and which has been particularly effective in bringing public and private relief to many needy people on the East Side. The group of young ladies of which Miss Harriman is president, raises over $10,000 a year to sustain the work in Settlement houses in New York, and provide for the salaries of trained nurses who are placed at the service of the sick poor in the congested parts of the city. Cooking is taught and many practical forms of philanthropy are carried out, all of which Miss Harriman takes part in, together with her associates. The outgrowth of this organization has been a large number of "Neighborhood Boards," and the work has spread effectively throughout the city, and has resulted in bringing the richest members of New York city's families in closer touch with the needs of the poor of the city.

In all the activities of the members of Mr. Harriman's family, there is apparent the strong spirit of organization and a keen desire to be useful in the world. Constructive is the word that might be applied to the Harriman character, and through their works they are known, and by their works they are willing to stand, as was instanced one day when an interviewer, calling upon Mr. Harriman in his office, pinioned him with a number of very pertinent questions regarding certain criticisms upon his management of his railroad interests. As the questions were flung at him, Mr. Harriman's eyes snapped and his fingers drummed fiercely upon his desk, but his only answer was to take from one of the pigeon-holes a long, type-written statement, filled with facts and figures—the record of the work and results of his handling of the properties of the Union Pacific, and thrust it under the nose of his interrogator. He was willing to permit judgment to be formed only upon the statistical history of his operations.

"No matter what any man says, *that* remains," he is quoted as having said.

Mr. Harriman's physiognomy has baffled many a student of character. The seeming weakness of a receding chin is counterbalanced by a muscular jaw. His nose is long and straight—a sharp Yankee nose. His brow is high and oval—a phrenologist would credit Mr. Harriman with great intuitive acumen as well as well developed prowess of acquisitiveness. His mouth is straight, but the lips, shadowed by a drooping mustache, are full. A fondness for hats that are apparently too large gives Mr. Harriman's face the appearance of smallness, but bare-headed, the high, round dome and broad temples contributes character and dignity that distinguish the man.

His small, well-knit form is agile and muscular. His eyes are grey and deep-set, snappy and fearless, piercing and alert. His manner is dry and decisive. His face is as expressionless as a poker players, but behind the mask that has baffled many a student of character is a temper as hot as Lucifer's. Precision and imperiousness are plainly evident in his manner.

Mr. Harriman's father was an Episcopal clergyman, who had at Mr. Harriman's birth a small charge in Hempstead, L. I., that paid him $200 a year. His mother was a woman of aristocratic breeding and great force of character, a member of one of the best New Jersey families. From her, Mr. Harriman inherited the qualities that have frequently given him the title of an aristocrat. He has one brother living, Orlando, a real estate dealer in Brooklyn, one of his sisters married Chas. D. Simmons, a prominent New York banker, and the other a Van Renssalaer. His uncle, Olive Harriman, was a prominent merchant of New York who, when Mr. Harriman organized the firm of E. H. Harriman & Co., in 1870, was associated with him. Mr. Harriman's relations with the Fish family began when Nicholas Fish, a brother of Stuyvesant Fish, entered the firm, though Mr. Harriman resigned at that time. He was a director in the Illinois Central when Mr. Fish was chosen president, and it is said that Mr.

Harriman's stock interest won the day. Oliver Harriman, his uncle, was largely interested in Illinois Central, and was a director of the railroad company. The assertion that Stuyvesant Fish "made" Mr. Harriman hardly seems to bear the light of fact. In truth, the early relations of these two men appear to have been at least of quite mutual helpfulness.

Early records and the "say so" of neighbors and parishioners of Harriman's charge are pleased to recall that "E. H." was always a "scrapper." Schoolmates in Trinity school, New York, tell of young Harriman's leadership in organization and sports. As a youth, all agree he was an exceptional boy, and as a young man in Wall street, his associates recognized in him a man who was everlastingly after the Almighty Dollar. Thrift was a necessity in the Harriman household in the Railway King's youth, and the value of a dollar was early brought home to him. The value of power became apparent later. He was one of six children, four boys and two girls. After a rudimentary education, Mr. Harriman was forced to grapple with the problem of self-support, and that at eighteen years of age. Wall street was his *alma mater*. Its methods and morals were his university course. In Wall street he found every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Jay Gould, Jim Fish and Daniel Drew were the dominent men of the street when Harriman became a "trader," and it was their method of finance that gave him his first lessons in the game of wealth. But he made money and grew rich. As soon as his operations and marginal profits as a broker enabled him to enter a larger arena, Mr. Harriman chose the field of railroading. He mastered the intricacies of management and studied the methods of construction—he built. His ideas were good, he had forsight to grasp conditions, and he believed in the growth of America. His marked ability in the constructive



MARY HARRIMAN DRIVING, CORNELIA ON REAR SEAT.

side of railroading as well as his sure knowledge of the financial game in Wall street, won him the confidence of the great bankers and railroad men—they knew their property would grow in value in his charge. J. P. Morgan alone worsted him in a fight for control of the Erie Railroad, when that poor old ill-starred company was sick and looted. But his fight with Morgan sharpened his wit. Mr. Harriman is accused of tactlessness. His relations with men are brusque, straight to the point, and take on a degree of harshness, but when dire calamities have called for action, when a man was needed to act quick and with resource it had not been necessary to approach Mr. Harriman through devious ways of diplomacy. When the Colorado river overflowed and the Government was impotent to close the break and save the lives and property of hundreds, perhaps thousands of families, Mr. Harriman turned the whole forces of the Southern Pacific at work and in fifteen days and two hours dumped 77,000 cubic yards of rock, gravel and clay into the breach and held the flood. When the San Francisco disaster appalled the nation and threw the city into a chaotic ruin, the "tactless" Harriman moved 200,000 impoverished people out of the city without accident.

But the "silent man" can talk as well as act. At the time of the recent financial panic, these terse words fell from his lips: "I am a patriotic believer in the future of this country, but at the same time, I am keenly aware of its follies. * * * I think that the people will see that what is true of finance is true of politics and society. They have too long followed the banner, of every self-appointed Moses that has come along to show them out of the Wilderness. They have had the get-rich-quick bacillus, and this has led to all kinds of chimerical and fraudulent schemes. They have found the same kind of leaders in politics—not men who had the real interest of the public at heart, but charlatan leaders who, for self-aggrandizement, have been undermining business conditions. We have had monkey dinners and the idle and foolish vaporings and routs of society. Indeed, it is a time for less champagne and truffles and more roast beef and milk."



E. H. HARRIMAN'S PRESENT HOME AT ARDEN, N. Y., IN THE RAMPO MOUNTAIN.

These words may be "brusque," but they

are at least fearless, and are indicative of the character of the man. In the height of the panicky conditions, when manufacturers, commercial institutions and railroads were reducing their forces by the thousands, and it was reported that the Union Pacific had dropped 20,000 men from its pay rolls, Mr. Harriman declared that "no such orders have been given, nor are they contemplated. We are going ahead and attending to our business in meeting our traffic demands as sensible business men should."

When the constructive work of Edward H. Harriman is summed up, the biographer of the future will have some mighty important facts to chronicle. The man who recreated the railroads of the Pacific Coast, shortened, rehabilitated, practically rebuilt a straight line of steel and earth from the Mississippi to the Sierras, who restored and replaced with modern steel ships a worn-out line to Asia and the Philippines, and who opened up a through trunk line from the arsenals and powder factories of the East to the defenses and fleets of the West, will take a high place in the record of American achievement.

Should our coasts be threatened from enemies in the Pacific, Asiatic or European, should our island possessions be attacked or invaded, there is one man in the United States who would be asked to do a vital share in such a crisis—that man is the tempestuous, "tactless," "Jekyll-Hyde" Harriman, who has said that "to achieve what the world calls success, a man must attend strictly to his business and keep a little in advance of his times."

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL CIVILIZATION

BY JOHN A. HENSHALL

THE correspondent of the London Times, referring to the Japanese question on the Pacific Coast, philosophizes as follows: "At the bottom of the feeling toward Japan is the belief—though not one man in a thousand would be willing to admit it—that the whites are in the presence of a civilization more efficient than their own."

If cheapness of production and a consequent low standard of living be the criteria by which a civilization is judged, we are face to face with a civilization—not more efficient—but more fit to survival, than our own. Hindustan from a similar point of view is the developer of a civilization more efficient than that of Great Britain. Already the Manchester millowners are sounding the alarm. Indian cotton mills, under the favorable surroundings of this more "efficient" civilization, are driving their English god-fathers west of the Red Sea. If efficiency be synonymous with fitness to survive, through the cheapness of production resultant from the hopeless poverty of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of a country, then the civilizations of Japan, China and Hindustan outclass those of America, Germany and England as the mid-day sun does a tallow dip. The London correspondent is mistaken. His mental rating of the word efficiency is incorrect. His pessimistic deduction is but a manifestation of the manufacturing retrenchment and consequent commercial dyspepsia from which his country is suffering, and which is due, not so much to its Asiatic competitors, as to those of Caucasian blood. So much for undigested opinion.

This "civilization more efficient than our own," already presents a powerful object lesson in the Hawaiian Islands. The white industrial, with his many complex wants and expensive manner of living, has practically disappeared. In his place an Oriental, an exponent of the simplest of simple lives, a mere human machine, whose god is an Emperor, and whose heaven is a grave, for his country, has appeared. Comparison cannot be made between two such differing races. There is room for both in their respective spheres, but the indiscriminate association of peoples whose ideals, religions, social orders and moral conceptions are so different is fraught with evil for both in the end.



THEY'RE OFF!

A WOMAN CREW---AN ENGLISH EMANCIPATION

BY HAROLD MONTAGUE SPARK

"AND, MY DEAR, they actually row with double skulls."

The Berkeley College girl who had just stepped down the steamer's gang plank was almost breathless as she volleyed from an inexhaustible vocabulary her story of European experiences.

The girl on the dock listened with dignity and patience. She had come to meet the boat, expecting to be entranced by a second-hand, close-up view of the purple robed gods and goddesses of Europe, and here was her chum talking volubly and enthusiastically of "female watermen."

"Oh, the king and queen," repeated the Berkeley College girl. "Why, yes, I saw them. I'm coming to that presently, but I must tell you every last thing about the girls who row with double sculls."

We are all prone to look at things through the small end of the telescope. Observing tourists, like the Wellesley girl, have found their chief delight abroad in sights totally different to those they anticipated going into raptures over. The girls who row double sculls on the Thames have been a source of astonishment to numbers of the American visitors to London during the past year. It's a curious story, and one that is of world-wide interest, apart from the oddity of girls rowing a double-oared eight and rowing well.

The girls are not freaks, faddists or professionals. Strange as it may seem to Americans, they are just "shop girls," or "salesladies," as they would insist upon being called if they lived in America. They row after hours, and merely as a recreation, and to retain the ruddy and robust health with which Nature (a kindly disposed lady in that respect in England) has endowed them.

At least that is the chief reason. Out of the goodness of their hearts, these girl "oarsmen" have established a sort of slum navy, and have placed their services at the disposal of any well meaning person who wishes to give an aquatic outing to the children of the poor. On these occasions, the girls take charge of separate



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP ROW: R. SKINNER, L. SKINNER, DR. FURNIVALL, A. DEWAR, E. SEWELL, P. FISHER. BOTTOM ROW: MISS MILLS, KATE LOCK (CAPTAIN), G. JARVIS.



BRINGING DOWN THE SCULLS.

boat loads of youngsters, pull them to Kew Gardens or to some similar resort beyond the city, regale them with tea and buns and paddle them back to town again.

The coxswain of the girls' eight is Dr. Furnivall, an octogenarian philanthropist who paved the way for the formation of the club. While others were devising ways and means of providing leisure hour recreation for the girls who work in London's stores and shops, and permitting themselves to think only along the lines of gymnastic exercises or literary evenings Dr. Furnivall astonished every one by suggesting the always available river as the natural playground of the workwomen of the world's metropolis.



MISS KATE LOCK, CAPTAIN OF THE EIGHT

The unique idea found instant favor, and the Thames is now enlivened by numerous girl scullers and crews who find keen pleasure in a spin up the river in the long English twilight. But Dr. Furnivall's own girls' rowing club is the star organization. For, as the Berkeley girl informed her chum in breathless sentences: "They row double sculls."

The club-house on the banks of the Thames is cosily fitted up, and there gathers in it every evening a host of pretty girls, all of whom can row at least a little, so that the crews for the boats are easily made up when the time comes for a trip up the river.

There is no ennui visible in this club-house. The girls come from their homes or from their rooms with their minds made up to enjoy a pleasant evening. A merry tune is being played on the piano when the visitor looks in. A group of dainty English damsels forms a semi-circle around the player, trilling in the rich English voices some popular air. There is the best of good feeling. Some are discussing the events of the day at the various places of employment; others are looking over the magazines; a few are writing letters; fewer still, but still some, are busy with needlework. The scene is fit for an artist's brush; it is homelike, pleasing, alluring.

Dr. Furnivall bustles in—a patriarch with a flowing white beard and an ever-smiling eye; delighted with the success of his plan for providing the girls of London with a unique form of after-hours' amusement. He whispers in the ear of a handsome brunette who is of the group of singers. She is Katie Lock, the adored captain of the eight-oared crew.

"Get the boat out, girls," she calls to the assemblage in general.

Instantly, all is pleased activity. The girls go to the dressing rooms and don sweaters. The eight favored ones who are to take the boat out lift the handsome craft from its place, and in as quick time as any male crew could do it, they have it on the dock en route for the water. Then the boat is launched, and the girls hurry back for the oars. Sharp words of command follow, and the crew are in place, the boat is shoved off, and, followed by the cheers of the other girls, the shell is pulled to the center of the river. Then, with Dr. Furnivall holding the rudder lines, the

Up the river travels the boat, beyond the heavy traffic, that forces Dr. Furnivall to dodge in and out of interposing craft, up to the clear, sweet water of the upper stretch, where the banks are green and the ramshackle structures of the city are replaced by noble mansions and deeply-wooded parks.

The girls enjoy it more than anything else in their lives. They rest on their oars in a lovely spot, where white swans float gracefully on the placid surface of the river, and tree covered islands and banks overgrown with wild flowers make



MISS KATE LOCK. DR. FURNIVALL.

word is given to give way, and the boat fairly races through the water, for the eight sturdy girls are no novices at this sort of exercise.

It is no easy matter to pull double sculls in an eight-oared boat, but the girls' crew do it with the skill of veterans, and old rowing men who watch the progress of the shell from the club-houses along the river's banks are enthusiastic over the perfect stroke as well as full of admiration for the attractive appearance of the girls themselves.

a fairy-like scene. They fill their lungs with the pure air that the smoke of London cannot defile, and drift lazily with the tide in placid, absolutely perfect contentment.

Dr. Furnivall gives the word, and the return trip is made leisurely to the soft music of the distant city's hum, and the float is reached all too soon for Captain Katie and her fine crew.

At the clubhouse, mothers and sisters gather for the evening, and games are in order, or anything else that the girls



LADIES' EIGHT AT HAMMERSMITH.

fancy. The girls are made to feel that it is their clubhouse, and they do as they please, the directors placing no restraint on the members in respect to any innocent amusement they fancy. Two subjects are barred, religion and politics. No one is asked her views regarding the story of the loaves and fishes or of Jonah's whale, neither are the doings of the "shrieking sisterhood," as the suffragettes are called in London, allowed to be discussed. The girls are glad it is so. They see enough of the more serious things of life in their daily work at the stores. At their club they meet for amusement, and envious visitors not of the class eligible for membership, are convinced that they find it at this unique establishment.



TAKING OUT THE BOAT FROM THE YARD.

GLIMPSES OF JAPANESE VILLAGE LIFE

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

Hidden away in the folds of Japanese hills lies the village of which I am thinking. The sacred Fujiyama towers above it, and a lake blue as a turquoise ripples at its feet. In size and general appearance it is like a thousand others dotted over that fertile country. There are the same thatched roofs studded with stones, the same neat streets, the same dainty gardens. But its remoteness from towns and civilization gives the hamlet a distinctive character of its own. Aloof from progress, it remains a fragment of the Middle Ages, isolated in the midst of a modern, progressive country.



NCE WITH six idle weeks of golden summer days before me, I slipped away to this village of the Blue Lake, that I might see something of those old customs so fast dying out in the towns of Japan. The journey there was rough, and was also devoid of little comforts. From early morning until late evening, I pressed slowly forward over the unbeaten tracks, sometimes on foot, sometimes by pack horse, when I had the good fortune to meet one coming down from the hills laden with fragrant grass, and led by a buxom, red-cheeked peasant girl. My seat high up on the sweet, swaying burden was precarious enough, but luckily Japanese pack-horses are sure-footed, because of the straw *waraji*, which swaddle their feet. Every few miles, as one sandal wore through, the horse-girl unearthed another from under the load, and we proceeded—with monotonous regularity. From this constant re-shoeing comes the quaint old Japanese custom of measuring distance by sandal-lengths. "In how many *waraji* shall we reach our journey's end?" the impatient traveler asks.

Deeper and yet deeper we dived into thickly wooded hills, musical with the song of *semi* (cicadae), till at sunset on the third day the sacred Fuji hung like a shadowy ghost overhead, and only a narrow strip of blue lake separated us from the village.

The place was too humble and unfrequented to support an inn, but a kindly wood-cutter let me occupy the upper part of his house—poor yet clean. With a ceremonious courtesy born in old Japan, he bade me join the family's evening meal. We squatted on the mats about the sunken kitchen fireplace, and received our coarse rice in a gently regulated precedence according to a law of seniority punctiliously enforced in the poorest, as well as the richest Japanese household. Being the Honorable Guest, I was served first. Next came the grandparents, withered and brown as old ivory carvings. After they had received their portion, the sequence was interrupted for the three-year-old baby-san (who could scarcely be expected to wait for etiquette), but it was resumed when the father was served, then the eldest son, and last of all, the second son, whom the peasants jestingly nicknamed Master Cold Rice (Hiameshi San). We ate in silence, since custom discourages frivolous remarks at meal times, and having eaten, my hosts retired early to their "obedient beds," while I was left alone to puzzle over the feelings, sentiments and thoughts hidden under their courteous placidity.

The village was astir again at sunrise,



THE ENTRANCE TO THE UJIGAMI, OR PARISH TEMPLE.

for wood-cutters have many weary hours to cover in search of faggots, and fishermen have long hours of waiting in their boats. I watched them set off for their day's duties, with resigned, gentle faces, whose heavy lines about the mouth and eyes, one could fancy the dry beds of old smiles. "Ohayo!" "It is honorably early!" the peasants called out to me as they passed; then the fishermen pushed their long-pointed boats into the lake, the wood-cutters plunged into the green forest.

I climbed a little hill overlooking the two narrow village streets, which meandered in disconsolate emptiness down to the lake. The little brown houses wore a non-committal air, as if unwilling to give up the secrets of their building to the inquisitive mountains bending over them. Across the lake, Fuji loomed up in pure and inaccessible splendor, while here and there skeleton trees, whose roots, the volcano had once swathed in lava, stood up defiant and ghostly. An oppressive loneliness, mingled with the beauty of a scene that few visitors except the hill-winds and passing clouds looked upon, and I was glad to descend to the congenial society of the wood-cutter's wife.

According to custom she remained at home to attend to household duties. She it was, who set out the food offerings on the Shelf of the Gods, gathered flowers to place near the *Ihai* of the Ancestors, and, in order that the spirits might not feel neglected, recited the daily doings of the household before the mortuary tablets with affectionate familiarity. Western nations were greatly surprised when, during a service held recently for those killed in the war, Admiral Togo addressed the souls of the fallen just as if they were round about him. Yet, after all, there was nothing strange or unusual in his action. Here was my humble wood-cutter's wife repeating it with loving faith. No desolate sense of separation divides the dead from the living. When I questioned her about the matter, she answered me quite simply, "The spirits of our ancestors are still with us, seeing each of our actions, knowing all of our thoughts, feeling for our griefs, and sharing our happiness. Only when we forget our duties towards them can they become angry and turn from us." Other duties might be shirked, avoided, put off, but never those toward the spirits. The deeper I entered into the life of the little community, the more I realized how this loving service to the dead was the main-spring of the actions of the living.



Pilgrim dressed all in white and carrying jingling staves.

The mother of the family gathering flowers to place before the Ihai of the ancestors.

The old priest of the parish temple and his son in their robes.

One very curious and exceedingly ancient custom connected with the dead remained in the hamlet. Members of a fam-

ily were buried under the floors of their own homes. Why? Though I asked again and again, no one could tell me. Perhaps the stern Samurai of Spartan days invented the custom to discipline men against the fear of death their code held to be contemptible; perhaps it had a religious significance in some faith long ago outgrown, whatever its poetic origin, prosaic modern officials stormed and frowned and posted up placards on sanitation forbidding it, till all but a few inaccessible villages submitted to the civilizing process.

My peasants, however, still obstinately defied regulations—an easy task with laws and lawmakers three days' journey away across steep hills.

The Government controlled this village of the Blue Lake very fitfully. Usually it was left to its own devices, and the benevolent patriarchal rule of the old days. The head of each house exacted implicit and cheerful obedience from the younger inmates—exercised a mild and absolute despotism, subject only to the supervision of the village headman. Individualism was discouraged, and sacrifices from all its members were required for the good of the community. If quarrels disturbed this simple society, they were settled with grim justice by a council of elders. During my stay, for instance, a father in a burst of anger, killed his disobedient son, but public opinion found the action justifiable, and the Tokio police never heard of the matter. On the other hand, when a young man to whom his parents had voluntarily surrendered the headship of the family, misused his power to turn his father out of doors, punishment fell upon him swift and sure. The villagers, however, told me with pardonable pride that this case was the only one of filial impiety within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. As a rule, children amply repaid their parents for kind and gentle treatment—as forbearing now as when Thunberg wrote in his strange "Firste Booke of Relations of Moderne States"—"They chastice their children with wordes onlye, and the' admonishe their children when they are five years oulde as yf the' weare oulde men."

The little mites seemed delightfully happy. They were always at play in the streets or the shady courtyards of the parish temple, singing songs learned from their grand-mothers and grand-fathers—songs now seldom heard except in out-of-the-way corners of the empire. Alas! those delightful grandmothers who taught them to the babies are fast dying out, and the next generation of travelers will never hear the curious little airs about the sun and the moon and the wind and the rain, and above all, about the fire-flies which the children love better than all other flying or creeping or crawling creatures.

After sunset these pretty insects would dart from the trees to meet and swarm together in a golden mist above the water. Immediately on their appearance, the peasants proceeded to exact toll from their glittering guests, my wood-cutter among the rest. With a bamboo pole over his shoulder and a long bag of mosquito netting about his waist, he waited under the thickest shrubs, until they began to twinkle, and then roughly tapped the branches with his pole. The foolish fire-flies fell to the ground at once, helpless from the shock, while the man picked them up with astonishing quickness, and using both hands, tossed them into his mouth, because he could not waste the time required to put them one by one into the bag until later. The next day they were sold for five or ten sen a hundred to the nearest tea-house to be let free in the garden for the pleasure of evening parties. The children also went fire-fly hunting on almost every moonless evening, the little girls armed with fans, the boys with bamboo wands tipped by bunches of sweet grass. As the little band wandered hither and thither searching, their song floated back to me:

"Come, firefly, come,
Come with your light burning—
The nicest girl (or boy) in Japan wants
to know if you
Will not light your lantern and come."

When caught, they prisoned the fire-flies in cleverly blown egg-shells. The baby-san of our household formally presented me with one for a night lantern, and by rewarding my pretty guest with wisp of fresh grass garnished with "drops of dew cut up small," I kept the dainty creature gratefully brilliant for three long



"TWO LITTLE GIRLS ARE PLACING OFFERINGS OF FOOD IN VERY SMALL CUPS BEFORE A GRAVE."

nights. Not only fire-flies did the children love, but dragon-flies also. They made frequent expeditions into the woods, where wonderful varieties could be found—the mysterious Ghost Dragon Fly, the graceful Lady of the Weeping Willow, and the splendid August Lord Dragon Fly, exquisite creatures all, who, disdaining the bustle and smoke and noise of men, chose the deep, cool silences of the trees for the play of their fairy lightnings. The children caught them as eagerly as they did the fireflies, though far more cruelly attaching a string to the strong tails and crippling the creatures, who, of all others, were born to freedom.

Naturally, the villagers would be more than human were their good qualities not dimmed by sundry weaknesses. The greatest of these I found to be a lack of gentleness towards animals, despite the Buddhist precepts inculcating kindness to every living creature. Pack-horses often started lame for the long day's work, or

with horrid sores on their poor, burdened backs, but no one appeared to notice their sufferings. The peasants treated the insane also with unusual brutality. One day a poor old woman came to me begging and gibbering. She was baka, the country people's expression for foolish, and therefore useless and a burden. So they had turned her adrift, leaving her to wander from village to village, begging and moaning, welcome nowhere. An old man, crazed on the death of his only son, had scarcely a better fate. He was placed by his family in a little out-house with a door of iron bars. There he crouched always like a caged wild creature, and if he raged or screamed, the villagers stood by laughing, and mocked at him till I could not but feel a rude shock at the sight of such heartless cruelty in a community where all was apparently ruled by gentleness and a courtesy so natural that it must spring directly from the heart without any teaching.

Little by little, I realized that Japanese life, like a photograph taken in strong sunlight, was full of those sharp contrasts, high lights and sombre shadows. The contradictions did not cease with the people's character. They appeared again in inanimate things, the houses, for instance, and the temples. I found them as I walked down the main street lined with dainty little cottages set in miniature gardens. Those pretty houses which a skillful workman could build in five days from bamboo foundations to straw, thatched roof were truly symbols of impermanency. But soon they give place to groves of beautiful tall Cryptomerias and high flights of mossy steps. I climbed the "Way that Leads to Nowhere," "The Steps that Lead to Nothing," past stone monsters, huge and frightful, under giant *Torives* (skeleton archways) of bronze or wood or stone, and approached a very picturesque *Vjigami* (parish temple) of heroic proportions. So long as the shapes of the hills remain unchanged, those blocks of stone must still stand one upon another. Could the same brain which conceived the delicacy and daintiness of the gardens below me have also imagined such tremendous solidity as this? At one side of the main temple, there was a second wide stone stairway carpeted with moss and exquisitely balustraded, and there I found still another surprise. A splendid gateway standing at the head of the steps gave entrance to an ancient cemetery used for the burial of generations of priests. It was filled with rows upon rows of graves, so small that one feared lest the dead be cramped for room. Two children are placing offerings of food in thimble cups before a tomb and wild-flowers in exceedingly tiny vases—as if to atone by their humility for the presumption of those builders who dared imitate the gigantic methods of the gods.

This parish temple played a great part in the life of my villagers. Its old bronze bell sounded for their pleasures, their passing, their prayers, and the echo of its clang, hung always like a shiver in the trees. Three priests, father, son and grandson, attended to the peasants' spiritual welfare. If a ghost needed to be exorcised, if a spirit was to be called back from the *Meido,* my wood-cutter told me the son-priest was sent for. The grandson, still too young for such responsible offices, swept the temple courts and drew fresh water for the hollowed stone tank where the faithful wash before they pray. The senior priest, a man of eighty winters, occupied his time with pilgrimages to holy places. Often, I was told, he ascended the sacred Fujiyama to pray at the summit for prosperous harvests or the confounding of the Russians. On these pious excursions, a party of pilgrims from the village dressed all in white, and carrying jingling staves, accompanied him when time could be spared, but no women were ever allowed to join in the excursion. "High mountains in Japan are too sacred to be defiled by the feet of ignorant women folk" my wood-cutter's wife explained regretfully.

Naturally those pilgrimages were looked upon as a great diversion in the peasant's humdrum lives. They had, so far as I could see, no other amusements except the long-looked-forward-to *Ennichi* (parish temple feast day) contributed to by every householder and enjoyed with a childish simplicity by all. Three days before it was to take place, sellers of toys and charms and pins and artificial flowers trudged into the village with their wares securely strapped upon their backs.

The day before, sweetmeat sellers brought their traveling booths to the temple court and commenced to blow mythical animals from sugar paste in anticipation of the morrow's demand. On the morning of the *matsuri* (festival) itself, bright-colored *nobori* (strips of cloth covered with characters) waved from the windows, the women put flowers in their hair, and the men covered their beautiful tatooed skins with clean kimonos. Not till evening, however, was the fete at its gayest. Then



SACRED FUJIYAMA.

the wood-cutter invited me to accompany him, and together we made our way through the bright holiday crowd, first into the temple itself, where he had prayers to pray with many hand-clappings before the gilt Buddha smiling down through a haze of incense, and afterwards into the courtyard. Everything showed to the best advantage in a glow of countless lanterns. The charm of queerness, blending with prettiness, I had never seen so vividly before, since only in the lives of the country people does it exist without a jarring note. On the dazzling lines of cheap booths decked out with toys, there were none of the atrocities made in Germany for the Japanese market, that offend the eye in all the bazaars of the cities. Instead, there were hundreds of useful and charming and artistic things made most often either of bamboo or paper. There were bamboo vessels of every size, for flowers, cooking and bathing, and there was paper of every imaginable quality, thick and coarse and full of impurities, to be used for string, or finer (but always wonderfully tough) to be cut in squares for handkerchiefs, or made into charming fans painted in bold designs. Some souvenirs of the war had slowly found their way from Tokio shops into these traveling merchants' packs—metal mirrors in-

scribed with war poems or cheap, printed towels with pictures of the little brown soldiers, printed upon them—loving and unconscious caricatures.

When the wood-cutter's purchases were completed, we made our way to a little tent, round which the *inkyo* of the neighborhood, young mothers with babies on their backs and old women and men also, were gathered to see a wizened conjurer perform. To the great delight of his simple audience he swallowed needles and lanterns, or, with equal ease, produced inexhaustible substances from very shallow boxes and magically converted a tiny ball of cotton first into an egg by tapping it with a fan, and afterwards into an umbrella. But his most singular trick was a time-honored performance with artificial butterflies. A sheet of paper torn and deftly twisted, represented body and wings. When both were modeled, he puffed the butterflies into the air, and by carefully and skillfully fanning them, kept the two little creatures hovering about with wonderfully life-like motions. Now they would flutter off as though playfully chasing each other, then separate so far apart that it seemed impossible the same fan could be supporting both. Again they would settle on the branch of a neighboring tree, and at last, most curious of all, alight gently upon the fan itself. Indeed, the performance was wonderfully graceful and engaging.

By ten o'clock, lanterns were extinguished, stall-holders packing away their wares, and we were descending the long flights of steps towards the village. Not a few of the peasants who pushed past us were the worse for sake (rice wine), and showed hot, flushed faces and unsteady feet. But though drunkenness is a common failing of Japanese country men, it never makes them quarrelsome. Their one harmless ambition after a day of festivities is to sing the old *hayari-uta* or songs of the people, songs of the primitive emotions, hot love and red war. A great favorite is one of the oldest:

"Things never changed since the time of the Gods,
The flowing of water, the way of love."

Far into the night its plaintive refrain floated out from some cottage here or there.

* * * * * * *

A few days after the *matsuri*, my idling time came to its end, and through the wonderful, soft light of a September sunrise, I saw the last of the village. As I set off, there was the little group of peasants assembled to bid me farewell; there was the lake dimpling and rippling in the morning wind—and farther away there was the perfect summit of Fuji pinkening like a lotus bud in the first flush of day. Again and again I looked back over my shoulder, the bowing figures became a blur—a little farther and the nearest house fronts had begun to turn blue, and at last, at the end of the day, Fuji itself dissolved softly into the light, just as my summer days melted gently into remembrances.





BASALT COVERED HILLS SOUTHEAST OF KEELER, SHOWING STEP FAULTS. THE BLACK BASALT ON TOP WAS ORIGINALLY ALL ONE FLOW.

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES OF THE PAST

BY JOHN A. REID

The famous San Francisco earthquake, the date of which is still fresh in men's minds, is a prolific source of theories regarding the why and wherefore of these dreaded occurrences. Many timid souls live in constant fear that the old world will some of these days cut up such tantrums that peaceful human pursuits will become impossible. Even Monte Diablo, that staid guardian of the lands, has been the recipient of many half-questioning, half-suspicious, glances. The geologist, familiar with the causes of far grander phenomena than the recent seismic disturbance, is rather oppressed by such "theories" and ideas, as they are a great detriment to popular enlightment on a fascinating subject. To the self-constituted theorists, the scientist would offer a few bits of real knowledge; to the timorous ones, he would say, "Fear not."

The San Francisco earthquake is but one of many earth tremors that represent the last stages of a great series of such movements of the surface on which we live, and we can find preserved in the rocks countless records of troubles many times greater than the recent one.



IF WE WOULD understand the real significance of our California earthquakes, it is necessary to glance for a moment at a wonderful bit of earth history. And one need not stop with this, for even a slight study of the matter leads naturally and easily up some very entertaining steps into geological science, or earth history. Time was when the North American continent comprised only a comparatively small V-shaped land mass about Hudson Bay. Merely the skeleton of this future fertile portion of the world rose above the surface of the ocean. Year after year, century af-

ter century, aeon after aeon, the primeval forces of nature were at work filling in the framework with solid rock, until the completed land was evolved. The building of future mountains was begun on marginal sea bottoms, in time to be finished by the wrinkling of the face of the ageing world. Not long ago, geologically the Pacific



A MAGNIFICENT FAULT WALL IN A MINE. THE GROOVES ARE CUT BY THE MOVING WALLS. THE FORCE NECESSARY TO DO THIS IS STUPENDOUS.

lapped its shores along the west base of the Sierra Nevada, while the Coast Range was still in embryo beneath the ocean. Continent making was finished long ago in the East; the West only bears the stamp of activity and youth. Of all the characteristics of a growing land, the breaking of the rocks and motion along the fracture planes are among the most important. And every time the smallest sudden movement occurs along one of these breaks, what is called a fault is formed, and vibrations are sent out into the surrounding material to appear on the surface as earth waves, or an earthquake. These are so common that it can truthfully be said that the earth's crust is never quiet, though disturbing quivers heavy enough for us to feel are fortunately quite rare. The greatest intensity of land growth was reached here in the West many thousand years ago, though in the very yesterday of geological time. There are some spots where records of both past and present are well pre-

served. Down in Inyo County, where the hills are bare and brown and the air is still with the quiet of the desert, there is such a place. It will be remembered that not long ago this country was shaken by a big temblor, the Inyo earthquake of 1872. In the Inyo Range, near the town of Keeler, the sight before our eyes is but a flash-light view of seeming quiet. The Inyo mountains are full of wonder in their treasure of earth history laid away in the rock strata. The limestone and shale, now outcropping on high, bare slopes, tell a story of the lives of millions of living



ANOTHER FAULT WALL IN A MINE, CUT AS IF WITH A SAW.

the record of this occurrence can be compared with the effects of older and far more severe movements. Also proofs are not lacking here of other features of the geography of prehistoric days. For the face of the earth is constantly changing; things, the corals and shellfish, that lived on the ocean floor so long ago; the middle elevations hold out interesting accounts of the times of fiery streams of molten rock poured out on the surface; the low hills along the western base bear



FAULT SCARP ON EAST SLOPE OF INYO RANGE.

silent testimony of vital interest to the desert-worn traveler—of large expanses of water, of clear snow-fed lakes. And everywhere is forced upon the attention the breaking and faulting of the solid rocks, the story of earth growth.

After the big Inyo earthquake, in the Overland Monthly for August and Sep-



A VIEW OF OWEN'S VALLEY AND LAKE, DUE TO EXCESSIVE FAULTING, AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DRAINAGE BASIN.



FAULT CLIFF OF LIMESTONE NORTH OF SWANSEA. THE WATER-WORN APPEARANCE IS PLAINLY SEEN. INDIAN WRITINGS ARE NEAR THE TOP.

tember, 1872, appeared an interesting article by Professor J. D. Whitney, on the subject of this phenomenon. The writer, however, did not note more than a few of the effects on the east side of the valley of Owens River. The old mining town of Swansea, east of Owens Lake, no doubt was sure that the earth was nearing its



OLD LAKE BAR, NEAR SWANSEA, BEHIND THE LIMESTONE FAULT SCARP.



ERODED FAULT SCARP AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE CREST OF THE INYO RANGE.

dissolution during those exciting moments. And its reasons for this feeling were good. The main fault was developed along the base of the Sierra Nevada, west of Owens' lake, but a branch fault, seemingly not noted by Professor Whitney, was formed a few hundred yards from the center of Swansea. Part of the fissure is now filled with material washed down from the hills, and part is well preserved. Some few areas of no great size next the crack are sunken a foot or two. Small as it is, this break in the valley floor, so strikingly shown and so easily examined, gives one an awed feeling of the power of nature's forces, and of the infinite littleness and helplessness of man. Yet this fossil earthquake, as it may be called, is but a tiny brother to the other ones nearby. The Inyo earthquake is popularly regarded as severe; what, then, must have been those whose visible records are far greater. On a small hill just north of Swansea, not only was the rock fractured to great depths, but also one side dropped over one hundred feet, forming what is called a fault wall or scarp. And there it stands to-day, an impressive monument to the land's growth. A short distance to the west is a second scarp, that rises vertically from the valley sands. This wall, of solid limestone, is of unusual interest, for it tells many tales. The period of faulting in which it was formed was responsible for the construction of many earth basins that were soon filled with sparkling lakes. The present Owens lake is but the remnant of a much larger body of water, which, at the highest, cast its waves upon the buttress of limestone near the summit, and built a beach on the other side from the fragments worn away. Nor is this all. The water-worn stone offered a tempting surface to the savage artist, and rude representations of long-horned mountain sheep and deer adorn the upper portion.

But we are looking back into past history, and by searching a little further we can find even grander records of the faulting that produces earthquakes. At one time in the later geological history of the Inyo Range, large flows of basalt were poured out through fissures over the nearly horizontal surface at the south end of the high hills. After all became quiet once more, and the molten rock cold and hard, the evolution of the range was continued in a different fashion. The once level flows were broken in many long lines running north and south. The Eastern portion was elevated and the whole as-

sumed the appearance of a flight of giant steps, leading down to the west. From Keeler, and from the high slopes east of Keeler, these step faults are prominent features of the landscape.

Yet striking as are these step faults, they are insignificant compared to other examples of displacements seen on all sides. The finest are connected with the particular type of mountains that characterize the region known to geographers as the Great Basin. The Great Basin, or the Great American Desert, as it used to be called, occupies nearly all of Nevada and Utah, with portions of California and Oregon. This paradoxical region of barren wastes and marvelous riches has long been known to contain mountains of peculiar structure. These mountains are merely immense blocks of the earth's crust which have been tilted so that one edge is formed into a crest with a very steep slope on one side and a gentle grade on the other. The steep face of such a mountain range marks a fault and is therefore a fault scarp. If the Inyo Range is ascended from the west, over a steep, though uniform rise, on the east side of the crest will be found precipitous fault cliffs often a thousand feet in perpendicular height. These are truly fault cliffs, and mark some of the larger moments of growth of the range. Beside scarps of this nature, there are imposing ones formed at right angles to the crest of the range on the east side, due to the breaking and faulting of the great earth block across its length. These walls are usually in pairs, each pair marking a fault, the actual walls of which have been eroded back into the present forms. But the most magnificent of all is the east face of the Sierra Nevada, which rises from an elevation of 3,500 feet in Owens Valley to the "top of the United States," Mt. Whitney, whose summit is slightly over 14,500 feet above the level of the sea. But let it not be understood that such movements in the earth took place all at one time. Elevations of this magnitude need millions of years for their completion; the Inyo earthquake itself was caused by the last fault of perceptible size that has aided in uplifting the great California range.



EAST FACE OF SIERRA NEVADA, FROM INYO RANGE. MT. WHITNEY JUST RIGHT OF CENTER.



FAULT FISSURE OF THE INYO EARTHQUAKE OF 1872. A FINE FAULT SCARP IS SHOWN IN THE HILL TO THE RIGHT.

Thus, as we look into the past, it becomes obvious that we in the West are living at a time marked by comparative freedom from great earth movements of the violent sort. The Sierra Nevada is still growing, though slowly. The Coast Range will doubtless maintain its youthful features for long into the future as the continent continues its extension into the Pacific. There are a number of well-marked and important faults near the coast, and several places where small quakes are of almost constant occurrence. The internal earth forces at work without cessation are producing slow changes in the rocky crust, so slow that we are unconscious of them. As long as these mutations transpire without interruption, the earth wears an air of assumed stability; it is only when a temporary resistance is able to store up force that we are liable to suffer a destructive earthquake. Like the small mountain stream, no danger can exist when the flow of water is unimpeded. But if a dam be thrown across the bed, the water ceases its motion and is gathered into a large body able to cause destruction when at last the dam gives way. Until the restraining barrier is destroyed, the stream is ominously silent; great havoc may follow when the temporary lake is set free; conditions become normal after the total disappearance of the dam. Just so with the San Francisco earthquake. The line of movement used to be noted for innumerable small tremblings, particularly in a few places, as on the Pajaro river, near its canyon through the Santa Cruz mountains. But these quivers have been growing steadily less for many decades, and were almost nothing during the last years—a mere trickle of our imaginary stream. Force was stored up, finally to break loose in the memorable event of 1906.

Since then the flow of earth force has been uninterrupted, so that we are in no danger of a recurrence of the dire happening. Earthquakes will continue in California for many centuries, but the growth of the Coast range is gentle and we need anticipate no trouble.



THE SILVER SASKATCHEWAN. EDMONTON IN THE DISTANCE.

PATHFINDERS OF THE SILENCE

EDMONTON, THE RAW-FUR MARKET OF THE WORLD

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

VICE-PRESIDENT CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

Photographs by the author and Ernest Brown, Edmonton.

"There's a farm where the buffalo pastured, a patch from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his mother country waves over the ripening corn;
There's a piece in the world's mosaic, a thought in a new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city and forest and plain."



IS IT NOT Shakespeare himself who tells us that there be no ancient gentlemen but gardeners? But he is wrong; the man with the hoe must give place to another figure who in sub-Arctic fastnesses, threads the silent paths of three continents.

Let me show you him of America as he appears to-day; he is compounded of many simples, a hybrid of the forest as unique as he is picturesque. To produce the flushed bronze of that Phidias statue as he stands at rest, the supple shapeliness (the sveltnesse for which the speech of England has no name) as he moves quickly across the white canvas of the North, went the blood of French-Canadian, Cree squaw, English and Scottish half-breed, Crow and Ojibway.

Tall, strong, straight, well proportioned, active and able to endure as no other man endures, the Trapper of the North stands the type of hardihood, silently and at first hand meeting hard conditions. He is silent because half his life is a lonely vigil lived in the open, where men pitting their wits against those of the furry brothers of the race, see Nature at work in the quiet places and learn to look and listen, and not babble. But if the Trapper speaks little, it is not for lack of words; he is able to think, and think quickly, in three languages, English, French and Cree.

From his tasselled cap and open throat corded with muscles, down to well-fitting corduroy trowsers and moccasins of the moose, Pierre or Antoine, combining the stern steadfastness of purpose of the old Hudson's Bay traders with the ready re-



$40,000 WORTH OF SILVER FOX SKINS, FROM THE CANADIAN FARTHEST NORTH, AT EDMONTON.

source of the Red Man is good to look at. As we hear him call to his dogs, and pointing due north, start off alone for some silent rendezvous away up near the top of the map, instinctively we quote, "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

In North America, fascinating is the story of the rule of the fur traders of the old Hudson's Bay Company of the North. for 237 years, from the days of the Second Charles to the year of grace, 1907.

The first three Governors of the company were Prince Rupert, James the Second (when Duke of York), and the Duke of Marlborough. These were the days when over two-thirds of North America the company held almost absolute power, the early Governors exercising more than once that function of the Royal Prerogative, which declares, "The sovereign alone can make war or peace." And in so doing, the lords of the North usurped no power not legally theirs by this most generous of all Royal Charters, which invested them with "permanent proprietorship over all the countries, coasts, confines of land, seas, lakes and rivers draining into Hudson's Bay, and not actually possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince, said territory to be reckoned as one of the British plantations in America, under the name of Rupert's Land."

Over an empire greater than that of Imperial Rome, the company was given "supreme civil and criminal jurisdiction, with power to pass laws, grant lands, and make war and peace with any natives not Christian." Ample room here, and range enough for all excesses. But the despotism was an amiable one, if it ruled its subjects with an iron hand, instilling into Indian and factor alike the cult of plain living and high thinking; still the company fed, through good and evil report, its servants, clothed them, amused and instructed them, with the fostering care of an austere paternalism.

Edmonton on the Saskatchewan is today the greatest raw fur center. One Paul Kane, a wandering artist who passed through Fort Edmonton sixty years ago, gives us a quaint account of a Christmas buffalo hunt of that year. He says: "We had our choice of splendid horses, as about a dozen are kept in stables for the gentlemen's use from the wild band of 700 to 800 which, frightened by the

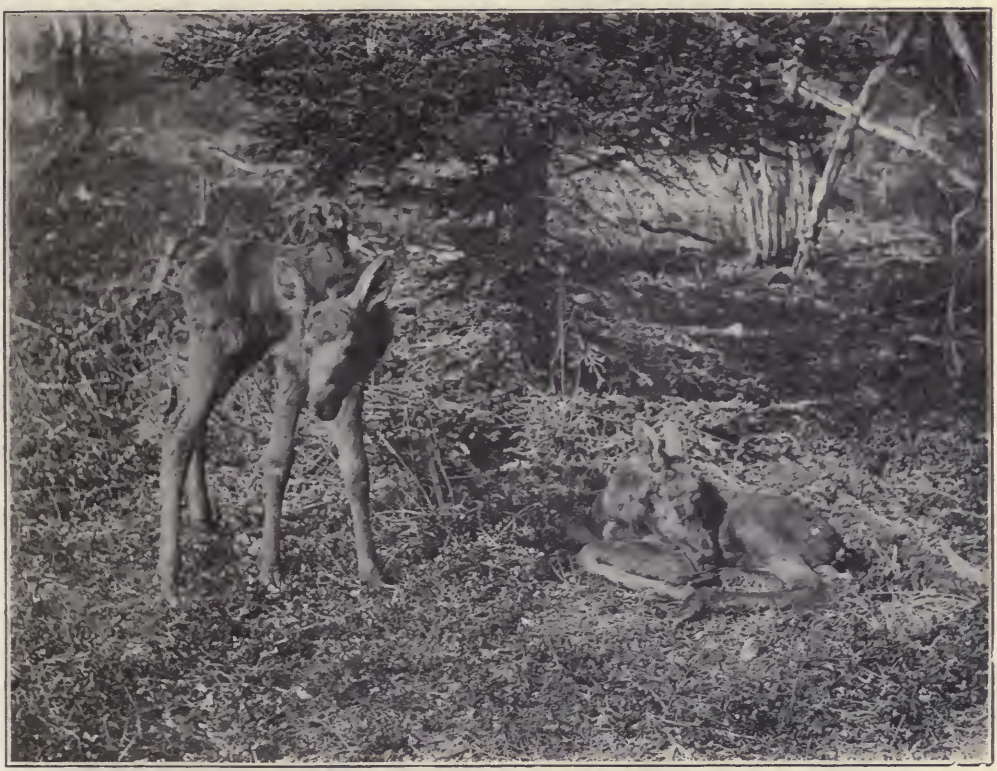


EDMONTON, ON THE SILVER SASKATCHEWAN, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FUR MART.



CAUGHT-BEAR IN TRAP. THE TRAP IS FASTENED BY CHAIN TO THE SHORT LOG AGAINST WHICH BRUIN APPEARS TO BE LEANING. THERE IS HERE NO ATTEMPT AT "NATURE-FAKING!"

wolves, keep close outside the fort-walls all winter. Christmas morning we breakfasted on buffalo tongues, tea and galettes, and then mounted for the chase. Riding six miles, we found ourselves in close vicinity to an enormous band of buffalo, probably numbering ten thousand. The snow was so deep that the game soon came to a dead stand. We therefore secured our horses and advanced towards the buffalo on foot to within 40 or 50 yards, when we commenced firing. Seeing a very large bull in the herd, I thought I would kill him for the skin of his enormous head, but as he was surrounded by three others I was obliged to kill them before I could venture near him. The sport proving rather tedious, we returned home and ordered the men to get the dog sledges ready to fetch in the 27 buffaloes we had killed. Whereupon the squaws and half-breed women started off to catch the dogs. About the fort there are always two or three hundred dogs who forage for themselves like horses. It would be almost impossible to catch those animals who are wild as wolves, were it not that each is anchored to a light log which he drags about by a chain. The operation of this dog-harnessing by the squaws is one of the most grotesque scenes I have ever witnessed. Such a picture! The women looked like so many furies with big sticks threshing away at the poor animals, who rolled and yelled noisy protest. My buffalo head, put on the scales before skinning, weighed exactly 202 pounds."



A YOUNG MOOSE IS AN UNGAINLY BABE. THE INFANT PRODIGY OF THE LONG-NOSED "HEBREW OF THE WOODS."

As the years went on, to the company's store inside the Old Fort, thousands upon thousands of buffalo skins were carried, while the concomitant bacon and sugar and pink calico passed out to make glad on the Great Plains the heart of Cree and Blackfoot, and the Indians of the Athabasca and the Peace brought in princely



A PEACE RIVER CUB, BOUGHT AT EDMONTON.

packs of fish, fox, beaver, bear, lynx and marten.

From the silent places of the Far North, those precious pelts were carried by cariole and river portage to the gates of Old Edmonton, thence down the Saskatchewan, that Mississippi of the North, in barges and York boats through the intricate waterway that leads to the sea which bears the name of Henry Hudson, Canada's newly realized Mediterranean. Thus in bales of beaver and silver fox did Edmonton pay her tale to the Grey Old Mother over-seas.

In 1862 Edmonton had a gold excitement, and between that year and 1900, more than three million dollars was dredged in gold-dust from the sands of the Saskatchewan.

No further back than 1869, Old Sun, chief of the Blackfeet, attacked Fort Edmonton; but two brass cannon of the company militant trained upon the savages had a dissuasive effect.

After two centuries of rule, the Hudson's Bay Company transferred to the Dominion of Canada its governing power, taking as its pound of flesh one and a half million dollars in cash and one-twentieth of the land in every township or district to be surveyed for settlement between the years 1870 and 1920.

The long-ranging and clear-seeing optimism which governed the company in making this agreement is shown in the fact that the land to which it is entitled will amount to over seven million of acres of the fattest and most fecund soil on the surface of Old Mother Earth, land that year in and year out produces from 25 to 40 bushels of hard wheat to the acre. Last year the total net profits of the Hudson's Bay Company aggregated over two million dollars, and more than half of this came from land sales.

Small wonder is it that the company's stock of the nominal value of £10 is now selling at £80 per share on the London



EXPEDIENT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST (THE REGION PATROLLED BY THE MOUNTED POLICE.) NECESSITY IGNORES PHYSICAL EUPHONY AMONG THE PIONEER DONKHOBOORS.



EDMONTON'S FAIR DAY IN 1907. IN THIS OLD POST OF THE FUR TRADERS, 37,500 PEOPLE IN FOUR DAYS ATTENDED THE FARMER'S FAIR.

market and paying a dividend of eighty shillings.

Nine-tenths of the workers who built up this great corporation were men of the pawky wit that comes from ayont the Tweed, and it is hard to measure up to a Scot of the North Countree, as the chameleon found out to its undoing.

A showman put the little animal on a piece of green baize and he became green; he tumbled him over on a red table-cloth and he obligingly turned red. Then in a fit of absent-mindedness, his owner placed him on the tartan of Cameron of Lochiel. He made one valiant effort to live up to this, rolled a reproachful eye on his owner and died.

The old saying that trade follows the flag is reversed here, for the flag of the Hudson's Bay Company all over the great Lone Land followed trade, the trade in peltries.

Such the old days! The buffalo has gone; Edmonton is a central hub whence radiate railway spokes reaching out for trade in a dozen profitable directions. The Pullman cars of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern take the place of the bull-team, the scene of Paul Kane's hunt yields a yearly tale of oats and flax and forty-bushel wheat, but Cree furs are still exchanged for Christian finery, and the Hudson's Bay Company is a power in the land.

In 1882 there were on the site of Edmonton just fourteen log buildings; today chartered banks, flour mills, $40,000 public schools and municipally-owned electric plants are but incidents of the city's progress. Furs and gold and coal and wheat, it was not one thing but an awakening to many things that has caused Edmonton's phenomenal growth. A dozen years ago the United States and Great Britain and Canadians themselves were content to call all this wheat country a barren waste in the far North. A glance at the map will show that Edmonton is in the same latitude as Dublin and Hull and Hamburg, and very considerably nearer to the equator than any part of Scotland is. The one Province of Alberta alone, to which Edmonton forms the seat of Government, is nearly two and a half times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Surrounding Edmonton for a hundred miles to the south, east, west and north is an area of the blackest and richest

land to be found in the world to-day, a deep, fertile loam over a clay sub-soil, land which can and has repeatedly produced crops of 40 bushels of oats to the acre, every measured bushel from 8 to 10 pounds over standard weight, and which has continued to produce these harvests twenty-five successive years without an ounce of artificial fertilizer.

Wide veins of lignite coal are washed to light by the sweep of the Saskatchewan as it swings by this metropolis of the North, and wells of natural gas await development. Furs, and gold and coal and wheat—was ever city dowered as this one!

Edmonton is to-day more than ever the "gateway of the North." Arriving here in the happy harvest time when the midsummer sun shines for eighteen hours, and every breath of air you draw is an elixir of exhilaration, one would fain penetrate the Ultima Thule beyond, for fascinating are the trails that lead from her doorways. The past is very insistent here.

Standing on these wide, brilliantly lighted streets among all the hum of a modern city, one sees in quick imagination that long line of Indian trappers, voyageurs and adventurers who brought into the old fort their packs of furs and carried back to the wilds traps and guns and gewgaws long before steam-power was invented, and while Edward VII was learning the multiplication table and begging for his first long trowsers.

Romance still lingers. Bleached bones have made a Golgotha of the old buffalo-wallows, but in the northern wilds roam bear and musk-ox and cariboo, moose and branching-horned elk; foxes and beavers and musk-rats still breed and the trapper traps as of old. The Hudson's Bay Company has a rival, the enterprising Paris firm of Bevillon Freres, backed by a capital of fifteen millions, and with a foundation that dates back to the year 1723. And in the season, every important furrier of Europe has his buyer at Edmonton.

Still the "Gentlemen Adventurers" of the H. B. Company are and always will be the great fur buyers of the world. These Pioneers of Peltries maintain at the pres-



ALONG NORTHERN TRAILS. A RENDEZVOUS IN THE WOODS.



THE VANISHING TEPEE, PEACE RIVER VALLEY, THE FOOTHILLS.

ent day about 250 trading posts scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the invisible parallel of 49 to ice eternal.

All the stations now have communications with headquarters at least once a year, but the accessibility of the posts does not always accord with their nearness to civilization. For instance, Moose Factory on James Bay lies within the Province of Ontario, yet it is reached only three times a year, once by canoe in the summer and once by dog train in winter from Temiscamingue District and once by steamer from England. Here the Anglican Bishop of the diocese solemnly celebrated the coronation of the king weeks before the event in blissful ignorance of the fact that, owing to the serious illness of England's seventh Edward, the ceremony had been delayed.

An objective point is Fort Resolution, and something like 1000 miles north of Edmonton as the trail leads, and something like 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Fort Chippewayan is another important post in the lower edge of the fur country, and there are many strategic trading centers along the banks of the Mackenzie, which flows into the Arctic Sea from Great Slave Lake.

The most northerly post of the company is Fort McPherson, situated on the Peel River, 2000 miles north of Edmonton and approximately 182 miles within the Arctic Circle, very near the point where the mighty Mackenzie disembogues into an ocean of ice. This and other posts on the upper Mackenzie are reached annually by the steamer Wrigley, which takes up the year's supplies and brings down the winter's collection of furs. From Edmonton the annual expedition leaves about the end of May, the northern transport consisting of a scow line, two portage tramways, avoiding impassable rapids, and two river steamers, the second of which, the Wrigley, reaches Fort McPherson about the 12th of July. Thus two months of con-



THE BELT OF FUR LIES JUST BEYOND THE BELT OF WHEAT.



OLD FORT EDMONTON. HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY STATION AT EDMONTON.

tinuous traveling are necessary for this journey of 3000 miles.

The ultimate market of all furs is London. Skins in the raw state reach there from Siberia, Asia, Australia and the Americas, North and South. Each fur company sorts and grades its own skins before sending them. It matches the skins and keeps the different grades as far as possible together. The furs are put up in bunches or strings and catalogued and listed before sale, and the world's skins are sold by auction to the highest bidder in the open market.

Which skins obtain to-day? The buffalo robes are gone forever, the sea otter is practically exterminated, and the fur seal's days are numbered, but the staple skins of 1907 are the same which tempted the hunter of five generations ago, fox and bear and beaver, wolf and moose and mink.

Against all inroads of civilization the fox holds his own; foxes breed once a year, and have four to eight puppies in a litter. They present themselves in red, white, black and blue tints, the red predominating. The red fox of North America is very similar to his English brother. The cross-fox is not a hybrid, but gets his name from a cross of color in the fur of the shoulder. Silver foxes bring the best prices, rare skins commanding as high as $2,500, or $3,000. These, though, are conceded to be fancy prices.



CROSS-FOX.

Trappers have more stories to tell of the bear than of any other animal. The black bear is the comedian of the forest, proof of which is evidenced in every park and zoo bear-pit in the country, where in spite of rival attractions, the bear always draws a crowded house. And when it comes to dinner, who with a more catholic taste than he? In his natural state, a bear will kill a calf or a field mouse with equal relish—snake or toad or frog, carrion or honey, all is fish that comes to his net.

To the beaver belongs the honor of having fixed the first currency of North America, one "made beaver" being the original unit of value upon which rest all the Carnegie and Rockefeller colossal fortunes of to-day. According to the old log



OLD FORT DUNVEGAN, WHERE THE MUSKET WAS PURCHASED BY ITS OWN HEIGHT OF FURS. WAREHOUSES OF BEVILLION FRERES.

house ledgers, 1 "made beaver" equaled 3 mink, equaled 2 otter, equaled 1 marten, equaled 1 bear, equaled 1 pound of tobacco, equaled 1 kettle, equaled 5 pounds of shot, equaled 1 pint of brandy.

But the beaver and the cow-boy, equally with Francois the Trapper and Chief No Shirt, his brother of the blood, all are being pushed northward and westward by the railways and the whirring reapers, and wonderingly year by year we adjust our ideas of soil and of climate.

Grudgingly the conservative among us have to admit that climate is a matter of altitude rather than of latitude, and that "northing" does not always mean "colding." We know in the States that the climate grows more and more severe as we journey north. The same rule holds above the border until we pass the Great Lakes. Beyond this, conditions are at a standstill for a short distance, then our climate gradually grows warmer as we drift down one of the many mighty rivers that empty into the Atlantic via Hudson's Bay.

Five years ago the idea of a railway as far north as the Grand Trunk Pacific was undreamed of, and twenty-five years ago a trans-continental line anywhere as far north as Canada was a chimera of the imagination. But when you recall that only a little over half a century ago a congressional committee sitting in Chicago solemnly declared that Illinois was too far north for the successful cultivation of wheat, the truth of the far North will no longer surprise you.

All the vast wilderness north of Lake Superior drains into Hudson's Bay, and the waters of Hudson's Bay are three degrees warmer than the waters of Lake Superior. The ice moved out of the Saskatchewan river a month earlier than the St. Lawrence gave up her winter wraps at Montreal. They were seeding in the South Saskatchawan Valley on the 28th of February a year ago. Do you remember what you were doing that day in Washington, D. C.?

Straight Gradgrind facts tell the story better than any theorizing. The horses used by the Hudson's Bay Company at Dunvegan (where the Grand Trunk Pacific first finds the Peace river) live like the horses of Arizona out in the open. Fifty head were sent into the far North in 1870, were used at all the posts on the Peace and Athabasca, and at the end of twenty-five years they had grown to number over a hundred head. During all this time, only the colts and work horses were stabled and fed, and these were given oats and fodder grown there on the upper Peace river.

The mean annual temperature of Prince

Rupert, the ocean terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is precisely the same as that of Detroit. On the Athabasca and the Peace wheat is grown from seed to seed in ninety days, and there are eighteen hours of summer sunshine. The July sun shines as warmly at Dawson on the Yukon as it does at Leadville on the upper Arkansas and shines six hours longer every day.

Truly, this Last West to which the fur trappers have led the way is a wonderland of infinite possibility. Three causes are to-day building up this vast empire of the Plains; the first and greatest is the fact that these fat, fecund mesas will grow number one hard wheat; the second fact is the railroads, with their trunk lines and long ribs and short ribs taking farmers in to sow these fields. To find the third fact, we look into the pinched faces of the crowded hordes of the Old World who will starve and die if this Western loaf is not given them. It is Frank Norris's Trilogy of the Wheat over again, but with a difference, the important difference of eliminating the gambling of the Pit.

There is no more inspiring sight on the map of the world to-day than the bringing under cultivation of these millions of acres of land which kept for centuries inert by the tradition of ignorance, while the hungry people of Europe passed one another on the choked streets, are now being made to yield up their increase in golden harvests of 20 and 30 and 40 bushels of hard wheat to the acre.

And not wheat alone is here, coal measures underlie the surface, to the north is the gold of the Yukon, and westward, across the Rockies, all the forest wealth of British Columbia. When the people of the old world and new alike realize their heritage, they will cease to contend for the bone that has already been gnawed bare, and will flock into the new pastures rich not only in gold and corn and kine, but with great possibilities of nationhood.

And in this they but follow out the unerring northwesterly trend of human progress. Westward and northward have ever been the marching orders until we of the present generation must look southward and eastward for the graves of our ancestors. Ours is the Anglo-Saxon heritage of work and endeavor and conquest. It is the highest habitable latitudes which have produced the greatest men, and history ever repeats herself.



A METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION ON THE LESSER SLAVE RIVER. THE "LIMITED FREIGHT."

"AFFINITIES" ---A REPLY

By Florence Slack Crawford



MRS. FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

At the present time, this question of affinity is one of great interest among those who occupy themselves with world problems. General dissatisfaction in the marriage relation, as evidenced by the increasing number of divorce cases, as well as notoriety, gained by several prominent affairs, has called forth comments from the daily press and many other sources. All agree that something is wrong—but what is it? Because unhappiness prevails, does it prove happiness to be impossible? Because thousands fail to find their mate, is it proof that the mate does not exist? To-day all over the world men and women are marrying. Why do they marry? What do they gain by marriage? It is a problem worth discussing, since it is of such world-wide interest.

IN THE Overland Monthly for January, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has made some very clear-cut and questionable statements regarding this "Affinity." While, from her view point and experience, her conclusions may be entirely satisfying, still I feel that a deeper study of that relationship held in reverence by so many, may lead to another conclusion much nearer the truth.

Mrs. Atherton, I believe, takes her stand and reveals her personal opinion in her opening paragraph, where, speaking of the word "Affinity," she says: "It was no doubt invented by the poets, and has no place in prose at all." My understanding of her meaning is, that in the realm of the natural and the practical, "affinity"

has no place, but is the invention of dreamers or idealists. While thus proclaiming herself, she proceeds to consider various interpretations, and ends as she begins, that "on this plane, conditions do not exist for affinities to enjoy each other, even could they be certain of the truth of their hopes, and this they never can be so long as that awkward tangle of systems that make up the visible presence called the body stands between."

I might state my position in beginning. It is, I neither believe the body to be an "awkward tangle of systems," nor do I believe that "conditions do not exist on this plane for affinities to enjoy each other." And I do most positively believe in affinities. The body occupies an important place in creation as the "temple of the living God." Also, conditions exist for all things at all times, but one needs to be conscious of the conditions. Undoubtedly the garden of Eden could have been lighted with electricity if some one there present had reached the enlightened state where he was conscious of the great, unlimited source of light that is made use of by man to-day. The forty wretched years spent by the Israelites in the wilderness could have been prevented had they known the use of modern steam trains and could they have procured a few carloads of canned goods. It was their unawakened consciousness which held them in bondage. So it is with us in regard to affinities. We must know what constitutes affinity, and how it benefits mankind.

I am not a religionist necessarily because I find it convenient to make Biblical references. I am glad to say that I have outgrown my old ideas of religion. This is said very reverently, and I wish it understood that it is not religion I have outgrown, but ideas concerning religion. Neither am I a Christian Scientist. I can not look at the visible universe and call it nothing. My code is the greatest reverence for Truth wherever found, and in the Bible I find the record of those illumined beings who approached nearest the truth. Moreover, in the Bible I believe are the words of Eternal Life and a glorious earthly life at that.

In the great beginning of the natural, the most practical and the most visible, God, the great source, created (that is beheld in Himself) Heaven and Earth—affinities perfectly married—one Being. The result of that affinity was "Light," or consciousness—The Christ ("by whom we understand the worlds were framed") that mind which perfectly comprehends God. So it is in the world of symbols, "The seen by which all things unseen are made known." In the image and likeness of Divinity, we find man as father, mother and child. If there is one principle emphasized throughout the whole universe it is the relation of father, mother, child, from the most unorganized being to that crowning work of creation, Man. Every insect, every plant, every fish of the sea, tells the story, and I understand that the very cells of the body are united in pairs. Certain it is that we find affinities in the right and left eyes, right and left hands, ears, feet and even the lobes of the brain. Is, then, affinity to be lightly regarded? Is it to be left to the realm of the imagination? May it not prove most practical, and worthy most careful consideration?

Contemplate for a moment that great natural force of electricity which up to this very day so mystifies man and yet has been successfully harnessed in thousands of ways for his benefit. Have you not observed the two poles, positive and negative; the flow of the current and the spark, or light, produced by the two being brought into harmonious union? Notice that the flow of the current is from the positive to the negative. Observe that in Jesus' teaching, his one mission and effort was to bring Heaven to Earth. "Thy will be done on earth (negative) as it is in Heaven" (positive.) Alas for those who hope to find their affinity beyond the grave! Man's realm is earth. God's will is always being done in Heaven (Spirit) and it is man's mission to manifest in earth that which is already so in spirit. Then read through St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians regarding the relation of the married, and notice that man is always the positive force and woman the negative. "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God." Again, "nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the

man, in the Lord." This harmonious union results in expression and progression.

Happily, I can say that I never knew a divorce case existed until I was over twenty years of age. Around our home circle in Pennsylvania were group after group of "affinities," and I never guessed that marriage was aught else but a happy and holy state. Since I have been married and have settled away from the scenes of my childhood, I have read with Mrs. Atherton the sad divorce columns, and I see the word "affinity" ill-used and treated as a jest, but I do not succumb to the popular opinion. Because science once declared the world flat did not make it so, or prevent Columbus from knowing and demonstrating the truth. The universe might add two and two and call it five, but it would reap confusion thereby, and only he who wisely calls it four will receive the benefit therefrom. Can I afford to doubt harmony in music because some novice brings forth unpleasant sounds? The earth was the same earth when viewed by the scientists, so-called, and Columbus, but one knew the truth and the other did not.

Science once declared the sun to be a flaming ball, and the interior of the earth molten, but a higher science now reveals both of these statements to be untrue. And so I say again, no one can hide behind a scientist's definition and say he has excuse. It may be that the knowledge of truth in your soul is the highest science yet known. At least it should be so to you, and is the only mandate you should obey.

Mrs. Atherton, in speaking of the excuse a materialistic world might find in the scientific definition of affinity, goes on to proclaim that now conditions are different because the "advent of Christianity gave birth to a dweller within the flesh called the soul," and while using this term interchangeably with the "ego" (attributing the same meaning to both) she says that all intelligent and high-minded people regard affinity in the spiritual sense only. Before disputing this claim, I must here say that Mrs. Atherton is misinformed both as to the time of the birth of the soul and as to the possibility of using the term synonymously with the ego. It was not the doctrine of Jesus which gave birth to the idea of a soul in man. The old Testament abounds in allusion to the soul. All through Job, the Psalms, and, in fact, all of the books, we find references made to the soul in man. In Job, 27-8, we find, "For what is the hope of a hypocrite, though he hath gained, and God taketh away his soul." We find over and over again in the Psalms such phrases as "Rejoice O my soul," "My soul fainteth," "The longing soul," etc. It was the soul the Jewish church *did* believe in, and the body was clothed in sack cloth and ashes, often debased, and treated as "dust" generally. Like Mrs. Atherton's affinities, all hope lay beyond the grave. When Jesus came, healing the sick, raising the dead, and commanding his followers to do likewise, it was contrary to all Jewish teaching, and for this reason he won their enmity. The *whole* man, "body, soul and spirit," was Jesus' message, and in his transfiguration, it was an illumined body he showed his disciples, and when he finally disappeared from view, it was with a body which he held in absolute subjection, "the earth over which he had gained dominion."

The terms soul and ego cannot be used synonymously. I cannot be disputed in saying the ego is the unchanging one, "I am, Spirit or 'God in us' of man." Now, we are told a man may lose his soul. Therefore, it is not the ego which is lost, but the soul of the ego. Since the ego is spirit, what then is the soul? What is the body? Simply this: The ego is "God in us." The soul is "consciousness of God in us." The body is the visible expression of our consciousness of God in us."

This Soul, consciousness of God, or "Christ," is fully and completely present in all individuals at all times, but not always fully conscious to the external or body mind. Jesus is the only one so far who fully realized this consciousness, and for that reason is called the "First born of many brethren." This same consciousness in the external is to be gained by man, and when it is accomplished, the Kingdom of Heaven will have come on earth." Little by little man approaches this consciousness, for he has been planted "wholly in a right seed," and as a seed is planted in earth, the life force uniting

with the earth to build up a beautiful expression, as is exemplified in plants, so the Christ unfolds in man, and all are to grow into this state of perfection, great joy and wondrous beauty. This is why to many "Nature seems often so unscrupulous," to quote Mrs. Atherton, for it is a universal force working to bring about Universal harmony, and only he who is willing to let go the little, narrow, finite consciousness can comprehend "Nature's unscrupulous ways" or grow into the larger life.

This is our destiny, to know God, to manifest him on earth to attain bodily perfection. What a glorious place the earth will be when man awakens to his destiny. In bringing about this perfect state, nature uses her "affinities," for in man the visible expression is pictured the spiritual. We are told in the very beginning, "God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he, him, *male* and *female* created he them, and God blessed them and gave them dominion over the *earth*."

Here is Man's domain. Here is where he is to know God and make him visible. Here is where God placed man in His *own* image, and *here on earth* is the home of affinities.

It is because the body consciousness of man is not alive to the meaning of affinity, and the part it performs in creation that so many mistakes are made. Young men and women grow up with the idea that their destiny is to "get married," instead of being taught that having a mate is a means through which an all embracing Spirit of Love brings them to their destiny of perfection.

Instead of seeing themselves as a part of a great Universe, individuals look upon their little selves, cater to their personal desires and indulge the senses, hoping to gain pleasure thereby. They meet disappointment after disappointment, because they are not measuring up to the stature of that consciousness which declares man not to be personal but universal. Because man does not live in obedience to this inner consciousness, he fails again and again in his quest for happiness.

Judging from a personal standpoint, being misled by sensual desires, he chooses a mate, and the union soon proves itself a mesalliance. Later he may meet the real affinity, and then follows the account in the divorce column; then the former wife and family are left homeless and unhappy. He, too, although he may have found his affinity, cannot know perfect bliss, for in disobedience to universal law, he has produced in harmony and his soul is ever calling him to account.

As examples, take the case of that well-known writer and lecturer, whose divorce and re-marriage has had world-wide attention. Undoubtedly, his present wife is his affinity. I do not believe this simply because in a wonderful little book, which he has written, he publicly announces her to be, but any one who has followed his career can see how the influence of that woman has changed the whole character of his life. His views are more generous. His language is more beautiful. His life principles are more clearly defined. That woman helped him to discover the *man*. That is the purpose of a mate—to help one know himself. But what of this man's former family? Can he know perfect happiness as he contemplates the mistakes made, perchance through undue haste in not waiting for the inner voice to prompt when it was wise for him to mate?

Further, consider the case of David and Bathsheba. It was undoubtedly decreed that they should wed, and that Solomon should be their offspring. Instead of waiting until it could take place in natural order, David sees Bathsheba, allows sense to dictate instead of soul, and causes Uriah, her husband, to be slain. Universal harmony was not obeyed, and as a result, their first child dies, and because the unchanging law of "measure for measure" can never be broken, "war dwelt forever in the house of David."

But look at the harmony expressed in the union of Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, Ruth and Boaz. How naturally they were brought together. Perhaps men would be more sure of their affinity if they were made to serve their father-in-law fourteen years for the girl of their choice, as in the case of Jacob. But we rush at things so. We forget we are living in eternity now, and that there is no hurry. Seeking selfish ends, we do not hear the inner voice which prompts, and which, if obeyed, would lead into perfect

happiness. He who takes pleasure in "frustrating the cunningly devised schemes of nature," as Mrs. Atherton suggests, had better consider carefully, for she's Heaven's mate, and works in perfect order.

I know personally of a case where a girl and boy of sixteen and nineteen years, respectively, met, and the girl heard a voice within herself declare, "Here is your husband." Neither were under the spell of any excitement, but there was a soul attraction which could not be dismissed. Natural forces drew them nearer and nearer together, until it was inevitable that they should marry, which they did in a few years. About the time they expected their first child, nature again placed them where every beautiful influence was about the mother. The perfect form and mental qualifications of that child, as well as their continued devotion and harmonious soul development is constant proof of their "affinity."

Again, I traveled across the continent with a woman and her two little girls, who were going to New York to meet her husband. Both are well known in San Francisco circles. Their's was a case of love at first sight. Both felt so sure of the affinity that they wasted no time for "reason" to dictate. That woman's face was a beautiful study as each turn of the wheels bore her nearer her loved one. Day by day her face became more radiant, until it fairly glowed with the love light. And the children? Again they prove the expediency of affinity—beautiful in form and with mental qualifications unexcelled.

"Reason" is no guide in chosing a mate. To marry with the reason, as Mrs. Atherton recommends, would be like trying to warm one's-self with the moon. Of itself the moon has no light or heat, but reflects the sun, and no reason is void except as it is enlightened by soul. What a lifeless thing a "reason wedlock" would be. Love is the great life-force, the Divine Spark, and who can afford to ignore it?

Again I disagree with Mrs. Atherton when she says the novelists will do the most to bring about perfect happiness in the home. The greatest influence in bringing this about will be from those who, ceasing to lust, will be content to "grow as the lilies," with their faces turned toward the sun. Nothing can exceed the value of a life.

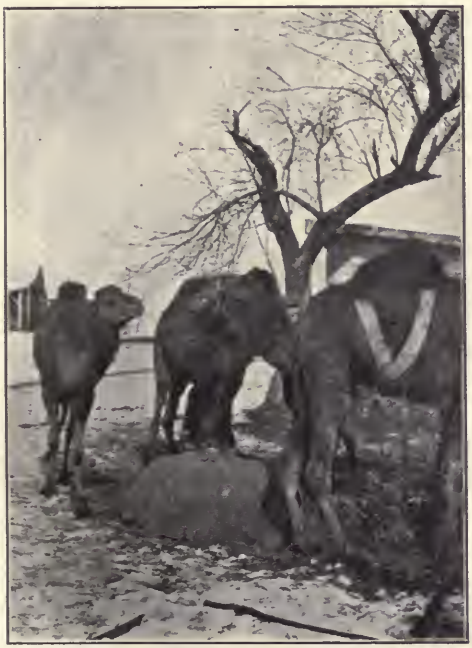
Affinity is not to be scorned. It is the bringing together of opposite forces in perfect harmony and in accordance with natural law. I do not say I believe men and women shall always be bound by the marriage *contract,* nor do I say children shall always be brought forth in sorrow, for in perfect freedom and perfect bliss there is nothing that binds. But, while there is Heaven and Earth, there will be father and mother. The wisest father is he who will be most a man, and she who strives to be most a woman will make the wisest mother. Then shall we herald the day foretold by Isaiah, the prophet, "No one of these shall fail, *none shall want her mate,* for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them." And in that time, "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man who hath not filled his days, for a child shall die an hundred years old, and men shall long enjoy the work of their hands."



DOWN IN OUR NEXT TWO STATES

QUEER CORNERS OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO, AND THE QUESTION OF THEIR ADMISSION

BY FELIX J. KOCH



IDLE SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

THE QUESTION of the admission to Statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, the latest stage of which is the Foraker amendment, for permitting the two territories to vote on the question itself, is giving prominence to two of perhaps the queerest integers that the stars on Old Glory will have to stand for.

Both Arizona and New Mexico are filled with quaint places, unlike any other in the Union. In fact, whenever we think of the southwestern characters, of the desert, or of the Mexican of our own country, we conjure up the names "New Mexico" or "Arizona."

The Government Camels.

One of the interesting phases of the life of these territories is always connected with the desert, and that is the herd of camels.

Ever and again in some of the lone towns along the railways you hear tales told by returning prospectors of catching sight of this famous horde, feeding on the mesquite or the manzanita on some distant oasis.

The story of the camels is interesting: In 1850, the Government had the question to meet of transporting army supplies across that section of the Arizona deserts which is now covered by the Southmarked trail. Horses did not seem to be advisable, and so a herd of camels were brought from Africa to the gulf coast of Texas, by a Government agent, who had secured them in Egypt. This was in 1857 to be exact.

The camels were taken to Indianola, to recuperate, and after remaining there several months, their actual work begins.

The supplies for all the territory west and north of the Colorado, to and including Austin, to Santa Fe and to Chihuahua, which had here-to-fore been transported in wagons and carts, by ox or mule teams, was now to go by camels. This, of course, excluded only what was brought to Victoria from Indianola by water on the famous steamers "Kate Ward," "Lizzie Lake," and "William Penn," plying the Guadaloupe river.

From San Antonio to El Paso, and on through Mexico, there were many stretches of from forty to ninety miles between watering places, and here it was thought

the camels would be especially valuable. It was difficult enough to transport supplies for troops in the country between Texas and New Mexico, let alone bear water for horses. The camels, on the other hand, were noted for long travel over plains and deserts of the south.

At once, then, all of the one hundred and thirty camels were fitted with pack saddles, and burdened per their respective abilities. Then they were put in charge of the Egyptians imported for the purpose, the chilly December winds began to trouble the camels, and they had to protect the animals with blankets. The Egyptians, too, were shivering both with cold and home-sickness. The rough rock road told on the feet of the camels, which are shaped like those of a cow, and not well protected at the base. The pad or mat of the foot was wearing off, and stone bruises appeared. Ergo, they must shoe the camels. But the camel's foot is a foot without any hoof on it, so that no one knew how



IN NEW MEXICO.

and the entire cavalcade placed under an army officer.

After staying at Victoria a day or so, to refit and to re-adjust saddles and packs, the caravan started for San Antonio.

The first report to Washington as to the march was favorable. The problem of desert transportation seemed solved.

News was sent ahead that the camels were coming, and the people and soldiers of San Antonio turned out to see them.

They halted there a few days, then resumed the march to El Paso. Everything again went well, at first. Later, however, to proceed. They appealed to the best black-smith in the locality, and he advised that they try "half-shoes," then "whole shoes," then "solid shoes," but to no avail, for there was no hoof to which to fasten these shoes. So the smiths gave up the job.

Then some brilliant mind called the butchers to aid. His idea necessitated raw-hide, but there would be required a piece of raw-hide the size of a chair-bottom per foot, and as there were five hundred and twenty feet in all, the amount required would be prohibitive.

Then, too, while it was admitted that raw-hide shoes were by all odds the best, they wore rapidly away in the tropic sun.

So there were other problems to be met with the camels.

At the end of two years, patience gave out, and the experiment was pronounced a failure. The camels were condemned, and in 1860 turned loose at the forts where they had been left.

That is the story of the camel venture as you hear it in the West. Now as to the outcome. Instinct is said to have guided the animals to the Gulf coast, and during the Civil War a herd of them was seen on Hines' Bay. In 1876 some were roaming in the east and south portions of Refugio County. In the winter of 1877 a man is on record as attempting to ride one bare-back, and the animal had finally to be lassooed in order to release the victim.

Since then the only appearance of the camels was on the deserts. There, every now and then, one hears of them. Whether they are there or not, or whether it is a mirage, is a fact that is disputed even in Arizona.

The States that are to Be.

Both Arizona and New Mexico offer interesting suggestions, now that they are up for entry as States.

Life can be started very cheaply in either territory. In New Mexico, within three miles of small towns, unimproved land can be had practically free of all cost from the National Government, just so long as one will come and settle upon it under the Homestead Act. When water is put on this land it is worth not less than fifty dollars an acre.

All the little towns, consequently, are studying plans for cheapening irrigation. The latest of these is a company for forcing water out of the earth by compressed air, by means of pipes within pipes and heavy compressing machinery.

Then, too, ranching is profitable. The ranches of this part of the southwest will run from five hundred to twelve hundred head of cattle, at an average value of twelve to fifteen dollars the head. In fact, so vast are some of these ranches, or "ranges," as they would be called in California, that the ranch headquarters seems a lone house in a sea of meadow, or desert prairie, and one sees little more at any one point than two or three cattle, just as one sees these in the East in some narrow field beside the railroad.

Out of the ranches, too, arise some queer legal cases in the territories, among the most frequent being the trial of ranch superintendents for theft from ranch proprietors, by ordering commissary and supplies for themselves and charging these up as sugar and bacon. Then, too, since the average price for cattle will range at fourteen dollars for yearlings, to eighteen for two-year olds, and twenty-two for three years and beyond, mis-statements are frequently made to the owners. A five hundred head ranch, down in the territories, will sell about two hundred cattle a year, so that the superintendent can turn a neat sum annually.

Much of the land contains mines, these often within a mile of town, so that smelters can be erected in the local metropolis.

Demonetizing of silver hurt the mining industry of the territories quite a good deal, though the lead and zinc mines still flourish, and quite a few of the small towns live absolutely from selling supplies to the miners. Other towns are devoted to supplying the ranchmen or else the railway people.

Down in the small towns of the territories, next only to the last Christmas carnival, its wild-west shows in the streets, and its horse races, the first thing they talk of is climate. In the last few years this wonderful climate seems to have been changing as wonderfully. At one town it rained continuously every day, in the winter. In the summer, the heat rose to 100 or even 105. This, however, is no more oppressive than eighty or ninety degrees in other places, and it is always cool in the shade.

The Question of Statehood.

New Mexico, one hears everywhere, is quite willing to join Arizona in one great State, but to this Arizona is opposed. There are great mining corporations in Arizona that are fighting "for" joint Statehood, as they feel this will never be secured, whereas single statehood *is* possible, and they prefer to have the territories remain out of the union as long as possible.

The reasons for this are patent. In Texas, certain interests pay an assessment of $17,500 per unit; in California, of $14,000 a year; in New Mexico, on the other hand, only $7,000 is charged, and in Arizona, it is a little less.

This is owing to the greater strictness of State Government, as compared to territorial. The territorial officers, moreover, one and all stand in with the great corporations.

New Mexico's only opposition to the bill is a faint plea for two separate States, millions, is an injustice to the country at large.

Statehood, however, has now been urged for eight or nine years. The people want representation and are opposed to being regarded as wards of the Government. In fact, they question whether Congress ever reads half the territorial laws that are passed by it, so bad are they.

The people, moreover, are opposed to having all executives and judiciary appointed, rather than elective, wishing a "say" in what is being done.



GOING TO WATCH THE CAMELS COME IN.

and those standing out for this are in the minority. Senator Beveridge, the author of the "One State" idea, as compromise for his fight over Statehood, is not greatly admired down here, since the people claim he knows this to be impossible of attaining.

They admit, however, the justice of the claim of the Anti-State party in the Senate, who urge that New Mexico with a population of but 280,000, securing as many Senators as New York, with her

At any rate, if the Statehood bill is killed now, they are in hopes of a bill to stop gambling in all territories, as there is an inordinate amount of this here. Roulette, faro and craps flourish, not being prohibited in any wise, except for a license of $200 per year per table. The cowboys are, of course, the great gamblers.

Lew Wallace, it will be remembered, was one time Governor of this territory, but the people do not recall him by any act distinctive of those of other governors.

NEVADA

SCENES FROM THE SAGEBRUSH STATE



One of the Tragedies of the Silent Seas of Sand and Heat. The G. C. Dayton outfit perished within five hundred yards of the Eagle Borax Works in Death Valley during the prevalence of a heat storm. The wagon was supplied with barrels of water and plenty of feed. All the horses were found lying on their left sides. The teamster was standing in the barrel which contained the water, and the reins were at his feet. It is said that the temperature during this storm (by the thermometer) ranged from 143 degrees Fahrenheit to 178 degrees, and that the maximum was reached in waves. The locality is estimated at 278 feet below sea level.



The wonderful and awe-inspiring Death Valley, Nevada. View taken from the west slope of the Funeral Range mountains, just below Greenwater.



One of the Wonders of Nevada. A twenty-four mule team hauling hay from Indian Springs to the Bonnie Claire mine, thirty miles distant. This is the largest team at present at work on the desert, and is now engaged in the business of transporting freight to Skidoo and other distant points.

The country from State line to State line is the most heavily mineralized in the entire world. It must not be believed that alkali wastes and deserts illimitable, sprinkled with gold and precious stones, is all that Nevada has to offer. Where water is obtainable, it is a veritable garden spot. Even in Death Valley, there is an occasional oasis that gladdens the eye of the weary traveler. Nevada has only just been scratched by the prospector, and the scratching has uncovered a wealth that is beyond the dream of avarice. With the coming of more rapid means of transportation, and more systematic development, Nevada will treble and quadruple its gold and silver output. It will stand at the head of any other locality as the premier producer of copper and its production of precious stones will in time make the world marvel. This wealth is given grudgingly, and as in all things worth while, it means labor unceasing to conquer the obstacles nature has placed in the path of the adventurous pioneers who are building better than they know and for the benefit of the unborn millions of their fellow Americans.

QUATRAIN

BY H. O. WISE

Oh, mine are the nerves of motion,
And yours are the nerves of rest;
And mine is the sweep of ocean,
And yours is the cragged nest.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY DAVID HENRY WALKER

PART II

Calling to him across the water, the funereal tolling of the bell on the roof, swung by the waves, beat its iron tongue in time on its brazen sides with Allessandro's song. Its dull, rhythmic clangor from the sea for the first time chilled Allessandro. Something seemed to oppress him, he knew not what. To his suddenly awakened fancy the bell seemed to be tolling for him—or was it for Luisa?

A vague terror stole across his mind. Instinct made him stop rowing and drop his oar and turn to look at Pietro. At the same instant, Pietro rose and drew his oar from the rowlock. The rushing sound of a steamship's propeller drew nearer. The lights of a steamship illuminated the fishing boat. Suddenly, Allessandro saw that the moment of combat between him and Pietro was at hand—was present.

He drew his knife to defend himself as Pietro, with murder in his face, raised the oar above his head to strike him down. The swell of the passing steamship caused the boat to reel and tumble about in the waves like a drunkard. Unable to steady himself for the second, Allessandro saw Pietro's oar, as it came downward toward him, wielded with the force of hatred. He struck out wildly with his knife toward Pietro, but all in vain.

Prone on the deck he fell beneath the weight of a blow that would have felled an ox. Again and again Pietro struck downward at him, and then, while fierce fires seemed to dance before his eyes, and strange, explosive sounds rang through his brain, Allessandro became unconscious, but not before he had cried out in his anger, "Dog, assassin."

Pietro calmly proceeded to tie Allessandro, hand and foot, and to pass a rope about his body and pass it through an iron ring in the deck and knot it securely there. He gazed on his fallen foe, and turned to take the tiller, a breeze that sounded in the trees in the near-by Presidio like a sigh having suddenly arisen.

He was like a madman then. Pietro could not bear to hear Allessandro singing the folk-song, well knowing that it was to Luisa that his rival sang. Sudden fury, the outgrowth of many days of brooding, had seized Pietro and urged him irresistibly on. Now that the attack was over he smiled grimly, and his face was not good to see.

From the border-land that lies between sleep and death, the fires of youth lighted the way for Allessandro to return to consciousness. He lay entirely still for a few moments. Then his eyes opened. The moon had risen and the fallen man's face was brought into relief by its beams. Interrupted only for a brief interval, full and lusty life renewed its sway.

Allessandro gazed at Pietro wrathfully, but made no sound, nor did Pietro speak, but he planned swiftly. He would take his capture in ignominy to the Fisherman's wharf, lying on his back in the grim boat, and great would be the scorn of the Italians for Allessandro. Luisa should hear and should taunt Allessandro with cowardice, after Pietro should tell the story.

"Yes," so thought Pietro, "this has been a good day's work. I have the largest catch of fish ever made by an Italian fisherman. I have overcome the strongest man in the Italian colony and held him prisoner to do with as I will. I shall leave Allessandro in the boat, and go to the opera and say to Luisa that he would not come, but spoke slightingly of her, and that I beat him for that and then tied him. I shall triumph."

For an hour, something sharp had been cutting the ripples off Fishermen's wharf, moving swiftly to and fro, like a sentinel of darkness. As the boat came near, it was seen by Pietro in the moonlight.

"A man-eating shark," said Pietro. "It is hungry."

Pietro took fish and threw to the man-eater, but the shark did not care for them. Then the superstition of his countrymen came to him. "The man eaters are friends," so runs an Italian legend. "They come to carry away the souls of wicked

men." For whose soul was this shark waiting?

"Beware of the man-eater, Pietro," said Allessandro meaningly, looking earnestly at the shark's sharp fin that cut the water like a knife. "He has come for you."

"Do you threaten me, Allessandro?"

"He has come for you, Pietro. Look to it that he shall not carry your soul with him when the tide is turning."

"Suppose I send your soul to him, Allessandro?"

Why not rid himself of Allessandro now? The wicked thought came to Pietro. That would end all danger that Allessandro would be his rival for the hand of Luisa.

He half drew his knife and moved toward Allessandro. The man lying prone on the deck, a prisoner, saw and understood Pietro, but he made no outcry. His glance was cold and defiant.

"I said before that you are an assassin," were the only words he spoke.

Pietro took the tiller and sheered the boat sharply to avoid crossing the track of the man-eating shark, which turned and followed the line of bubbles made by its keel.

When the boat was at Fishermen's Wharf, Amina ran forward, and seeing Allessandro a prisoner said: "Alas, is he indeed dead?"

"Ask Allessandro what has happened. He is not dead!"

But Allessandro was dumb with anger and shame and would not answer.

"Come, Allessandro, come with me," said Amina. "Luisa told me to say that she must see you at once."

A wicked thought passed through the mind of Pietro. He would have Luisa brought here to see Allessandro's humiliation. Love was swallowed up, for the moment, by hatred of Allessandro, and the desire for revenge upon this poor man who had dared to oppose him for the love of Luisa—he, the rich and powerful Pietro.

"Tell Luisa to come here speedily, if she would save Allessandro from harm, for he cannot go to her. He is my prisoner."

* * * *

Thunders of applause rang through the Grand Opera House. Luisa Teresa had become the idol of the public in one short hour and a half. As the curtain fell at the end of the second act, of "La Traviata," she was compared by the cognoseenti with all the famous sopranos of modern times who had sung the leading roles in that opera. Flushed with triumph—and yet anxious because she did not see Allessandro—she sat in her dressing room, receiving the congratulations of her manager, to whom the discovery of a new operatic star had opened dreams of wealth and glory.

Two—three—four times she had been compelled by the clamor of her auditors to sing "Dita allo giovino" (Say to this child of thine) with the "Germont" of the cast. The furore had never been equalled in the history of the Grand Opera House. She sang as long as she dared, being inspired to great and greater exertions by cries of "bis" and outbursts of enthusiasm for which San Francisco opera goers are known.

Now, as her manager talked to her and offered her a large sum of money to sing with his company during the remainder of the season, she saw the whole scene repeated—the handsomely gowned wowomen, the shouting galleries, the seething parquette and the instrumentalists standing and applauding madly in the orchestra pit—and her eyes kindled.

At that moment of supreme triumph, that moment when her fairy dream of greatness was come true, Amina ran into her room and gave her the message from Pietro.

"Is Allessandro hurt," she asked of Amina.

"He needs you at once. Come."

Instantly she rose and threw her wraps around her shoulders and prepared hastily to go.

"You are not going to leave me now," said the manager, imploringly.

"I will come back and finish singing the opera."

The manager put out his hand to detain her, but she evaded him and was gone.

An automobile whirled her, with headlong speed, through the crowded streets. She flew by shouting policemen who sought to stay the pace; she was hurried from the glare of the central streets to the darkness of obscure thoroughfares; then

on and on to North Beach and the Fishermen's Wharf.

The moon had risen high, and the landscape was pale in a ghostly light. There were the fishing boats, swaying at moorings, restless as unquiet spirits; there the shark still patrolling like a sentinel the boat in which Allessandro was a prisoner, and Pietro, standing grim and terrible, near it, and looking down from the wharf above.

"Why is this, Pietro?" demanded Luisa.

"I have sent for you to decide, this night and now, whether you will love Allessandro or Pietro. You are to make the decision."

"Allessandro, Allessandro, are you hurt?"

"No, dearest."

"Thank God for that."

"I have in that my answer?" asked Pietro.

"Pietro, kind Pietro," said the singer, trembling with fear, "I have loved him ever since we were children, and long ago I promised to marry him when it was well to do so. You saw the locket."

Pietro's face became livid with wrath.

"I have my answer," he said, "and the end has come to——"

"To what, Pietro?"

"I shall cut his bonds and let him loose," said Pietro. "He shall go home. See, my knife is very sharp, is it not? Yes, he shall go hence—and very soon."

"Thank you, good Pietro, my friend."

"You will marry him if he is free."

"Yes, Pietro."

"But I, too, have loved you long. You know that well. I am rich and would give you fine houses and fine carriages—all that you wish, and I would love you dearly, tenderly, forever and forever."

Tears trembled on Pietro's eyelids, and his voice shook with his intensity as he made this appeal, and listened breathlessly for her response.

"Oh, Pietro, do not ask me, for it can never be. I love Allessandro."

"Be it so, then," said Pietro, sadly, "if you have chosen. Is this final? Is there no hope of change?"

"It must be final, for I can love no one but Allessandro."

The moonlight brightened the knife that Pietro drew from his sash of red—to cut the rope that held Allessandro prisoner.

"You are good, Pietro, dear Pietro," said Luisa. "You will free him?"

"Yes, yes," said Pietro, nervously. "I am good, very good. Come near to embrace Allessandro when he rises—and you shall see me cut the ropes."

"I will be your friend as long as you live."

"Yes? As long as I live?"

From the edge of the wharf, Pietro went down to his boat by a short wooden ladder. He bent over and whispered words that made the blood suddenly leave the face of Allessandro, brave as he was. Then Pietro raised the knife to cut the rope—and buried it deep in the heart of Allessandro.

"See, the fiend waits for me," cried Pietro, white as death, as he rose with the knife clutched in his hands. "I have known it all the time."

Fiercely and despairingly he pointed at the man-eater, which had stopped swimming and was seemingly looking at him.

"The fiend waits for me, and will never go away until he has a human soul. Whose shall he have but mine? I go—but Allessandro shall follow."

He reeled dizzily, and fell from the deck into the water. There was a sudden shrieking fearfully, out of sight beneath the brine. From the depths of the bay came up bubbles and the color of blood swirl in the waves. Something black darted forward toward Pietro with the swiftness of a bolt of thunder. Something dusky and terrible drew him down, down, was on the water. Then there were eddies, and then an object dark and mangled rose to the surface, the corpse of Pietro, upon which the full moon pitifully looked down.

By the side of Allessandro Luisa threw herself, sobbing.

"Dearest, I die," Allessandro said feebly. "Speak to me."

Her arms were around his neck. She raised his head and pillowed it on her bosom. "Amina," she called wildly, "go for the doctor—hasten."

"It is too late, Luisa, my darling," whispered Allessandro. "I have but a few minutes to live. Kiss me. Pray for me

by this sign." He touched the cross at her throat.

Again and again the weeping diva kissed his lips and cheeks. She prayed to the dear God to spare him—her Allessandro, and tried to staunch the flow of blood that, like a river of red, was bearing him away from her forever.

"Live, Allessandro, for your poor Luisa. See, it is I, your own. Don't go."

"I have but one wish, now, Luisa, that you can grant," whispered the dying man. "Sing, while yet I may hear it, the song we used to sing."

Gently Luisa sang the folk-song, the one which, ominously, Allessandro had sung that very night as he had rowed to see her.

"Dearest love, I pledge my life to thee,
Throughout this world and all eternity,
When the day of earthly life is o'er,
We shall dwell on Heaven's golden shore,
Comes there darkness, we need not repine,
For love, a golden sun, shall ever shine."

With a smile on his lips, listening to the voice of Luisa, wrapped in her arms, his hands feebly seeking to clasp hers, Allessandro died.

* * * *

The audience in the Grand Opera House waited hours for the re-appearance of "Violetta." The people grew impatient and said harsh words because she did not come. Her manager alternately raged and made excuses for her absence. He told the audience that she was ill, but would soon be able to sing. They sat until the clocks of the city were sounding for the midnight hour. Then the orchestra began to play for the third act of the opera, and the applause rose in great billows of sound.

After awhile, "Violetta" entered. There was blood on her finery. Her face was white and drawn, as of a person who has supped full of horrors. The auditors wondered if this was some new way in which to play "Violetta."

The orchestra moaned as if in pain, with all its violins muted and its horns and wood wind attuned to woe. Then the mimic "Alfredo" and "Violetta" sang their last song of hope together.

Paler and paler grew the face of Luisa. Feebler and more affecting was her voice until it became a wail, and more and more pitiful was her mien. Her overfull heart throbbed heavily, and oppressed her. Amid the mimes, the stage fictions, she sang a real and soul absorbing grief, while her hearers sat as in a trance, then the house resounded from pit to dome with exclamations and applause; such acting had never been seen. Such singing had never been heard by the oldest habitues of the opera. The climax was reached when "Violetta" sang:

"Ah, great Heaven, 'tis sad that hope
should fail
When happiness is near us.
But sadder 'tis still, after all,
That I should die thus.
A vain delusion now it seems to hope to
baffle fate,
And all of constancy and truth have come,
alas, too late."

Luisa placed her hands on her heart and fell on the stage, fainting. Cries of "brava" and tumult filled the air. Blindly she heard. Hardly knowing what she did, stunned by her woe, frenzied with loss, her mind was filled with the thought that she must sing for Allessandro the dear lay of their childhood, the folk-song with which she had soothed his last moments of life. She crept to "Violetta's" couch, knelt there like a little child, placed her palms together, and sang, sobbing, while the tears ran down her cheeks like rain:

"Dearest love, I pledge my life to thee."

Among those who applauded most loudly, even as he wept, was the father of Pietro, who did not know the fate of his only son.

How Luisa left the opera house that night, never to return to the stage, and that she devoted the remainder of her life to charity, are well known among the Italians of San Francisco. Every year, on the anniversary of the death of Allessandro, Luisa goes to the cemetery where he sleeps, and attired in the garments of "Violetta," breathes a prayer above him and sings his folk-song, and none go near her to interrupt her devotions and love offering of glorious melody in memory of him.



BATTLESHIP OHIO.

WHEN THE GREAT FLEET ARRIVES

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON, LATE LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY

The arrival on the Pacific Coast of the battleship fleet from the Atlantic means much more than the average layman imagines. It means that San Francisco, from being the most neglected of all the important strategic ports of the country, will become the most important, both in the naval force which will be concentrated in her bay, but in the fact that San Francisco is the natural base of the operations which the more or less distant future will see in the Pacific Ocean, recognized by all statesmen as the theatre of the world's next great struggles for military and commercial mastery.

IT IS TRUE that another battleship fleet is in course of construction in the East to replace the one now en route to the Pacific. One will doubtless always be kept in the Atlantic, but there will likewise always be one, and perhaps the greater of the two, in the Pacific, where the need for it is paramount.

Until the present time, the neglect of the Pacific Coast of the United States by the Navy Department has been remarkable. For years, there have been on the Pacific Coast but a couple of battleships at most; two or three large cruisers, and a few small ones, with gunboats for local Central American use. There has been no fleet prepared to battle with even a third rate power.

This is now all changed, and when Admiral Evans arrives with his great armada, the command of the Pacific Ocean will be assured to the United States, save against a coalition of powers against us, which is far from likely.

So much for the purely military part of it. The commercial phase of the maintenance of a powerful Pacific fleet is of direct interest to our industries, large and small. Warships, like houses, are in constant need of more or less extensive re-

pairs, proportional to size and to use in both cases. Both must have plumbing and ventilation kept in order; leaks stopped, fireplaces drawing well, wear and tear provided for, severe accidental injuries repaired, furniture replaced as it wears out, and so on. For a great complex machine like the modern man-of-war, especially after continual use such as now prevails in our Navy, these repairs for a great fleet must needs be extensive, even in time of peace.

In time of war they are indefinite. All of these conditions are certain to stimulate the shipbuilding industry of this coast. The two navy-yards, that at Bremerton, Wash., and that at Mare Island, Cal., will have their hands more than full, and the private yard must be called upon to make up the deficiency. The dry-docks must be resorted to, for warships must have their bottoms clean if their efficiency is to be maintained. Tens of thousands of dollars annually must be expended in Pacific Coast shipyards and machine shops to maintain the fleet, and this means more money in the hands of mechanics, more of whom than ever before must be employed. The money thus paid out to civilian mechanics and their employers means more money distributed in all branches of trade. It means more money for new residences of all kinds, more money in the coffers of tradesmen of every grade. It means, in a word, a steady stream of money into the long neglected West.

Then must be considered the money which will be spent by the officers and men of the fleet. This matter grows more interesting upon examination.

Of the sixteen battleships coming to this coast, the crews vary from 41 officers and 815 men in each of such vessels as the Connecticut, Louisiana, Minnesota and Kansas, down to 35 officers and 612 men to such as the Missouri and Maine. The average may be safely placed at 38 officers and 750 men to each, or a total of 610 officers and 12,000 men for the sixteen battleships alone. Add to these the crews of the despatch boats, the torpedo vessels, the tenders and the colliers, and a total of 750 officers and 14,000 men may be assumed.

Then must be considered the armored cruisers division, composed of the Washington, Tennessee, California, South Dakota, Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado and Pennsylvania, each with a crew equal to that of a battleship, and 230 officers and 4,500 men are added. Add, say, 70 officers and 1,000 men for the small gunboats, repair ships, hospital ship, and the like, and a grand total of 1,050 officers and 19,500 men will, in round numbers, be the personnel of the fleet.

These figures are conservative. They are probably too low.

Without going into too much detail and analysis, the average annual income of an officer, from midshipman at $950, to Rear-Admiral at $7,500, remembering the few admirals and the large number of those in the lower grades, may be placed at $2,000; total for the 1,050 officers, $2,100,000 per annum.

The average pay of an enlisted man, from $204 per annum for an apprentice seaman, to $900 for a veteran chief petty officer, may be placed at $400, or a total of $7,800,000 for the 19,500 men. Adding this to the $2,100,000 for the officers, which is conservative, the total pay roll of the Pacific fleet may be estimated at $9,900,000, or in round numbers, $10,000,000.

Even if only half of this be spent in ports of the Pacific Coast, the other half being saved, invested or sent East, it will be seen that the coming of the fleet will add $5,000,000 annually to the business of local merchants from the pockets of officers and men alone.

Navy officers pay for their own food, out of their private salaries, but the men are fed by the Government, which allows 30 cents a day for each man for the Navy ration. This, for 19,500 men, means $5,850 a day for food, or over $2,100,000 per annum.

Supplies of countless variety must be provided the ships, and while many of these will probably be sent from the East, a great volume will be obtained from Western manufacturers, ship chandlers and other merchants.

Every branch of Western trade will be stimulated by the arrival of the fleet. From the wholesale providers to the small tradesman, all will be benefited. Grocers and tailors, hardware men and lumber men, theatres, hotels and restaurants, all

will receive their share of the millions that will come to the Pacific Coast from the Atlantic Coast, which has hitherto had a monopoly of the Navy's trade.

The social side of the new order of things naval must not be overlooked. The influx of over a thousand officers and 19,500 men will add zest to entertainments of every character, to add to the gayety of the Western cities and towns. Naval men are good entertainers themselves, with their wide experience in many parts of the world, and they are always in a hurry to return as lavishly as their means will permit all hospitalities extended to them.

An imposing sight will be presented when Admiral Evans's fleet steams in through the Golden Gate, San Francisco being scheduled at this time as the first port of call in California. In preparation for the arrival, every piece of brass work will be polished; the decks will be scrupulously cleaned; the steel sides, crowned by long, polished guns, will shine with the snow white paint that is the peace color of the Navy. Officers will wear their newest uniforms, men their "clean blue" or white. The fleet has for months been rigorously drilled and its discipline is reported to be unsurpassed.

Probably the armored cruiser division will already be in port when the battleships arrive. In that case, there will be a fluttering of signal flags as Alcatraz is passed; gun salutes to the Admiral's flag will be thundered forth; anchors will be dropped after the preliminary evolutions in obedience to the signals from the flagship. As the armored cruisers are passed, their crews will be formed at "attention" on their decks, the marine guards will be paraded at "present arms," the bands will play, bugles will sound, and the great fleet will be formed, probably in two long lines, between the ferries and the Potrero.

Spick and span man-of-war boats will put out from the various vessels as soon as all are anchored, bearing officers in cocked hats and epaulettes, and all the accompaniments of full dress uniform, to pay the initial official calls of ceremony. Admiral Evans, being the senior, will be the first to be visited from the warships already in port. Then will follow visits interchanged between the commanding, wardrobe and junior officers of the various ships. These will all be promptly returned, and then the preliminary calls are over.

Meanwhile, from shore will go the official representatives of the reception committee of citizens, of the army, of the naval stations at Goat Island and Mare Island. These will be received with ceremony, and then other officers will go ashore to arrange for visits to the Governor, the Mayor and the representatives of foreign governments. For days there will be the firing of salutes to the officials of sufficient dignity to require them. Every morning, at "morning colors," the bands of the fleet will play, first, "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by the national airs of whatever foreign men-of-war may be in port at the time. After that, for half an hour, the bands will play popular airs, until the breakfasts are over and the day's work begins. At sunset, or "evening colors," when the colors are hauled down for the day, the same thing is repeated, with "Hail Columbia" substituted for "The Star Spangled Banner," the band then playing during the officers' dinner hour, which is the men's supper hour. There is no more work until the next morning, except for the officers and men on watch during the night.

At five minutes to 9 p. m., there is a preliminary call, then at 9 sharp a gun is fired from the flagship, a chorus of bugles is sounded from the entire fleet; "taps" follows, and after the piping of numerous boatswains' mates, the ships are quiet for the night, except when, for some special occasion, a prolongation of the evening is permitted by the admiral or commanding officers.

The day begins with reveille, more piping, and the washing of the decks and general cleaning up. "Morning colors" is made at 8 a. m. But all is done following the lead of the flagship, the battleship Connecticut.

Every forenoon, a series of signals is made to the flagship by the various vessels. These are for reporting the amount of coal on board, the number of sick, the number of absentees from "quarters," which is the regular morning muster, and for other routine matters. Besides, miscellaneous signals of great variety are made, either by the bright-hued flags from

the signal yard-arms, by the familiar "wig-wag" system with single small flags, or by semaphore. Every boat away from the ship has its own recall flag, upon the appearance of which the boat must return to the ship at once. At night, electric lights are used, strung along signal wires and operated from a key-board on deck. Wireless telegraphy, however, is now taking the place of most of these signaling systems, each ship having her own call-number.

It must not be understood that all the signals are exchanged between the individuals of the great fleet and a single flagship, that of Admiral Evans, the commander-in-chief. The battleship fleet is divided into four squadrons of four ships each, under a junior Rear-Admiral, and armored cruiser division is similarly divided into two squadrons. The individual ships of each squadron make their report to their own admiral, who transmits to the Connecticut all that are necessary for Admiral Evans's information.

The combined main and auxiliary batteries of the battleship fleet and the armored cruiser division carry collectively 44 13-inch, 20 12-inch, 8 10-inch, 104 8-inch; 60 7-inch; 250 6-inch, and 28 5-inch rifled guns. Remembering that a 13-inch shell weighs 1,100 pounds, a 12-inch shell 850 pounds, a 10-inch shell 500 pounds, an 8-inch shell 250 pounds, a 6-inch shell 100 pounds, and a 5-inch shell 55 pounds, it requires but a simple calculation to show that the total weight of a shell from each one of these guns would be 120,500 pounds. In other words, a single discharge from all the guns of the main and auxiliary batteries of the vessels composing Admiral Evans's armored fleet would hurl 60 tons of steel projectiles.

In this computation, the hundreds of guns in the secondary batteries have not been considered, nor have the guns of the unarmored vessels, torpedo craft, gunboats and lesser craft been taken into account, although among the unarmored vessels such big cruisers as the Milwaukee, Charleston, Chicago and others are included.

With the exception of the protected cruisers New Orleans and Albany, which were purchased in England at the outbreak of the Spanish War, and are two of the lesser vessels of the Pacific fleet, every vessel in the latter is of American design and American build, together with every weapon carried and every bit of ammunition. What is more, all of the officers and 80 per cent of the men are native-born Americans. About 12 per cent are naturalized American citizens, and of the remaining 8 per cent, who are aliens, most are mess attendants or members of the ships' bands. For many years following the Civil War, when the Navy was at low ebb, while the officers were native-born Americans, a majority of the men were aliens, and the percentage of native born Americans among the enlisted men was rarely over 25 per cent. It has been since the inauguration of the apprentice system that the American-born element among the crews has grown steadily, and since the Spanish war the native-born element has rapidly increased. It is expected by experienced officers that by the end of next year, over 90 per cent of the enlisted force of the Navy will be American born.

Nor do they all come from the seaboard cities. They come from inland cities, towns and villages, and in large numbers, from the farms of the South and Middle West. The work done by the Navy during the Spanish war and in the Philippines, together with the increased opportunities now offered for advancement to enlisted men, have served to popularize the Navy throughout the country, and in many places where little was formerly known about it save from story books and histories of the wars of a century ago.

With the coming of the fleet will come the establishment of more and larger naval stations on the Pacific Coast, where Bremerton, Wash., and Mare Island, Cal., are the only sites of large stations at present. Both of these must needs be enlarged and better equipped; new stations must be established at Portland, Ore., San Diego and elsewhere, and other minor bases must be established, all of which will bring capital to the coast and give employment to thousands of men, not to mention the market they will give to Western producers.

The advantages of San Francisco as a rendezvous for warships has been recognized the world over for half a century. With a magnificent bay of great extent,

well sheltered, possessing excellent holding ground for an anchorage, with transcontinental roads entering the city, and with powerful fortifications at its approaches, its advantages cannot be overestimated.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Illustrated London News of October 19, 1850, a copy of which I have at hand, said of San Francisco bay at that early period:

"The depth of water is sufficient to float a large navy. At its extremity is San Francisco, facing, not a harbor or a lake, but a 'Mediterranean' in miniature; the bay of San Francisco, according to a French authority, will easily contain all the fleets of the world."

The coming of the fleet to the Pacific Coast means much to that coast, because of the increased prosperity it will bring, and means much to the entire country, for it places the Navy's right arm where it is likely to be needed most in any war which seems probable in the future."



MONITOR WYOMING.



IN A FAR COUNTRY

BY JACK LONDON



HEN A MAN journeys into a far country, he must be prepared to forget many of the things he has learned, and to acquire such customs as are inherent with existence in the new land; he must abandon the old ideals and the old gods, and oftentimes he must reverse the very codes by which his conduct has hitherto been shaped. To those who have the protean faculty of adaptability, the novelty of such change may even be a source of pleasure; but to those who happened to be hardened to the ruts in which they were created, the pressure of the altered environment is unbearable, and they chafe in body and in spirit under the new restrictions which they do not understand. This chafing is bound to act and react, producing divers evils and leading to various misfortunes. It were better for the man who cannot fit himself to the new groove, to return to his own country; if he delay too long, he will surely die.

The man who turns his back upon the comforts of an elder civilization, to face the savage youth, the primordial simplicity of the North, may estimate success at an inverse ratio to the quantity and quality of his hopelessly fixed habits. He will soon discover, if he be a fit candidate, that the material habits are the less important. The exchange of such things as a dainty menu for rough fare, of the stiff leather shoe for the soft, shapeless moccasin, of the feather bed for a couch in the snow, is after all a very easy matter. But his pinch will come in learning properly to shape his mind's attitude toward all things, and especially toward his fellowman. For the courtesies of ordinary life, he must substitute unselfishness, forbearance and tolerance. Thus, and thus only, can he gain that pearl of great price—true comradeship. He must not say "Thank you;" he must mean it without opening his mouth, and prove it by responding in kind. In short, he must substitute the deed for the word, the spirit for the letter.

When the world rang with the tales of Arctic gold and the lure of the North gripped the heartstrings of men, Carter Weatherbee threw up his snug clerkship, turned the half of his savings over to his wife, and with the remainder bought an outfit. There was no romance in his nature—the bondage of commerce had crushed all that; he was simply tired of the ceaseless grind, and wished to risk great hazards in view of corresponding returns. Like many another fool, disdaining the old trails used by the Northland pioneers for a score of years, he hurried to Edmonton in the spring of the year—and there, unluckily for his soul's welfare, he allied himself with a party of men.

There was nothing unusual about this party, except its plans. Even its goal, like that of all other parties, was the Klondike. But the route it had mapped out to attain that goal, took away the breath of the hardiest native, born and bred to the vicissitudes of the Northwest. Even Jacques Baptiste, born of a Chippewa woman and a renegade voyageur (having raised his first whimpers in a deerskin lodge north of the sixty-fifth parallel, and had the same hushed by blissful sucks of raw tallow), was surprised. Though he sold his services to them and agreed to travel even to the never-opening ice, he shook his head ominously whenever his advice was asked.

Percy Cuthfert's evil star must have been in the ascendant, for he too joined this company of argonauts. He was an ordinary man, with a bank account as deep as his culture, which is saying a good deal. He had no reason to embark on such a venture—no reason in the world, save that he suffered from an abnormal develop-

ment of sentimentality. He mistook this for the true spirit of romance and adventure. Many another man has done the like, and made as fatal a mistake.

The first break-up of spring found the party following the ice-run of Elk River. It was an imposing fleet, for the outfit was large and they were accompanied by a disreputable contingent of half-breed voyageurs with their women and children. Day in and day out they labored with the batteaus and canoes, fought mosquitos and other kindred pests, or sweated and swore at the portages. Severe toil like this lays a man naked to the very roots of his soul, and ere Lake Athabasca was lost in the south, each member of the party had hoisted his true colors.

The two shirks and chronic grumblers were Carter Weatherbee and Percy Cuthfert. The whole party complained less of its aches and pains than did either of them. Not once did they volunteer for the thousand and one petty duties of the camp. A bucket of water to be brought, an extra armful of wood to be chopped, the dishes to be washed and wiped, a search to be made through the outfit for some suddenly indispensable article—and these two effete scions of civilization discovered sprains or blisters requiring instant attention. They were the first to turn in at night, with a score of tasks yet undone; the last to turn out in the morning, when the start should be in readiness before the breakfast was begun. They were the first to fall to at meal-time, the last to have a hand in the cooking; the first to dive for a slim delicacy, the last to discover they had added to their own another man's share. If they toiled at the oars, they slyly cut the water at each stroke and allowed the boat's momentum to float up the blade. They thought nobody noticed, but their comrades swore under their breaths and grew to hate them, while Jacques Baptiste sneered openly and damned them from morning till night. But he was no gentleman.

At the Great Slave, Hudson Bay dogs were purchased, and the fleet sank to the guards with its added burden of dried fish and pemmican. Then canoe and batteau answered to the swift current of the Mackenzie, and they plunged into the Great Barren Ground. Every likely looking "feeder" was prospected, but the elusive "pay dirt" danced ever to the North. At the Great Bear, overcome by the common dread of the Unknown Lands, their voyageurs began to desert, and Fort of Good Hope saw the last and bravest bending to the tow lines as they bucked the current down which they had so treacherously glided. Jacques Baptiste alone remained. Had he not sworn to travel even to the never-opening ice?

The lying charts, compiled in main from hearsay, were now constantly consulted. And they felt the need of hurry, for the sun had already passed its northern solstice and was leading the winter south again. Skirting the shores of the bay, where the Mackenzie disembogues into the Arctic Ocean, they entered the mouth of the Little Peel River. Then began the arduous up-stream toil, and the two Incapables fared worse than ever. Tow line and pole, paddle and tump line, rapids and portages—such tortures served to give the one a deep disgust for great hazards, and printed for the other a fiery text on the true romance of adventure. One day they waxed mutinous, and being vilely cursed by Jacques Baptiste, turned, as worms sometimes will. But the half-breed thrashed the twain, and sent them, bruised and bleeding, about their work. It was the first time either had been manhandled.

Abandoning their river-craft at the head waters of the Little Peel, they consumed the rest of the summer in the great portage over the Mackenzie watershed to the West Rat. This little stream fed the Porcupine, which in turn joined the Yukon where that mighty highway of the North countermarches on the Arctic circle. But they had lost in the race with winter, and one day they tied their rafts to the thick eddy ice and hurried their goods ashore. That night the river jammed and broke several times; the following morning it had fallen asleep for good.

* * * *

"We can't be more'n four hundred miles from the Yukon," concluded Sloper, multiplying his thumb nails by the scale of the map. The council, in which the two Incapables had whined to excellent disadvantage, was drawing to a close.

"Hudson Bay Post, long time ago. No

use um now." Jacques Baptiste's father had made the trip for the Fur Company in the old days, incidentally marking the trail with a couple of frozen toes.

"Sufferin' cracky!" cried another of the party. "No whites?"

"Nary white," Sloper sententiously affirmed, "but it's only five hundred more up the Yukon to Dawson. Call it a rough thousand from here."

Wetherbee and Cuthfert groaned in chorus.

"How long 'll that take, Baptiste?"

The half-breed figured for a moment.

"Workum like hell, no man play out, ten—twenty—forty—fifty days. Um babies come" (designating the Incapables) "no can tell. Mebbe when hell freeze over —mebbe not then."

The manufacture of snow shoes and moccasins ceased. Somebody called the name of an absent member, who came out of an ancient cabin at the edge of the camp-fire and joined them. The cabin was one of the many mysteries which lurk in the vast recesses of the North. Built when and by whom no man could tell. Two graves in the open, piled high with stones, perhaps contained the secret of those early wanderers. But whose hand had piled the stones?

The moment had come. Jacques Baptiste paused in the fitting of a harness and pinned the struggling dog in the snow. The cook made mute protest for delay, threw a handful of bacon into a noisy pot of beans, then came to attention. Sloper rose to his feet. His body was a ludicrous contrast to the healthy physiques of the Incapables. Yellow and weak, fleeing from a South American fever-hole, he had not broken his flight across the zones, and was still able to toil with men. His weight was probably ninety pounds, with the heavy hunting knife thrown in, and his grizzled hair told of a prime which had ceased to be. The fresh, young muscles of either Weatherbee or Cuthfert were equal to ten times the endeavor of his; yet he could walk them into the earth in a day's journey. And all this day he had whipped his stronger comrades into venturing a thousand miles of the stiffest hardship man can conceive. He was the incarnation of the unrest of his race, and the old Teutonic stubbornness, dashed with the quick grasp and action of the Yankee, held the flesh in the bondage of the spirit.

"All those in favor of going on with the dogs as soon as the ice sets, say aye."

"Aye!" rang out eight voices—voices destined to string a trail of oaths along many a hundred miles of pain.

"Contrary minded?"

"No!" For the first time the Incapables were united without some compromise of personal interests.

"And what are you going to do about it?" Weatherbee added, belligerently.

"Majority rule! Majority rule" clamored the rest of the party.

"I know the expedition is liable to fall through if you don't come," Sloper replied sweetly, "but I guess, if we try real hard, we can manage to do without you. What do you say, boys?"

The sentiment was cheered to the echo.

"But I say, you know," Cuthfert ventured apprehensively, "what's a chap like me to do?"

"Ain't you coming with us?"

"No—o."

"Then do as you d——n please. We won't have anything to say."

"Kind o' calkilate yuh might settle it with that canoodlin' partner of yourn," suggested a heavy-going Westerner from the Dakotas, at the same time pointing out Weatherbee. "He'll be shore to ask yuh what yur a-goin' to do when it comes to cookin' an' gatherin' the wood."

"Then we'll consider it all arranged," concluded Sloper. "We'll pull out tomorrow, if we camp within five miles—just to get everything in running order and remember if we've forgotten anything."

* * * *

The sleds groaned by on their steel-shod runners, and the dogs strained low in the harnesses in which they were born to die. Jacques Baptiste paused by the side of Sloper to get a last glimpse of the cabin. The smoke curled up pathetically from the Yukon stove-pipe. The two Incapables were watching them from the doorway.

Sloper laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Jacques Baptiste, did you ever hear of the Kilkenny cats?"

The half-breed shook his head.

"Well, my friend and good comrade, the Kilkenny cats fought till neither hide, nor hair, nor yowl, was left. You understand?—till nothing was left. Very good. Now, these two men, don't like work. They won't work. We know that. They will be all alone in that cabin all winter—a mighty long, dark winter. Kilkenny cats—well?"

The Frenchman in Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, but the Indian in him was silent. Nevertheless, it was an eloquent shrug, pregnant with prophecy.

* * * *

Things prospered in the little cabin at first. The rough badinage of their comrades had made Weatherbee and Cuthfert conscious of the mutual responsibility which had devolved upon them; besides, there was not much work after all for two healthy men. And the removal of the cruel whip-hand, or in other words, the bulldozing half-breed, had brought with it a joyous reaction. At first, each strove to outdo the other, and they performed petty tasks with an unction which would have opened the eyes of their comrades who were now wearing out bodies and souls on the Long Trail.

All care was banished. The forest, which shouldered in upon them from three sides, was an inexhaustible woodyard. A few yards from their door slept the Porcupine, and a hole through its winter robe formed a bubbling spring of water, crystal-clear and painfully cold. But they soon grew to find fault with even that. The hole would persist in freezing up, and thus gave them many a miserable hour of ice chopping. The unknown builders of the cabin had extended the side logs so as to support a cache at the rear. In this was stored the bulk of the party's provisions. Food there was without stint, for three times the men who were fated to live upon it. But the most of it was of the kind which built up brawn and sinew, but did not tickle the palate. True, there was sugar in plenty for two ordinary men; but these two were little else than children. They early discovered the virtues of hot water judiciously saturated with sugar, and they prodigiously swam their flapjacks and soaked their crusts in the rich white syrup.. Then coffee and tea, and especially the dried fruits, made disastrous inroads upon it. The first word they had was over the sugar question. And it is a really serious thing when two men, wholly dependent upon each other for company, begin to quarrel.

Weatherbee loved to discourse blatantly on politics, while Cuthfert, who had been prone to clip his coupons and let the commonwealth jog on as best it might, either ignored the subject or delivered himself of startling epigrams. But the clerk was too obtuse to appreciate the clever shaping of thought, and this waste of ammunition irritated Cuthfert. He had been used to blinding people by his brilliancy, and it worked him quite a hardship, this loss of an audience. He felt personally aggrieved and unconsciously held his mutton-head companion responsible for it.

Save existence, they had nothing in common—came in touch on no single point. Weatherbee was a clerk who had known naught but clerking all his life; Cuthfert was a master of arts, a dabbler in oils, and had written not a little. The one was a lower-class man who considered himself a gentleman, and the other was a gentleman who knew himself to be such. From this it may be remarked that a man can be a gentleman without possessing the first instinct of true comradeship. The clerk was as sensuous as the other was aesthetic, and his love adventures, told at great length and chiefly coined from his imagination, affected the supersensitive master of arts in the same way as so many whiffs of sewer gas. He deemed the clerk a filthy, uncultured brute, whose place was in the muck with the swine, and told him so, and he was reciprocally informed that he was a milk-and-water sissy and a cad. Weatherbee could not have defined "cad" for his life, but it satisfied its purpose, which, after all, seemed the main point in life.

Weatherbee flatted every third note and sang such songs as "The Boston Burglar" and "The Handsome Cabin Boy," for hours at a time, while Cuthfert wept with rage, till he could stand it no longer and fled into the outer cold. But there was no escape. The intense frost could not be endured for long at a time, and the little cabin crowded them—beds, stove, table, and all—into a space of ten by twelve. The very presence of either became a per-

sonal affront to the other, and they lapsed into sullen silences which increased in length and strength as the days went by. Occasionally, the flash of an eye or the curl of a lip got the better of them, though they strove to wholly ignore each other during these mute periods. And a great wonder sprang up in the breast of each, as to how God had ever come to create the other.

With little to do, time became an intolerable burden to them. This naturally made them still lazier. They sank into a physical lethargy which there was no escaping, and which made them rebel at the performance of the smallest chore. One morning when it was his turn to cook the common breakfast, Weatherbee rolled out of his blankets, and to the snoring of his companion, lighted first the slush-lamp and then the fire. The kettles were frozen hard, and there was no water in the cabin with which to wash. But he did not mind that. Waiting for it to thaw, he sliced the bacon and plunged into the hateful task of bread-making. Cuthfert had been slyly watching through his half-closed lids. Consequently there was a scene, in which they fervently blessed each other, and agreed, henceforth, that each do his own cooking. A week later, Cuthfert neglected his morning ablutions, but none the less complacently ate the meal which he had cooked. Weatherbee grinned. After that, the foolish custom of washing passed out of their lives.

As the sugar-pile and other little luxuries dwindled, they began to be afraid they were not getting their proper shares, and in order that they might not be robbed, they fell to gorging themselves. The luxuries suffered in this gluttonous contest, as did also the men. In the absence of fresh vegetables and exercise, their blood became impoverished, and a loathsome purplish rash crept over their bodies. Yet they refused to heed the warning. Next, their muscles and joints began to swell, their flesh turned black and their mouths, gums and lips took on the color of rich cream. Instead of being drawn together by their misery, each gloated over the other's symptoms as the scurvy took its course.

They lost all regard for personal appearance, and for that matter, common decency. The cabin became a pig-pen, and never once were the beds made or fresh pine boughs laid underneath. Yet they could not keep to their blankets, as they would have wished, for the frost was inexorable and the fire-box consumed much fuel. The hair of their heads and faces grew long and shaggy, while their garments would have disgusted a rag-picker. But they did not care. They were sick, and there was no one to see; besides it was very painful to move about.

To all this was added a new trouble—the Fear of the North. This Fear was the joint child of the Great Cold and the Great Silence, and was born in the darkness of December, when the sun dipped below the southern horizon for good. It affected them according to their natures. Weatherbee fell prey to the grosser superstitions, and did his best to resurrect the spirits which slept in the forgotten graves. It was a fascinating thing, and in his dreams they came to him from out of the cold, and snuggled into his blankets and told him of their toils and troubles ere they died. He shrank away from the clammy contact as they drew closer and twined their frozen limbs about him, and when they whispered in his ears of things to come, the cabin rang with his frightened shrieks. Cuthfert did not understand—for they no longer spoke—and when thus awakened he invariably grabbed for his revolver. Then he would sit up in bed, shivering nervously, with the weapon trained on the unconscious dreamer. Cuthfert deemed the man going mad, and so came to fear for his life.

His own malady assumed a less concrete form. The mysterious artisan who had laid the cabin, log by log, had pegged a wind-vane to the ridge-pole. Cuthfert noticed it always pointed south, and one day, irritated by its steadfastness of purpose, he turned it toward the east. He watched eagerly, but never a breath came by to disturb it. Then he turned the vane to the north, swearing never again to touch it till the wind did blow. But the air frightened him with its unearthly calm, and he often rose in the middle of the night to see if the vane had veered—ten degrees would have satisfied him. But no, it poised above him as unchangeable as fate. His imagination ran riot, till it became to

him a fetich, invested with all the attributes of a sphynx. Sometimes he followed the path it pointed across the dismal dominions, and allowed his soul to become saturated with the Fear. He dwelt upon the unseen and the unknown till the burden of eternity appeared to be crushing him. Everything in the Northland had that crushing effect—the absence of life and motion; the darkness; the infinite peace of the brooding land; the ghastly silence, which made the echo of each heart beat a sacrilege; the solemn forest which seemed to guard an awful, inexpressible something, which neither word nor thought could compass.

The world he had so recently left, with its busy nations and great enterprises, seemed very far away. Recollections occasionally obtruded—recollections of marts and galleries and crowded thoroughfares, of evening dress and social functions, of good men and dear women he had known—but they were dim memories of a life he had lived long centuries agone, on some other planet. This phantasm was the Reality. Standing beneath the wind-vane, his eyes fixed on the polar skies, he could not bring himself to realize that the Southland really existed, that at that very moment it was a-roar with life and action. There was no Southland, no men being born of women, no giving and taking in marriage. Beyond his bleak sky-line there stretched vast solitudes, and beyond these still vaster solitudes. There were no lands of sunshine, heavy with the perfume of flowers. Such things were only old dreams of paradise. The sunlands of the West and the spicelands of the East, the smiling Arcadias and blissful islands of the blest—ha! ha! His laughter split the void and shocked him with its unwonted sound. There was no sun. This was the Universe, dead and cold and dark, and he its only citizen. Weatherbee? At such moments Weatherbee did not count. He was a Caliban, a monstrous phantom, fettered to him for untold ages, the penalty of some forgotten crime.

He lived with Death among the dead, emasculated by the sense of his own insignificance, crushed by the passive mastery of the slumbering ages. The magnitude of all things appalled him. Everything partook of the superlative save himself—the perfect cessation of wind and motion, the immensity of the snow-covered wilderness, the height of the sky and the depth of the silence. That wind-vane—if it would only move. If a thunderbolt would fall, or the forest flare up in flame. The rolling up of the heavens as a scroll, the crash of Doom—anything, anything. But no, nothing moved; the silence crowded in, and the Fear of the North laid icy fingers on his heart.

Once, like another Crusoe, by the edge of the river he came upon a track—the faint tracery of a snow-shoe rabbit on the delicate snow-crust. It was a revelation. There was life in the Northland. He would follow it, look upon it, gloat over it. He forgot his swollen muscles, plunging through the deep snow in an ecstasy of anticipation. The forest swallowed him up, and the brief mid-day twilight vanished; but he pursued his quest till exhausted nature asserted itself and laid him helpless in the snow. There he groaned and cursed his folly, and knew the track to be the fancy of his brain; and late that night he dragged himself into the cabin on hands and knees, his cheeks frozen and a strange numbness about his feet. Weatherbee grinned malevolently, but made no offer to help him. He thrust needles into his toes and thawed them out by the stove. A week later mortification set in.

But the clerk had his own troubles. The dead men came out of their graves more frequently now, and rarely left him, waking or sleeping. He grew to wait and dread their coming, never passing the twin cairns without a shudder. One night they came to him in his sleep and led him forth to an appointed task. Frightened into inarticulate horror, he awoke between the heaps of stones and fled wildly to the cabin. But he had lain there for some time, for his feet and cheeks were also frozen.

Sometimes he became frantic at their insistent presence, and danced about the cabin, cutting the empty air with an ax and smashing everything within reach. During these ghostly encounters, Cuthfert huddled into his blankets and followed the madman about with a cocked revolver, ready to shoot him if he came too near.

But, recovering from one of these spells, the clerk noticed the weapon trained upon him with deadly intent. His suspicions were aroused, and thenceforth he too lived in fear of his life. They watched each other closely after that, and faced about in startled fright whenever either passed behind the other's back. This apprehensiveness became a mania which controlled them even in their sleep. Through mutual fear they tacitly let the slush lamp burn all night, and saw to a plentiful supply of bacon grease before retiring. The slightest movement on the part of one was sufficient to arouse the other, and many a still watch their gazes countered as they shook beneath their blankets with fingers on the trigger guards.

What with the Fear of the North, the mental strain, and the ravages of the disease, they lost all semblance of humanity, taking on the appearance of wild beasts, hunted and desperate. Their cheeks and noses, as an aftermath of the freezing, had turned black. Their frozen toes had begun to drop away at the first and second joints. Every movement brought pain, but the fire box was insatiable, wringing a ransom of torture from their miserable bodies. Day in, day out, it demanded its food—a veritable pound of flesh—and they dragged themselves into the forest to chop wood on their knees. Once, crawling thus in search of dry sticks, unknown to each other they entered a thicket from opposite sides. Suddenly, without warning, two peering death's heads confronted each other. Suffering had so transformed them that recognition was impossible. They sprang to their feet, shrieking with terror, and dashed away on their mangled stumps; and falling at the cabin door, they clawed and scratched like demons till they discovered their mistake.

* * * *

Occasionally they lapsed normal, and during one of these sane intervals, the chief bone of contention, the sugar, had been divided equally between them. They guarded their separate sacks, stored up in the cache, with jealous eyes; for there were but a few cupfuls left, and they were totally devoid of faith in each other. But one day Cuthfert made a mistake. Hardly able to move, sick with pain, with his head swimming, and eyes blinded, he crept into the cache, sugar canister in hand, and mistook Weatherbee's sack for his own.

January had been born but a few days when this occurred. The sun had some time since passed its lowest southern declination, and at meridian now threw flaunting streaks of yellow light upon the northern sky. On the day following his mistake with the sugar-bag, Cuthfert found himself feeling better, both in body and in spirit. As noon-time drew near and the day brightened, he dragged himself outside to feast on the evanescent glow, which was to him an earnest of the sun's future intentions. Weatherbee was also feeling somewhat better, and crawled out beside him. They propped themselves in the snow beneath the moveless wind-vane and waited.

The stillness of death was about them. In other climes, when nature falls into such moods, there is a subdued air of expectancy, a waiting for some small voice to take up the broken strain. Not so in the North. The two men had lived seeming eons in this ghostly peace. They could remember no song of the past; they could conjure no song of the future. This unearthly calm had always been—the tranquil silence of eternity.

Their eyes were fixed upon the north. Unseen, behind their backs, behind the towering mountains to the south, the sun swept toward the zenith of another sky than theirs. Sole spectators of the mighty canvas, they watched the false dawn slowly grow. A faint flame began to glow and smolder. It deepened in intensity, ringing the changes of reddish-yellow, purple and saffron. So bright did it become that Cuthfert thought the sun must surely be behind it—a miracle, the sun rising in the north. Suddenly, without warning and without fading, the canvas was swept clean. There was no color in the sky. The light had gone out of the day. They caught their breaths in half-sobs. But lo! the air was a-glint with particles of scintillating frost, and there, to the north, the wind-vane lay in vague outline on the snow. A shadow! A shadow! It was exactly mid-day. They jerked their heads hurriedly to the south. A golden rim peeped over the mountain's snowy shoulder, smiled upon them an instant, then dipped from sight again.

There were tears in their eyes as they sought each other. A strange softening came over them. They felt irresistibly drawn toward each other. The sun was coming back again. It would be with them to-morrow and the next day and the next. And it would stay longer every visit, and a time would come when it would ride their heaven day and night, never once dropping below the sky-line. There would be no night. The ice-locked winter would be broken; the winds would blow and the forests answer; the land would bathe in the blessed sunshine and renew life. Hand in hand, they would quit this horrid dream and journey back to the Southland. They lurched blindly forward, and their hands met—their poor maimed hands, swollen and distorted beneath their mittens.

But the promise was destined to remain unfulfilled. The Northland is the Northland, and men work out their souls by strange rules, which other men, who have not journeyed into a far country, cannot come to understand.

* * * *

An hour later, Cuthfert put a pan of bread into the oven, and fell to speculating on what the surgeons could do with his feet when he got back. Home did not seem so very far away now. Wetherbee was rummaging in the cache. Of a sudden, he raised a whirlwind of blasphemy, which in turn ceased with startling abruptness. The other man had robbed his sugar sack. Still, things might have happened differently had not the two dead hushed the hot words in his throat. They led him quite gently from the cashe, which he forgot to close. That consummation was reached; that something they had whispered to him in his dreams was about to happen. They guided him gently, very gently, to the wood pile, where they put the ax in his hands. Then they helped him shove open the cabin door, and he felt sure they shut it after him—at least he had heard it slam, and the latch fall sharply into place. And he knew they were waiting just without, waiting for him to do his task.

"Carter! I say, Carter!"

Percy Cuthfert was frightened at the look on the clerk's face, and he made haste to put the table between them.

Carter Weatherbee followed, without haste and without enthusiasm. There was neither pity nor passion in his face, but rather the patient, stolid look of one who has certain work to do, and goes about it methodically.

"I say, what's the matter?"

The clerk dodged back, cutting off his retreat to the door, but never opening his mouth.

"I say, Carter, I say; let's talk. There's a good chap."

The master of arts was thinking rapidly now, shaping a skillful flank movement on the bed where his Smith & Wesson lay. Keeping his eyes on the madman, he rolled backward on the bunk, at the same time clutching the pistol.

"Carter!"

The powder flashed full in Weatherbee's face, but he swung his weapon and leaped forward. The ax bit deeply at the base of the spine, and Percy Cuthfert felt all consciousness of his lower limbs leave him. Then the clerk fell heavily upon him, clutching him by the throat with feeble fingers. The sharp bite of the ax had caused Cuthfert to drop the pistol, and as his lungs panted for release, he fumbled aimlessly for it among the blankets. Then he remembered. He slid a hand up the clerk's belt to the sheath knife; and they drew very close to each other in that last clinch.

Percy Cuthfert felt his strength leave him. The lower portion of his body was useless. The inert weight of Weatherbee crushed him—crushed him and pinned him there like a bear under a trap. The cabin became filled with a familiar odor, and he knew the bread to be burning. Yet what did it matter? He would never need it. And there were all of six cupfuls of sugar in the cache—if he had foreseen this he would not have been so saving the last several days. Would the windvane never move? It might even be veering now. Why not? Had he not seen the sun to-day? He would go and see. No; it was impossible to move. He had not thought the clerk so heavy a man.

How quickly the cabin cooled! The fire must be out. The cold was forcing in. It must be below zero already, and the ice creeping up the inside of the door. He could not see it, but his past experience

enabled him to gauge its progress by the cabin's temperature. The lower hinge must be white ere now. Would the tale of this ever reach the world? How would his friends take it? They would read it over their coffee, most likely, and talk it over at the clubs. He could see them very clearly. "Poor old Cuthfert," they murmured; "not such a bad sort of a chap, after all." He smiled at their eulogies, and passed on in search of a Turkish bath.

The same old crowd was upon the street. Strange, they did not notice his moosehide moccasins and tattered German socks. He would take a cab. And after the bath a shave would not be bad. No; he would eat first. Steak, and potatoes, and green things—how fresh it all was! And what was that? Squares of honey, streaming liquid amber! But why did they bring so much? Ha! ha! he could never eat it all. Shine! Why certainly. He put his foot on the box. The bootblack looked curiously up at him, and he remembered his moosehide moccasins and went away hastily.

Hark! The wind vane must be surely spinning. No! a mere singing in his ears. That was all—a mere singing. The ice must have passed the latch by now. More likely the upper hinge was covered. Between the moss-chinked roof-poles, little points of frost began to appear. How slowly they grew! No; not slowly. There was a new one, and there another. Two—three—four; they were coming too fast to count. There were two growing together. And there, a third had joined them. Why, there were no more spots. They had run together and formed a sheet.

Well, he would have company. If Gabriel ever broke the silence of the North, they would stand together, hand in hand, before the great White Throne. And God would judge them, God would judge them!

Then Percy Cuthfert closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep.

CALIFORNIA

BY FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER

While by their hearths men sat and stories told
 Of fabled islands hidden in the west,
 Or spent their lives, all fruitless, in the quest;
Thou wert asleep upon thy bed of gold,
Thy treasure safely kept within thy hold,
Until awaking from thy dream of rest
 Thou baredst the secrets of thy mighty breast,
And all thy wonders to the world unrolled.

And yet, beware, much gold can dull the brain,
 Can clog the springs of fancy, and destroy
 The soul with slow and subtle alchemy—
A baser race may rise to live for gain,
 Pitiful dullards may thy spoils enjoy,
 And thou, thyself, become a mockery.

A SHATTERED ROMANCE

BY WINFIELD HOGABOOM



Y GAWD, Jimmy! You ain't goin' to throw me down now, be you?" There was an appealing note in the girl's voice, and she gazed eagerly into Jimmy's half-averted eyes.

"You've got the right dope on it, Lil," the young man responded. "That's the way it's fixed." He spoke quite despairingly.

"Aw, say, it's a shame, that's what it is; me goin' t' all that trouble t' git me duds ready, an' after me tellin' all th' girls. An' ma, she'll be sore, too; she helped me fix th' duds." Just then it seemed as though the girl might suddenly burst into tears. But she did not.

"'Tain't nuthin' I'm t' blame fer, honest t' Gawd, Lil. I'd like t' take ye, but I'm up against it, an' that's no dream."

The girl's manner changed suddenly. She was far from tears now. "I'm on, Jimmy; ye don't need to stall me off no longer. You've dropped yer dough. Ye promised me ye wouldn't play them races no more."

Jimmy opened his mouth to speak, and then thought better of it. Instead, he turned and looked out of the window. The prospect that met his eye was not at all pleasing. The dingy backs of the houses in that quarter of the Mission are particularly unlovely.

"Jimmy, ye ain't no good. I'm done with ye. G'on and git ye a room somewhere's else, and leave me be. I'm too independent t' be tied up t' a feller that can't be decent t' me, see? I've had chances, lots of 'em, before I ever saw you. I guess I won't be goin' without a steady very long."

Still Jimmy continued to gaze out of the window at the cheerless houses. The blood had mounted to his cheeks, and his hands were so tightly clenched that the finger-nails almost tore the flesh.

"I'm goin' t' tell all th' girls how ye acted, too; an' that ye ain't no good. Ye think ye kin beat them ponies, that's th' trouble. Last winter ye dropped everythin' ye could git yer hands onto in them poolrooms; ye told me that yerself. An' now yer goin' to it again, an' ye ain't got no steady work, an' what little ye had saved up, ye played on th' wrong horse again. It's all off with me, Jimmy. An', my Gawd! I thought a lot of ye, too. I wouldn't have stuck t' ye this long if I didn't; ye know that."

Jimmie put his hat, which he had been holding in his hand, out of politeness, on his head now, drew it well down over his eyes, and started toward the door. There he paused, with his hand on the knob, and without looking squarely at the girl, said: "All right, Lil; I ain't goin' to make no big roar, but I'm dam sorry. 'Tain't no fault of mine. I said that before, an' it goes. Good-bye; I might see ye again, an' I might not." Then he opened the door and went out. The girl made no effort to stop him.

Walking down Mission street to Market and thence down toward the ferry, Jimmy thought it all over. He loved the girl; had loved her ever since he went to room at her mother's house in the Mission, and there first saw her. And he had thought that nothing ever could make her break her promise to marry him some day. Now, just because he was not able to keep his promise to take her to the Orpheum on Saturday night, she had renounced him. "Threw him down," was the way he put it in his bitter thoughts.

Once Jimmy was tempted to turn about and go straight to the car barns and apply for a job on the street cars. But the thought of being called "scab" held him back. He continued on toward the waterfront. He was trying to think of some way to raise some money, and he also was thinking, at intervals, of the strange dis-

appearance of the small amount of coin he had possessed on the previous day.

"I'd hate t' tell her about it's being gone out of that room," he said to himself. "She'd think I'm suspectin' somebody in th' house." Then after a time: "No, she wouldn't either; she'd think I'm givin' her the bunk—lyin' t' her."

Jimmy's idea in going down around the wharves was to try and locate the girl's father, who had not appeared at the house the night before. It was generally suspected by the members of his immediate family, and by Jimmy as well, that he was drunk. Usually, when in that condition, he frequented the saloons along the Barbary Coast, and often remained from home over night.

Meanwhile, the girl had gone out to call on a girl friend. "My Gawd, Maggie, what d' ye think? I 'n Jimmy's split. I done it. I couldn't stand fer him no longer, that's all. He's no good. Been playin' them races again, after his promisin' me he'd cut it out. We ain't goin' t' th' Orpheum, like I told ye we was. His dough's all gone into them poolrooms. An' me with me mouth waterin' fer th' chanst t' go, too. You don't blame me for gettin' off me trolley, an' throwin' him down, do ye, Maggie?"

"Aw, yer all right, Lil. Land, there's enough good-lookin' fellers in th' world left, ain't there? You're th' handsomest girl in th' Mission, Lil; all th' fellers is stuck on ye. You'll git another steady in no time."

An hour of this sort of conversation thoroughly convinced the girl that she had done the only thing that was proper under the circumstances, and talks with other girl friends indulged in later only served to further confirm the conviction.

Meanwhile, Jimmy had taken up his search for the girl's father among the saloons along the front. In the early part of the night he got the first trace of him. In one particularly tough place the bartender knew the old man well. "Yes, he's been in here," he said. "Come in last night."

"Was he—er—drinkin' any?" asked Jimmy.

"I should say he was," replied the bartender. "An' what's more, he was payin' for it, too. Times must be gittin' good with th' old gent. Financial depression don't seem t' have struck him yet."

A suspicion that had been in Jimmy's mind all day began to grow into a conviction from that instant. He went over to one of the little round tables, and seating himself in a chair, rested his head on his hands, with his elbows on the table. A crowd of Swede sailors came in and occupied the time of the bartender for a while. When they were gone, and Jimmy and the bartender were again the sole occupants of the place, he went over and spoke to the man in the white apron again.

"Was it a very big wad th' old man had?" he asked.

"Well, that's accordin' to what you'd call a big wad," replied the bartender. "It was bigger 'n what I ever seen him in here with before. He don't generally go packin' around no fortune. Last night when he came in I seen him have a big gold shiner in his hand, and I changed a gold tenner for him th' first drink he took in here."

Thirty dollars! A gold ten and a gold twenty! That was just the amount that was taken from Jimmy's hiding place in his room, the day before. Jimmy's suspicion had become a conviction now. He left the saloon, crossed the street, and wandered along the darksome wharves.

The girl got to wondering what had become of him Sunday. She thought it all over, and made up her mind to "Make up" with him again, when he came back, and she was growing a little anxious for him to return. But he didn't come all day Monday, and late in the afternoon the post man brought a letter for the girl. It was written in Jimmy's peculiar handwriting. It said:

"Deer Lil: I got a job on a stemer heeving cole down in the engin room. She is goin' to Chincy, an' I won't see you no more, so jude by

Yours,

JIMMY."

THE WOMAN WHO WOULD NOT PRAY

BY AMANDA MATHEWS



'LL BE durned if I eat any more acorns!" Big, stolid, blonde Abe Flicker spoke with the savageness of Man crossed in his appetite.

"Just two or three more, Abe," pleaded Clytie, his wife. "See how nice I've roasted 'em."

"No! I'm dead sick of the pig feed! I don't open my mouth but I look to hear myself grunt. Ain't them meader-larks done yet?"

Silently, Clytie Flicker set before her husband three birds, each no more than a mouthful for the hungry rancher.

"Here, old girl, take one. I ain't quite a hog yet, if I do feed on mast."

"I ain't never touched one so far," quavered Clytie. Her thin, sensitive brown face with black hair waving low upon her forehead pictured a perfect Mater Dolorosa for the moment. "It's all I can stand to fix 'em for you to eat—poor little soft bunches of feathers with the song gone out of 'em, but—but—I'm awful hungry."

She shivered to hear her husband crunch the lark bones with his strong teeth. Hunger conquered, but the tears ran down her cheeks while she picked at her morsel.

"I can't bear to hear 'em sing no more."

"You bet I can't," grinned her husband, "when I ain't got the gun along."

"Would it be any use to speak to the store man again?"

"No go. Says he's got the whole country on his books now. Says when I can show him a crop up out the ground he'll do something. Good thing we got some seed barley with the ranch, but we can't plant till it rains."

"Perhaps God'll send the rains early, considering what it means to us."

Abe shrugged his shoulders, but his doubts troubled his wife no more than he was moved by her childish, emotional faith.

"I'm most sure He will." Her face glowed with triumphant trust. "Say, Abe," she coaxed. "It's Sunday, and we ain't neither of us been to church in the country since we was kids. You go and hitch up."

"Sure! Sure!" growled Abe. "Riding in the bumpy lumber wagon is awful good for a delikit appetite." But he took his hat from its nail behind the door and started for the barn.

The Flickers had drifted, as campers seeking a home, into Pinto, and had taken possession of Peter Crow's run-down quarter section late in August. No one was ever borne to Pinto except on a drift current nor stayed except for drift reasons. Abe liked the ranch because the price just matched his hoard in a Los Angeles savings bank.

Clytie loved it because the cabin was banked with golden rod, and wood-peckers drummed on the roof. Therefore they unharnessed the lean horses from the farm wagon and stayed.

Both were of the soil in the beginning; both had surrendered to the city's lure. They had met and married in the city and given it their best years. When it came over them that, at forty-five, Abe could not hope for many more years at the iron works, they fell into a panic to get back where a man might hold the plow handles as long as the force was in him.

When Abe came in from the barn, Clytie had washed up the blue dishes and put them away in the cupboard behind the turkey-red curtains.

"Your change is laid out, and there's hot water in the kettle."

"I ain't going to bathe," he answered doggedly.

"Why not?"

"Gives me a pain to see my slats. I'll wash—that's enough for hard times."

"If it ain't one excuse with you, it's another."

"I did enough soaking when I was courting you to last me—never dared show up unless I'd just stepped out the tub."

A woman's acrimony over certain matters keeps its pungency like ginger.

"You hadn't ought to washed so much then if you wasn't going to keep it up."

"After I'd got you," he chuckled, "I didn't have to."

"You are a good man, Abe, but there's some o' your little ways I can't never get used to. I'd think you'd change them."

Again Abe employed the marital shortcut of shrugging his shoulders. His standard of refinement was that of the average decent workingman. Merely through an accident of temperament, the wife had the fastidious daintiness of the blood royal. A finer man would have risen to some sort of conformity with her code; a brute would have beaten her for nagging. This one was neither fine nor brutal; he was just Abe.

They were matched as unevenly as the team that conveyed them to church in hour later. A nervous, high-strung little bay mare was yoked with a big, stiff, slow, ungainly plowhorse. The mare shied and tugged, darted forward and lagged behind, while the other jogged along and pulled the load.

Every hillside road was marked by clouds of dust blowing toward a common center, the white "church-house," set on a scallop of the country highway. As it drew nearer, each nebulous dust cloud resolved itself into a farm wagon with men folks in blue jeans on the high seat, the bed fitted with rawhide chairs for the women folks, plenty of children in the hay at the bottom, and several dogs under the wagon.

Among the faded, unexpressive farmer's wives, Clytie was as much an exotic as her wine-colored silk among the calicos. Her voice, too, with its rich tones and undertones, was like a brilliant flower against their monotonous nasal drawl. Her hands were full of impulsive motions, while theirs were limp things at the end of their arms.

A new neighbor was a nine-years' wonder in Pinto. The calicoes shyly invited Mrs. Flicker to bring her work and spend the day, while the jeans respectfully consulted Abe as to the signs for early rains.

The Flickers sat on the same bench with the Hackletates, their nearest neighbors. While the church was filling, Sister Hackletate, a faded little mother in Israel, whispered that the curly-headed little Irish girl in a white dress was Katy McGuire, the Pinto teacher, and the tall, dark, homely young fellow sitting next was the school-master at Ranger's Canyon. He used to run with Carrie Ranger before the schoolma'am came, but good land! Carrie had oodles of beaux, so she wouldn't miss——

Here Sister Hackletate sat up very straight and crossed her hands with prim symmetry. Big, shambling, raw-boned Brother Hackletate stood before the congregation to announce that the preacherman was sick and therefore with the help of the Lord he would conduct an experience meeting.

Brother Hackletate was Pinto's Elijah. He rounded up backsliders, prayed by name for schoolma'ams who danced, and held sinners over the pit by their coat-collars until one caught the odor of scorching shoe-leather.

First, a hymn. There was no organ, and each member was satisfied with his own voice in his ears and recked not of his neighbor.

Then followed the "testimony," the one outlet for emotional expression in the cramped life of a simple-hearted community. Tears rained; voices shivered upward and cracked; women rocked and chanted, "Bless the Lord!" "Glory Hallelujah!" Brother Hackletate made his usual confession that he was "no better than a varmint of the brush," and the whole congregation acceded with wholehearted amens.

Clytie's nostrils dilated, and her eyes grew black and big with excitement. Such a meeting was strange to her, but expression in any form was like breathing. She rose eagerly in her place.

"Our Father in Heaven seems to think a lot of Abe and me," she began. "He delivered us from the boss of the iron works and brought us here where there ain't no boss but Him."

"Amen!" chorused several.

"Course there's—there's lacks—and afflictions—them I couldn't mention to nobody but Him—and Abe. But He paints such sunsets back of Smith's mountain as makes me forget—the lacks. Then there's the meadow-larks"—here she choked a bit. "Seems like He holds me sort of special by the hand like I was His littlest child. Seems like He says, 'Clytie, dear, try to have a good time.'"

Brother Hackletate rose in stern, homely majesty.

"Be you saved, Sister?" he thundered.

Clytie trilled a happy laugh. "Why, it don't seem like I ever was lost."

Awe settled upon the congregation. What words were these? No one said "amen," but the schoolma'am and a deaf old brother who always shouted it regardless.

"The human heart is blacker 'n blackbirds," intoned Pinto's Elijah. "There's them that cries, 'Lord, Lord!' when they ain't no right. There's them that tries to crawl into the Kingdom through the barbwire fence."

All Clytie's outflow of religious ecstasy checked and dishonored, was turned back upon herself. Her soul knew it walked with God through hunger and loneliness. She only felt the outrage before her new neighbors. With head well back, though her cheeks were crimson, and she could hardly see the door for tears, she rustled down the aisle and out of the church house. Abe followed her.

"I'm afraid, old girl, we can't accept them bids to feed, they were handing out before church, but don't you care. Your brand of religion is just as good as theirs." Abe consoled her on the homeward road. Clytie was too spent with her own thoughts to answer, and Abe said no more as speech aggravated his gastronomic discomfort.

* * * *

The rains did not come early that year. Month succeeded month in a monotony of golden sunshine until it looked as though Nature had forgotten to turn over a new leaf on the calendar.

Hard times prevailed in Pinto. There was a stringency in pink beans, and housewives scraped the bottom of the flour barrel.

The Flickers were allowed to hold themselves aloof. A woman who claimed, as it was afterward remembered and reported, not to need salvation, but to be the subject of a special dispensation of Providence, was a dangerous character. Moreover, they were haughty city folks living in luxury on the boxes of preserves and canned chicken Bub Backletate had seen them unload from their wagon. There could be no mistake as Bub was in the third reader and had spelled out the inscriptions on the boxes with great attention.

Something must be done. Pinto's Elijah mounted a white farm horse and rode from one to another of the shacks hidden away among the hills. He summoned the faithful to bring their grub boxes and spend a day at the church-house in prayer for rain.

At each shack, Brother Hackletate dropped a spoken copy of his own conviction that "this here dry spell is the Lord gettin' even on them that was not meek under reproof."

Even the Pinto intellect could run down this idea to its logical conclusion. The Flickers were Mr. and Mrs. Jonah, and if they could only be got out of the country the seasons would resume their courses. There were vague threats, but it was decided to await the outcome of the all-day prayer meeting.

The appointed day began hot and cloudless. The church-house was crowded. Prayer followed prayer—the plain, earnest petitions of those who looked to the skies for their daily bread. Bub Hackletate and several cronies remained on the steps without to watch for results, but not a scrap of cloud flecked the blue.

At last Pinto's Elijah, pounding the bench before him, with forehead and fists, began the prayer which all felt was to be the supreme effort of the day.

"Oh, God!" he intoned, "deliver us or we can't git no further for we'uns has eat our seed corn and there ain't no more hogmeat in our barrels." The great sob of humanity thrilled through the homely words and made them impassioned eloquence.

"Amen!" "That's so, O Lord!" "Spare your critters!" sounded in shrieks and sobs from all over the church house.

"We are pore varmints of the brush," continued Elijah. "Our wickedness is a

stench to you; we'uns ain't no more with your mercy than snakes and wildcats—"

At this dramatic moment, Clytie Flicker entered the church house. As the congregation were kneeling at their backless benches, she faced them all. Her heavy black hair was loose on her shoulders, and she wore a red silk kimona. Her cheeks were blazing, her eyes alight, but with a strangely set, unseeing gaze. She waved her arms with a priest-like sweep.

"I come to tell you," she shrieked, "there ain't no God. Go right on praying if you want to; there ain't nobody up there listening to you! There ain't nobody caring if you have to get along on acorns and meadowlarks. Folks is mighty cruel to other folks, but *He don't—care!*"

Aghast, the people held their breath to see Clytie Flicker struck down where she stood by an avenging bolt from Heaven.

"Jonah!" shouted Brother Hackletate. "Jonah! Jonah! Throw her overboard that our boat don't sink."

"Pray, sister, pray!" called out gentle Sister Hackletate. "Mayhap there's mercy for you yet! Pray quick!"

"What's the use when *He—don't—care!* Ha, ha! It's better to dance than pray!" Here, waving the flowing red sleeves like wings, she took some mincing dance steps, dropping at last into a cake-walk across the end of the church and back before the horrified worshipers.

"The scarlet woman!" Brother Hackletate started for her, but with a final burst of reckless laughter she was gone.

Katy McGuire and the school-master were kneeling together.

"Go fetch her back."

The school-master only occasionally received his orders from the school ma'am, but when they came he obeyed them like a soldier.

"Please take your seats!" The congregation minded even as the school-master.

"You folks of Pinto think you are poor, but did any of you come here to-day with an empty 'grub-box?' I am of the city, and I know hunger when I see it. That woman you drove out just now is famished, starving, crazed with hunger—hunger, mind you, and you are her neighbors. Do you wonder that with such neighbors she has lost faith in God? I don't! Oh, yes—that first Sunday—she opened her soul just as you did yours. Being from the city, she didn't express herself in just the way you're used to; so you wouldn't believe her a child of God. Oh, down on your knees again and ask God to forgive you! Rain! I'd think you'd be ashamed to ask for it! Pray for rain and let your neighbors starve! There's your religion. Look at it and see how you like yourselves!"

Katy McGuire's pupils wriggled on their benches. They had seen this mood of teacher's a very few times, always with very just cause. The grown-ups wriggled in their souls and felt most uncomfortable and ashamed.

The school-master returned, leading a limp, dazed, unresisting Clytie Flicker, who was laid on an improvised bed of horse-blankets and shawls and fed, tended and poor-deared back to comfort and sanity. Abe Flicker rushing in wildly to find his wife, was received with open grub-boxes.

Clytie turned her head weakly on Abe's shoulder—he had been whispering promises of baths galore—and looked at them.

"If God was only good as you," she murmured.

All looked at Katy McGuire. What would she say to this?

"Mrs. Flicker, a woman has been living over at Ranger's in a tent. She has consumption. Her husband is poor, but he managed to get her here from the East."

"Children?" asked Clytie.

"Three. Two just babies, and one a hunchback with awful fits of temper. No one can love him but his mother."

"Will she live?" breathed Clytie.

"This long, hot, dry fall has saved her life. She is going home a well woman."

Clytie struggled to her knees. "Thank God!" she cried. "Thank God! He knew Abe and me would be willing to live on larks and acorns so she could get well. He knew it! Forgive me, dear Lord, for my little faith!"

"We'uns is all pore varmints of the brush," quoted Pinto's Elijah.

In the doorway, Bub Hackletate bounced up and down, knocking his bare heels together and yelled: "It's clouding over! It'll rain by sun-up to-morrow."

A TRANSPLANTED SURVIVAL

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN



HERE ARE two days in the year when the Jew will go to the synagogue. He may not go the rest of the year —but on these two days you can kill him—no, I mean he would kill a man who would prevent him going to the synagogue."

My informant was himself a Russian Jew, one of the types which live thick on the East Side of New York City. The two days to which he referred are New Years Day—its Hebrew name is Rosh ha Shannah—and the day of Atonement—Yom Kippur. It is on these two days that the New York Ghetto takes on an aspect that it has at no other time of the year. It is all the more strange to the eye of the Christian familiar with the busy life of the East Side on other days, because these two days of worship may fall on a week day. For example, Yom Kippur in the year 1905 occurred on Monday, Rosh ha Shannah came on Sunday. For once in a long time the Christian Sunday was observed in the Jewish quarter—not because it was our seventh day, but because it chanced to coincide with their New Year's Day.

I was about to say the New Year's feast, but New Year's Day is not a day of feasting among the Jews, and Yom Kippur is a day of fasting from sundown of the night before until sundown of the day itself.

In the Jewish New Year one finds plenty of activity, but activity of a kind wholly unknown on other days. Rivington street and Orchard street, usually lined thick with push carts, are empty of all signs of trade. In the whole of Rivington street at eight o'clock on New Year's morning, I saw but one push cart—presided over by a renegade young Jew who was not finding much encouragement in the sale of his fruit. All through that quarter of the city, shops usually busy on Sunday showed the sign, "Closed on account of the holidays" in their windows. In front of the Provident Loan Society's Bureau a long line of men and women stood awaiting the hour of opening, so that they might withdraw from pawn articles with which they proposed to bedeck themselves in honor of the New Year. At every corner, dozens of boot-blacks were hard at work, and at the boot-blacks' stands men stood in line awaiting their turn. Boots which had been guiltless of blackening probably for the remainder of the year were being brought to a state of high polish on account of the New Year.

A very long Jew came down Essex street, dressed in black garments of painful newness, silk opera hat on his head. Small boys, much subdued by the oppressiveness of their holiday clothing, stood about the middle of the street, afraid to play. Elderly Jews with long, flowing beards, stopped to greet younger men and wish them a happy New Year. "May your prayers secure for you a happy New Year" was the greeting that passed between them. In the Jewish belief, God judges mankind on the New Year and allots to each his share of happiness or misery, of pleasure or pain.

In spite of the solemnity of the occasion, the middle-aged women and the younger ones are not to be denied the privilege of greeting the New Year in their finest attire. One sees some wonderful costumes on the East Side on New Year's morning. They are evidently the product of home labor, and each represents many weary hours; for the East Side Jewess has few spare moments to spare to vanities. Her day of work begins early and ends late.

Most of the women dress in the conventional shirt waist and skirt. Many of

them work in shops on the West Side of the town, and are familiar with the style of dressing there. They differ in their appearance in no degree from their fellow-workers on the West Side.

The oldest women are quaint and picturesque in their holiday attire. They wear ancient silk dresses, resurrected annually for the holiday season, and their heads are covered with a soft white cloth. No Jew woman goes hatless in the streets on New Year's Day.

They are a sad looking people on other days—saddened by toil, by privation, by sickness, by sorrow. Their holiday faces are no brighter, but they wear a certain expression of resignation, a peacefulness which is foreign to them on other days. Most of them know but two holidays in the year. On every other day of the 365 they labor earnestly with their hands. So this one day of perfect rest means something to them physically as well as mentally.

Early on the morning of the New Year's day the elder Jews have gone to the synagogue. There they will remain throughout the day. The younger men recognize the obligation to attend service, but they remain only long enough to offer their prayers for the coming year. To the grey-beards, the day is very solemn. They remain in prayer from sunrise to sunset. As one passes through Rivington street or Norfolk street, one hears the solemn voices of the readers intoning prayers for the day, and the murmured responses of the congregation. Echoes float down from the windows of tenement buildings and even factory buildings and saloons. The synagogues on the East Side do not accommodate one-half of the believers living there, and poorer Jews find places of worship wherever they can rent a room for a small sum. In the windows of the second and third floors of a business building at Norfolk and Delancey streets, I saw gray-bearded Jews reading their prayers aloud. Every window was full; and beyond, the overcrowded rooms, badly ventilated at best, the air grows foul as the day goes on. But nothing discourages the Jew while his strength holds out.

The prayer for the day, which is known as the Rabbi Amnon prayer, is as follows:

"Now let the sanctification ascend unto Thee, for Thou art our God, our King.

"We will express the mighty holiness of this day, for it is tremendous and awful, in which Thy Kingdom is exalted, and Thy throne established in grace, and whereon Thou art seated in grace. Verily, it is Thou who are judge and arbitrator, who knowest all, and art witness, writer, sigillator, recorder and teller; Thou callest to mind all things long forgotten, and dost open the book of records, so that it may be read of itself; every man's signature is in it. The Great Trumpet is sounded! A dull, murmuring noise is heard! The angels shudder! Fear and trembling seize them! 'Hark!' they cry, 'it is the Day of Judgment! The Heavenly choir are to be visited in judgment!' (For in justice even they are not found faultless before Thee). All who are about to enter into the world now pass before Thee, as a herd of sheep; as the shepherd mustereth his flock and passeth them under his crook, so dost Thou cause to pass, number, appoint and visit every living soul, fixing the limitation of all creatures, and prescribing their destiny.

"On the first day of the New Year, it is inscribed, and on the Fast Day of Atonement it is sealed, how many shall pass by, and how many shall be born; who shall live and who shall die; who shall finish his allotted time, and who shall not; who is to perish by fire, and who by water; who by the sword and who by wild beasts; who by hunger and who by thirst; who by earthquake and who by a plague; who by strangulation, and who by lapidation; who shall wander, and who shall be tranquil; who shall reap enjoyment and who shall be painfully afflicted; who shall grow poor, and who rich; who shall be cast down, and who exalted.

"But penitence, prayer and charity can avert the evil decree."

This prayer is repeated again and again and at intervals during the service the shofar, or ram's horn, is blown. Because of this custom, the day is sometimes called Yom Truah, or the "Day of Blowing."

Orthodox Jews observe two days on the coming of the New Year; the reformed Jews only one. To the orthodox Jews, the world was created 5665 years before the coming of Rosh ha Shannah in the Christian year of 1905. The reformed

Jews do not believe in the New Year as the anniversary of creation; yet they observe it with great solemnity.

For two whole days the busy East Side is strangely quiet. The sharp cry of the peddler, the ringing of the ice cream man's little bell, the noise of children calling to one another in the streets, is hushed. Some traffic from the Christian sections of the city goes echoing through the East Side streets, but for the most part they are deserted of all but pedestrian traffic. From curb to curb they swarm with men and women and children standing talking in idle groups or walking about from place to place. Those going to the synagogue or returning from worship carry under their arms in paper-wrapped packages their praying shawls. In front of the synagogue at any hour of the day one sees groups of worshipers, their praying shawls about their shoulders, their hats on their heads—for the Jew worships covered.

For two whole days there is nothing but the hum of voices heard throughout the Ghetto. The myriad sewing machines of the tenements stand idle. The push carts have disappeared; the shop doors are closed.

On the next day before the sun has risen, the streets echo once more with the old familiar cries of the sellers of fruit and vegetables and crockery and clothing. Once more the push carts swarm in Rivington street and Orchard street seeking the best positions nearest the center of trade.

Less than two weeks later the Ghetto is again hushed, while from sunset to sunset the people keep the Day of Atonement. For twenty-four hours no food passes the lips of the orthodox Jew. But when the sun sets on the Great White Fast Day, commerce is again resumed, and the echoing sounds of trade and traffic will resound through the East Side continually until the next New Year's celebration comes around.

HALF-FRIENDSHIP

BY WILLIAM H. ANDERSON

O this half-friendship! how I hate the thing—
 Giving so little, promising so much,
Professing, never doing—there's the sting—
 A false-faced weakling—I'll have none of such!

True friendship is a perfect, priceless gem.
 Its greatest glory is its flawlessness.
My friends must give to me, as I to them,
 Their best or nothing—I'll accept no less.

I want the perfect music, or no song;
 I want the perfect love, or none at all;
Right is not right when coupled with a wrong;
 Sweet is not sweet when touched with taint of gall.

The forger's gilded coin lacks gold's true ring,
And this half-friendship—how I hate the thing!

IN THE CALCIUM LIGHT

HARRISON GRAY OTIS AND HIS FIGHT FOR THE OPEN SHOP

BY ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT

Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, was born in Marietta, Ohio, on February 10, 1837. He comes of fighting stock, for his grandfather on his father's side was a noted Revolutionary soldier. On September 11, 1859, he married Eliza A. Wetherby, of Lowell, Ohio. General Otis served over four years in the Civil War as a private and as officer in the Twelfth and Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, becoming Captain. He was twice severely wounded, and received the brevet of Major and Lieutenant Colonel for "gallant and meritorious conduct." Later, in 1866-67, he became official reporter of the Ohio House of Representatives. Subsequently, 1879-81, he served as special agent of the United States Treasury in charge of Seal Islands, Alaska. He was Brigadier-General in the war with Spain, commanding First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps. He led the brigade at the capture of Caloocan, February 10, 1899.—From "Who's Who in America."

General Otis has been perhaps the most consistent fighter for the "open shop" of any publisher in America. While Overland Monthly cannot, of course, editorially endorse or disclaim the views of its authors, since it is obviously a mental impossibility to act in a judicial capacity upon varying topics, yet we believe Mr. Holman's excellent article to be impartial, and therefore more valuable.—Editors Overland.



Col. Harrison Gray Otis.

WHOEVER shall write the social history of the United States for the period covered by the past twenty years must record many and bitter conflicts between employer and employed. It has been a period of extraordinary changes in the physical conditions affecting industry, involving general and continuous readjustments in the relations between the human factors connected with activities unmatched at the points of magnitude and variety by any other period in the world's history. Even among these many and embittered struggles there will be found, if I am not mistaken, no other single instance so full of instruction to the social student as that which began in Los Angeles, California, in mid-summer of 1890, and which, after a brief truce following a temporary capitulation of the aggressor interest, which came at the end of 1906, still persists. No other of the many labor fights of the period has been so persistent; no other in its

manifestations has extended so far from the immediate seat of conflict or commanded the interest of so many persons; no other has presented so clearly the opposing contentions of aggressive and revolutionary purposes on the one hand and of traditional and conservative principles on the other; no other has been urged with such determination and persistent spirit on the part of the aggressor, nor sustained with such resolute firmness, such mastery of opposing resource and such consummate courage and ability on the defensive side.

This conflict was begun August 5, 1890, developing in the form of a peremptory demand by the Typographical Union that the then four daily newspapers of Los Angeles should concede to that organization a monopoly of labor in the printing trade. It came like a bolt from a clear sky, for no disagreements, not even any mutual discussions of matters of common interest between employers and employed preceded it. No question concerning hours or wages, or any other legitimate question of difference, had been raised. The first suggestion of trouble came in the form of a demand for the "closed shop," although at the time that term of offensive and sinister significance had not been invented. The then four daily newspapers of Los Angeles, after conference, declined to concede to the demand thus put upon them, whereupon the Typographical Union, which assumed to control practically all the working forces of the printing trade in Los Angeles, upon a single day's notice called a strike—in all the four newspaper offices and at the same hour. Three of the four papers having pledged themselves to resist a demand which, by common agreement, was characterized as unreasonable, vicious and tyrannous, made a brief stand for freedom, yielding finally, and tending by their want of resolution and weakness to destroy rather than to help the cause of opposition. One of the three surrendered at the end of three days; a second succumbed a little later; the third held out for two months, and then upon calculations of political interest and expediency, shamefully knocked under. No one of these papers contributed in the slightest degree either to the integrity or to the force of the cause, which at the beginning it had espoused. As I have already intimated, the fight would have been an easier one for the Times, by which ultimately it was alone sustained, if at the start the three defaulting papers had exhibited their true colors and made no pretense of opposition. The Times, instead of being aided by the immediate co-operation of its neighbors, was really embarrassed and damaged by the atmosphere of weakness and concession which they created.

The Typographical Union of Los Angeles, although its aggressive movement seemed precipitate, had not taken action without assurances of support, for almost immediately it was developed that behind this organization, and in active sympathy and co-operation with it, there stood the unionists of San Francisco and of the whole country. Los Angeles, then relatively a small town, had been selected for the enforcement of an advanced demand, partly because of the supposed weakness of several of the publishers and partly because at the moment the conditions of local business in newspapering and in every line were depressed. Here, it was thought, powers of resistance were at a low ebb; further, that in the event of resistance, the fight could be carried at a relatively small cost in view of the supposed weakness of the defensive forces.

It was a case, as time quickly developed, of judgment sadly mistaken. The aggressors had failed to reckon upon the force of a vital and righteous principle, backed by a man of the sternest moral resolution, of exceptional power as an organizer of men and of business forces, having in combination with these qualities, an iron will, high courage and the gifts of intellectual and moral appeal.

General Harrison Gray Otis, then at the very summit of life, a man resolute by temperament, exceptionally endowed with what is called moral strength, ripened by experience, confident in his resources and dead sure of himself, was at the head of the Times. Others were associated with him, but the will and the hand of General Otis were the Times—then, as now. General Otis met the demand of the Typographical Union not with any cheap considerations of expediency, but upon the ground of fixed moral and legal principles.

He could have yielded to the demands of the unionists at no cost—at least in no immediate cost—to the Times, but concession would have violated a principle which had become part of the fixed furniture of General Otis's mind. "I hold," he said, *"that every citizen has the lawful right to pursue unhampered and undisturbed, any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way."* And when the argument waxed warm, and when from cajolements the aggressors proceeded to threats, General Otis added: *"I further hold that every citizen is bound to be protected in his right to pursue unhampered and undisturbed any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the nation if need be."*

Upon the basis of a demand of a private association for monopoly of labor in the important branch of trade, thus answered, resented and resisted by a man of splendid courage and resolution, the long fight was begun, and has, with brief respites due to exhaustion and discouragements of the aggressor, since been continued.

The full significance of the demand made upon the newspapers by the Typographical Union was quickly seen by General Otis; if the newspapers of Los Angeles can be brought to concede to the lawless and tyrannous demands of unionism, then no other interest of the community would long be spared. The fight in the view of General Otis was not merely one concerning the status of a few printers, but one related directly to the freedom of industry in all its branches. A man of less insight, of lower patriotic and moral conception, of a narrower sense of duty, would have sought to limit the issue. General Otis immediately broadened it to its full boundaries; the Times, day by day voicing his spirit, put the case before the people of Los Angeles—and as time went on, before the whole country. Here, said the Times, is in its beginnings an effort to tyrannize the industry, and therefore the whole life, of an American community. If the rule of unionism can be enforced against the Times, it will, in one instance following another, be enforced against every industry in Los Angeles, and in the end we shall have a community dominated and governed, not by the principles called American, and by the laws formulated by a free people in support and protection of the principle of freedom, but by an association of private persons closely organized in promotion of a selfish interest, claiming the right to define the rules of industry, and therefore of general social life, asserting the tyrannous privilege of levying taxes for its own support upon every workman, at the same time declining to accept any fixed responsibility on its own account. In this spirit, with increasing power, as the fight went on, with its resolution rising as the storm grew higher, the Times, not more in its private interest than in behalf of the community, carried forward the fight for the great principle of freedom in the industries upon the principles defined in passages which I have already quoted.

I have said that unionists had not presented their demands to the Times without assurances of support, but the unionists themselves at the beginning of the conflict had little conception of the extent to which their backers would be called upon. The printers of the country, willing and unwilling—I say unwilling because there were hundreds and thousands among them who disapproved the whole procedure, condemning it both at the points of principle and practice—were called upon under assessments to contribute to the Los Angeles fight. And as the scope of the struggle extended to include all branches of industry, the unionism of the country gave its aid to the fight. In one municipal campaign the unionist interest spent forty thousand dollars to beat the Times. It is estimated that during this long struggle of approximately seventeen years, the labor unionism of the United States has contributed an annual average of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash to support a steadily losing contention. Thus a sum somewhere between $400,000 and $500,000 has been sunk to carry forward a fight for a principle which cannot find either in morals or in law a leg to stand on, and which would not dare to hold up its head in any forum where accepted principles of judgment find respect. True, not all this money has been disbursed with fidelity to the cause. The walking delegate and the labor exploiter

in other forms has gotten his ample share, and more than one "labor leader," entrusted by the unionism of the country with the handling of its funds in the Times fight, lives in security and comfort upon resources accrued under the "rake-off" practice.

But the efforts of the unionism of the country against the Times have taken forms more difficult to meet than that of the direct fight backed by lavish expenditure. In national councils and conventions, unionism declared a general boycott against all commodities exploited through the Times's advertising columns. The effort to intimidate general advertisers was direct and to some extent successful, although by no means universally so. More serious was the effort at home to boycott advertisers in the Times, threats to withdraw patronage of unionist customers being made in every store in Los Angeles. No resource of opposition or of destructive malice possible to be urged escaped the attention and the energy of those who fought against the Times on the basis of its opposition to unionistic tyranny.

Under the stress of this warfare, the Times lost neither its courage nor its temper, nor did it ever forget for one moment the dignities proper to one who contends less for his own advantage than in support of a great cause. General Otis never, indeed, overlooked the position of the Times, nor neglected its interests, but he subordinated the immediate and personal aspects of the contention to the larger considerations involved in it. Something, therefore, approaching the fervor of religious spirit entered into the arguments which day after day, month after month, year after year, the Times met the aggressions persistently urged against it. The spirit of the Times was always the same in every aspect of the fight. Its stand was for the lawful right of every citizen to pursue, undisturbed and unhampered, any lawful occupation of its choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the Nation, if need be. Never for one moment did the editor of the Times permit himself to be cajoled or forced, to separate himself from the vantage ground involved in this assertion of principle. Whatever was said or done by whoever took the lead in opposition, was brought to the measure of this principle, and if it could not square with it, was made to accept the condemnation which no editor in this country has ever known better how to mete out. At times, the fight became one of intense bitterness, but on the part of the Times, it was always a fight for principle, carried with the overwhelming earnestness which devotion to principle unfailingly inspires.

And thus it came about that in a remote corner of the country, in a community which at the time this contest began was not much more than a provincial town, there was developed a newspaper which, in its advocacy of a great moral, social and legal principle, stands supreme in the United States, or in any country. Whoever will study the great principle of industrial freedom with those allied principles and arguments by which it must meet aggression in practical forms, must go, not to books, not to school men, but to the files of the Los Angeles Times. Nowhere else has the fight ever been sustained in so many forms; nowhere else are the law and logic of industrial freedom so positively and completely set forth. The splendid fight made by the Times, scarcely less than the cause in which it was waged, won the attention and admiration of thinking men everywhere. It gave the Times a standing in the wide world relatively far greater than that normally belonging to the newspaper of a community like that of Los Angeles—even of the ambitious and amazing Los Angeles of to-day.

It goes without saying that such a fight, so long sustained, should produce intense animosities, that out of it and incidental to it there should develop a measure of personal ill-will. For years, it was the habit of those who sought either by direct or indirect means to help along the cause of social aggression, to represent General Otis as a man universally hated—nobody even in anger ventured to say distrusted—in the community where he lived and in which the Times is published. The best possible answer to this sneer, of which even yet one may sometimes hear echoes, is an address presented to General Otis, by his fellow citizens of Los Angeles, on the 20th of June, 1903, at a time when the

industrial fight was at its highest. This address is as follows:

"Your fellow citizens, with unfeigned admiration for your genius as the editor of a great paper, and appreciation of your worth as a man, desire hereby to assure you of their hearty and cordial support in your battle for individual liberty; under your leadership, the Los Angeles Times has fought and won a great victory for equal rights.

"That the city of Los Angeles and environment is free from the tyranny of misguided agitators is chiefly due to the fearless advocacy of the rights of all men and the relentless condemnation of demagogues by the Times.

"We are mindful of the fact that the majority of the business men and employers of labor have come from the ranks of the common people, inheriting nothing save love of country and willingness and capacity for work.

"We believe that the future of this country depends not only upon free schools and a free press, but also freedom of action under the law. The ambitious youth must not, shall not, be dwarfed in his desire or opportunity, nor hindered in his effort to reach the goal of success, whether in the workshop, the fields of commerce or along the highways of professional life; we demand for our fellows and for ourselves the individual freedom that became our heritage upon the Republic's birth.

"We congratulate the city of Los Angeles and the State of California that through you the principles of eternal truth and justice are presented daily in the homes of California in the columns of the Los Angeles Times."

This address, bearing the signature of 568 individuals and firms of Los Angeles, is representative of the intelligence, the property, the commerce and the respectability of the city. It is to be questioned if so extraordinary a tribute to an editor and publisher was ever before formally and spontaneously made by an American community. It sufficiently attests the standing achieved by the Times and its editor in an extraordinary contest made, as I have already said, in behalf of the community quite as much as in the interest of the Times.

That this tribute was richly deserved, nobody with any acquaintance with the facts can question for one moment. Within the period covered by the conflict between the Times and trades unionism, Los Angeles has advanced from a provincial town to the character of a metropolitan city, with an approximate population of 280,000. The figures of population do not wholly tell the story, for with increase in numbers has come everything else which commonly pertains to numbers —indeed, much more, for Los Angeles, young as she is in point of time, is magnificently equipped with public and private buildings of a kind that would adorn any city in the world. Furthermore, Los Angeles has developed in manufacture, trade and commerce proportionate with the increase in the numbers of her inhabitants.

And no small part of that extraordinary development, which amazes every visitor, has come through practical exemption from labor troubles. Broadly speaking, there has been in Los Angeles no interruption of the course of industry, no setbacks in the work of construction, no extra cost at the point of uncertainty and hazard due to labor convulsions. The city has gone on and on with reasonable, if not perfect, accord between the elements of labor and of capital, exempt from that handicap which rests upon communities tormented, burdened and taxed by strikes, lock-outs and a thousand and one conflicts which bear so heavily upon the common resource where labor and capital stand at war with each other. Ask any intelligent citizen of Los Angeles why that city has stood exempt while others near and far have suffered so continuously and terribly, and he will answer in two words—the Times. In standing for itself against the aggressive and tyrannous proposals of the Typographical Union, the Times has also stood for Los Angeles, and as it has won for itself, so it has won for Los Angeles. It has won first by persistently declaring and maintaining the sovereign principles which assert the lawful right of every citizen to pursue undisturbed and unhampered any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the nation if need be. Second, it

has won by holding the dominating citizenship of Los Angeles, including the business community, to an attitude so alertly and steadfastly protective, as to prevent picketing, boycotting in its worst forms, and the many other aggressions and annoyances by which unionism commonly seeks to enforce its demands. Under the persistent hammerings of the Times, local spirit has been held to a pose so high and unyielding as to assure freedom for every citizen.

Under this policy, and by it, Los Angeles has drawn to herself a prodigious power of accumulated capital with personal forces that have achieved marvels in the vast work of her development. Under this policy, and by it, Los Angeles has made herself a name in the world for high character as a community, for regard for fixed principles, for respect for law and for the security which rests upon all these things. Every element of the community, including that of labor, has shared in advantages which have flowed directly from the stubborn resistance which the Times has made against proposals founded in the spirit of injustice and urged without any warrant in law or decency.

And now, let us note the effect of this fight upon the Times itself, bearing in mind that the paper has been the center of every form of assault that the malice of interest and enmity, supported by abundant financial resource, could urge against it. No form of spite that could be devised by the spirit of opposition has been lacking, the establishment of a rival newspaper by William Randolph Hearst being one of the many devices to "down" the Times. In these years, the Times has grown from a provincial newspaper of small capital and less repute to a rank so high that no list of representative American journals, however limited, is complete without its name. In the point of physical size, it is the biggest newspaper published in the world. At the point of earnings, it is far ahead of any other newspaper published in any other relatively equal field. In its relations to its own community, it stands unique, for it is so far ahead of all rivalry as to be acknowledged universally as the supreme journal in a wide region, including not only Southern California, but Arizona and a large part of New Mexico. I think I may venture to say upon the basis of private information respecting this and many other newspapers that to-day the Times is on the financial side the most profitable newspaper property in the country outside of New York or Chicago.

And now, having spoken of the success of the Times growing out of its long fight for freedom, let me add a word as to what has come to its editor in consequence of this long conflict. It has in truth lifted him far above the rank of provincial journalists, making him not merely a man of mark at home and abroad, but one of the fixed stars of the journalistic profession, identified, as is no other man in this country, with a great moral, legal and social principle—a principle I venture to say upon whose integrity the future and permanent welfare of this country of ours absolutely depends.

To-day the fight against the Times, begun nearly eighteen years ago, is entering upon a new chapter. The unionism of the country, ambitious for dominance, resents the conditions which prevail in Los Angeles. It seeks to change these conditions by silencing the voice which has so long been their inspiration. It is again engaged in raising funds with which it proposes to fight the old fight over again. To do this, it must nullify its own surrender, formally made in December, 1906. But there will be no embarrassment on this score, for of all virtues, consistency is the last which unionism would claim for itself. That the new fight will in any manner retrieve the defeats and losses of the old, nobody who has any knowledge of the situation for one moment believes. For to-day the Times is a greater force than it was seventeen years ago. Its financial resource as compared with that early day is twenty times multiplied; and there still remains at the front of its affairs the courageous and resolute veteran, whose extraordinary and forceful personality has become the spirit of the newspaper which he has builded. In the future, as in the past, the Times will stand not as an enemy to labor, not as a discriminator against labor (for it pays higher wages to labor than any other newspaper in the country), but as a defender of a great ethical and le-

gal principle upon which the rights of every element in the community, including labor, surely depend. There is no possible question as to the outcome of this renewed contest. Los Angeles and the Times will win, as they won before, first because their cause is just; second, because the city and the newspaper stand united and resolute for the lawful right of every citizen to pursue, undisturbed and unhampered, any lawful occupation of his choice in a lawful way, and to be protected in that right by the whole power of the State and of the nation, if need be.

THE CITY THAT IS TO BE

BY KIRKE L. SIMPSON

"The City That Was," they dubbed it,
As they mourned o'er the smouldering heap;
They were men who had known it in halcyon days,
And they told of its passing in sorrowing phrase,
Recounted its sins and its glad, wild ways,
And sighed for the things that had been.

"The City That Is," we called it,
And we worked with brain and brawn.
We hewed to the line as we built anew,
Laying our timbers firm and true,
And our pride soared high as each building grew
Where a tangled wreck had been.

The good Saint Francis heard the words,
And he judged each man where he stood.
He watched as we toiled through the hurrying days,
And he saw that our work was good.
Then he said, "My children, ye both are right,
Though but past and present ye see.
My city shall rise, both good and great,
To keep its post by the Western gate;
And ye both shall share in the days that wait
The City That Is To Be."



BY F. MARION GALLAGHER

Chancellor Day on Living Issues.

"The Raid on Prosperity," by James Roscoe Day, LL. D., D. C. L., Chancellor of Syracuse University.

Not the least complimentary thing to be said of Chancellor Day is that he succeeds in writing books guaranteed to keep the normal reader awake. You may, or you may not, agree with him, but listen to him you must and will. "The Raid on Prosperity" is likely to have all sorts of hard things said of it by labor union enthusiasts and by admirers of Mr. Roosevelt's "imperialistic" policies, and it is likely to be lauded to the skies by the representatives of the moneyed interests of the country; but friend and foe alike will read the book, and if they are human, will enjoy it as well.

The Chancellor foresees opposition. He courts adverse criticism, which, owing possibly to his extensive experience with it, has no terrors for him. On every page of every chapter, he flings down a clanging gauntlet with the understanding that the reader is free to take it up—if the reader dare. And the Chancellor insists on his disinterestedness. "My convictions," he assures us, "have not come to me out of the exigencies of a college presidency or by the contaminating influence of millionaires!" And the exclamation point is his own.

"The Raid on Prosperity" is primarily a defense of the trusts, and secondarily an arraignment of most of the doings of the present administration. In particular, the President's fondness for creating special commissions is denounced as un-American and pernicious. "A law-making, court-controlling executive department, a Government by commissions, a personal construction of the Constitution, is not a republic." Three chapters deal with corporations, three more with the Standard Oil Company, and three with the relations of capital and labor, while topics like "Stretching the Constitution," "Swollen Fortunes," "Tainted Money," and "Charitable Trusts" are given a chapter each out of the twenty which make up the volume.

Chancellor Day scores most, not when he is indignant, but when he is ironical. For instance: "In the good old times when they had no grinding corporations or devilish trusts with their tentacles on the throat of individual rights and privileges, you could have traveled on a canal boat. And if you were in a hurry, you could have gone on an express canal boat drawn by three mules instead of two mules. But in any event, you would have been so long going that you would have forgotten where you were going before you reached your destination. Time spent so lavishly was not worth much. But then no corporation was grinding that captain of the canal boat or that mule driver. They went their own pace leisurely. The people then were ground only between the tow path and the berm! But now the oppressive and grinding corporation gives you a seat in a parlor of palatial furnishings and takes you along from New York to Buffalo in seven and three-fourths hours, instead of ten days or two weeks. It is an outrage that a merciless corporation should exist in this enlightened age that will hurl a man through the world, around curves and over bevels and across bridges at such a terrific rate of speed—and tempt men to leave the secure and calm pace of the canal boat by charging only two cents a mile, with which no canal man can compete. Such a thing is against competition, has restrained the traffic of the canal boat

and ought to be investigated by a commission and prosecuted."

Chancellor Day deserves our gratitude for putting into readable form opinions and criticisms that rarely appear in print outside of the depositaries of tainted news. His point of view is not the point of view of the majority of readers, but that only enhances the value of his book. The serious student will, perhaps, bewail the very conspicuous lack of scholarly calm in "The Raid on Prosperity," but he should remember that the author is Chancellor Day —a very charming personality with nothing in common with an iceberg.

D. Appleton & Company, New York.

Alpine Flora in America.

"Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," by Stewardson Brown.

The purpose of this unique and exhaustive volume is to trace the relationship existing between the flora of the Alps and the flora of the Canadian Rockies. Mr. Stewardson has discovered that, despite the variety of species, there is a close resemblance in the families and genera of the two regions. The fruit of his labors forms an interesting and serviceable handbook of the flora of the Canadian Rockies, and Selkirks, or those portions traversed by the Canadian Pacific from Banff to Glacier. A special feature of the work is the illustrating by Mrs. Charles Schaffer. Thirty-one beautiful and accurate watercolor drawings and ninety-eight other pictures are a tribute to her industry and skill.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.00 net.

A Book by Seumas MacManus.

"Doctor Kilgannon," by Seumas MacManus.

This latest volume from the pen of the author of "A Lad from the O'Friels," is a collection of stories supposed to be narrated by a garrulous old Dublin physician, who had, as a youth, lived in stirring times and has daily become more and more cognizant of the fact. The book has all the qualities which have endeared the author's earlier works to the reading public. That rich Donegal humor is there, and there, too, is the blundering, effervescing wit which Seumas MacManus possesses in an unusual degree. "Doctor Kilgannon" falls little short of "A Lad of the O'Friels" in its richness of coloring and its literary charm.

The Theory of Contingency.

"The Ifs of History," by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

If Themistocles had not beaten Aristides in an Athenian election, if Columbus had kept his straight course westward, if Queen Elizabeth had not been childless, if young George Washington had become a British midshipman, if Abraham Lincoln had been raised in the South, if the Confederates had marched on Washington after Bull Run—these are some of the ifs of history proposed and answered in the volume under discussion. Mr. Chamberlin has written an entertaining and stimulating little book, and deserves to be thanked for it. At the same time, we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that he carries the theory of contingency altogether too far. It is almost incredible, for instance, that under any circumstances, Abraham Lincoln would have sided with the South. The structure of the man's mind was such that he would have staunchly upheld the Federal Government whether he hailed from Maine or from Georgia. Meanwhile, we respectfully suggest this sentence from Pascal for the title page of the next edition of "The Ifs of History": "Si le nez de Cleopatre eut ete plus court, tout la face de la terre aurait change."

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

The Purpose with a Novel.

"The Magnet: A Romance of the Battles of Modern Giants," by Alfred O. Crozier.

The reviewer is spared the necessity of even reading this book by the following glowing and original description thoughtfully printed on the back of the cover-shield:

"What is the 'Magnet?'"

"It is a powerful and fascinating romance, interspersed with philosophical humor, beautifully illustrated by Wallace Morgan, the originator of the celebrated Fluffy Ruffles pictures. The book is written in a new and original style, and is de-

signed to appeal to the serious minds of all thoughtful Americans. It is certain to attract wide attention and make its impress on the national campaign of 1908. The author, Alfred O. Crozier, of Wilmington, Delaware, for twenty years a prominent lawyer, says:

"*Author's Description.*—Funk, Wagnalls Company, 44-60 East 23d St., New York. Gentlemen: Following are some of the current subjects treated in my new novel, 'The Magnet,' which you are issuing: 'Central Government Bank Plot.' 'Elastic Currency—Private Schemes in Congress.' 'Wall Street—An Exposure of its Dangerous Methods and Powers; Panics—How Created—Effects.' 'Banks —Runs by Depositors—The Cause.' Railroads—Regulation; Appraisal; New Tax Plan; Trusts; Consolidation; Capitalized Eminent Domain and Earning Power; Waterways.' 'Corporations in Politics— New View of Tariff.' 'Lawyers for Sale —To Plot Corporate Crimes.' 'Political Conspiracy—To Seize Control of the Government.'

"The Magnet is not a reservoir of panaceas. Its author hopes it may induce public thought and discussion, and thus do some good by helping to defeat the designs of such lawless incorporated wealth as is trying to seize control of the Government of the republic in the campaign of 1908 for its selfish purposes, that it may reverse the wise and patriotic policies championed with so much courage by President Roosevelt. Very respectfully,

"Alfred O. Crozier."

What can we do after all that but humbly indorse all that the diffident publishers and the modest author have to say? Accordingly, we express our conviction that the "romance" is so "powerful" that you don't realize its force until the publishers tell you about it, and that it is indeed "fascinating"—would be, at least, if you were chained to a bleak rock on a desert island and had nothing else to read. The style of the book is emphatically "new and original," and the "serious minds" of all thoughtful Americans will find it irresistibly appealing—in just what way we would rather not state. And the Fluffy Ruffles pictures are great.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1.50.

Just issued from the press is "A Song of Autumn and Other Poems," by Henry Meade Bland. Henry Meade Bland is a *poet,* and his volume is, we venture, one of the most important contributions to English verse in recent years. The exquisite idealism breathed forth in "A Song of Autumn" will be of inspiration to those who are fortunate enough to read the little book. Some of the poems have already appeared in Overland Monthly, while others greet us for the first time. Dr. Bland has written verse that will live, and which will be accorded a place with the productions of the early poets whose work —first appearing in Overland Monthly— speedily won international recognition.

"A Song of Autumn and Other Poems," press of Popp & Hagan, San Jose, California.

"The Rivals," a new edition of Sheridan's famous play, with an introduction by Professor Brander Mathews, and striking illustrations by M. Power O'Malley. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Famous Painters of America," by J. Walker McSpadden, an exquisitely gotten out book with a personal sketch of each artist, and with illustrations of the artists and of a few of their paintings. A highly valuable aid to the popularizing of art. (T. Y. Crowell & Company.)

Randall Parrish's "The Great Plains," (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a volume that will take its place in the permanent historical literature of the country side by side with President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." The volume is, naturally, divided into three parts: Discovery, The Struggle for Possession, and Occupation. It is a conservative, complete, interesting, thrilling and authentic record of the West.

"For Maisie" is a pretty love story of English aristocratic life. A rugged old fellow wins his way from the working classes to the ducal table for the sake of his step-daughter, Maisie. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE "*TE KATIPO EXTENDED"

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SANDY GULLY

AS KEPT BY SKITING BILL

The poem, "The Te Katipo Extended," which is published herewith, is by Miss Lola Ridge, a young Australian poet and artist, who is not without fame in her own land. Overland Monthly has been fortunate enough to secure several pieces of verse from her pen, and these will be presented to our readers from time to time. Miss Ridge is sure to win fame in the United States, for her style is breezily strong, and, in her sentimental moods, appealingly beautiful.

BY LOLA RIDGE

The sandy pug was risin', an' the claim was duffered out,
The divy of the washin' wouldn't pay a three-bob shout;
We 'greed we'd hev ter chuck it, an' ses Bill, "Let it be soon!"
A-strollin' round the township one Sunday afternoon,
A city bloke came by us, his nose stuck in the air,
A forty acre shirt-front an' ile upon his hair.
He spoke up pretty sociable an' open-like an' free.
He was a minin' expert, so he said ter Bill an' me—
A-travelin' fer a syndicate an' jess' come up on spec—
(He sorter eased the collar a-scrapin' on his neck.)
We talked a little further, an' I got my lamps on Bill,
And took the new chum expert by a short cut up the hill,
To see our minin' property. He hemmed an' hawed a bit,
And fondled with his eye-glass an' said he'd think of it;
But first he'd try a prospec'; then Bill turned as pale as chalk.
He said that it was Sunday—the other chaps might talk
At breakin' o' the Sabbath, but if he would come next day
And try a dozen dishes, he 'ud find the thing would pay.
At dark that night we fixed it, an' I doctored up the pug;
Touched all the lightly places. "He is just a toffish mug—
'Twill learn him some of business, if it takes him down a cut."
An' then we slep' like children in our 'umble little 'ut.
Next mornin' in the paddock, when the toff had washed a dish,
He sunk upon the barrer, lookin' like a dyin' fish!
"'Tis reely most surprisin'! You hev struck the Golden Lead—
We'll float it in a company if you are both agreed!"
And so we made it over to—he said his name was Snares—
For cash down fifteen hundred, an' a thousand paid-up shares.

*Maori—The Spider.

"Of course when it is floated—why, what the dooce is this?"
(He'd stumbled on the nugget that we'd got at Coolabis.)
'Twas over fifty ounces, an' a pretty bit o' quartz—
The gold a-stickin' out of it like a little bunch o' wartz.
" 'Twill do; a fairish sample; I will take it up to town—
They mightn't know of Sandy's—you kin get it when you're down.
The shares 'll go like pastys; for there are no flies on this!"
He pocketed the nugget that we got at Coolabis.
I shouted down at Reilly's, an' we met the golden sell.
The expert named it 'andsome by a name we couldn't spell:
"Te Katipo Extended," he said, softly, "by your leave;
It means a little spider that does a little weave.
May it prove a money weaver! Haw—a pint of orange fizz.
Now, boys, fill up you're glasses and drink success to biz!"
"Oh, raise me up," ses William, when the toff hed said good-bye,
"He walked into that cobweb—Lord, he's just a little fly!"
We watched the post like lovers—we could 'ardly eat or sleep,
An' got a lot o' paper from the expert in a week.
"Te Katipo Extended!" It looked flourishin' an' fine,
But 'bout the fifteen hundred he never dropped a line.
Then I got sort o' restless, an' Bill was moochin' roun',
A-lonesome for the nugget; so we took a trip to town.
We struck the minin' expert a-walkin' with a girl;
He said he'd see us private, as he gave his cane a twirl.
Sez Bill: "We've come from Sandy's, an' we're not ter be put off,
Hand up that fifteen hundred!" Well, you should ha' seen the toff.
He cocked his little eye-glass, and sez he, "You must forget,
We 'greed ter stand that over—it is in the claim as yet,
Which, judgin' from the prospec's, will pay nigh a thousand pound
A week. You'll get your divy in the first wash from the ground."
"What's left fer us, the owners, will you tell us, Mr. Snares?"
He murmured out politely, "You hev got the paid-up shares."
Bill was rollin' up his shirt sleeves; but I didn't want no hits:
"Here, chuck us back our sample, an' we'll cry that we are quits.
Return our bloomin' nugget an' take back the paid-up shares!"
He said, "You're very foolish, for I am S. P. Snares,
The well-known minin' expert, an' you are Tom and Bill,
Two of the biggest rascals that loaf at Sandy Hill.
Take a friend's advice; you'd better——" Then he stopped to parry Bill;
I rushed him in the rearward—oh, he wanted all his skill—
A crash an' then the atmosphere was red an' green and blue!
I sittin' in the gutter was the next thing that I knew,
And Bill a-lyin' near me, but we saw no more of Snares
The week we stopped in city to undergo repairs;
I'd swallowed half my molars an' Bill had lost an eye.
But we never touched the expert who was just a little fly.

THE PUBLISHER AND THE PUBLIC

A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT

THE PUBLISHER has a great task before him. He must please a large constituency, and at the same time he must make money for himself. He must not be a partisan, and he must be careful that he does not, by the most infinitessimal shade, give the idea of fostering any particular individual or any particular policy. The militant magazine is but an ephemeral success at best. It must not be inferred that a magazine is therefor to be an emasculate, nerveless and pulseless thing to please the public and its advertising patrons, but it is absolutely necessary that the magazine possess the quality of uplifting cheerfulness and optimism to be permanently successful. That is, as in every-day life, the key note.

Overland Monthly has at times been misunderstood; it has made mistakes; it has been accused of being the organ of corporations, and at other times it has been vilified as being the means adopted to teach a socialistic dogma. Once, when the magazine ran an article, or a series of articles, on what the Jew had done for San Francisco, it was suspected of having been sold to a syndicate in control of the rich Jews of San Francisco. Later, it devoted a number of pages to the achievements by the Catholic Church, and it did not escape violent criticism in certain quarters for the good words it had spoken for the church on the coast. Here and there a subscriber drops out of the lists and voices his indignation by letter, postal card or by visit, but the general policy of the magazine has always been that of being "devoted to the development of the country," the policy of the original founders, voiced nearly fifty years ago, and we trust that it has always had general approval.

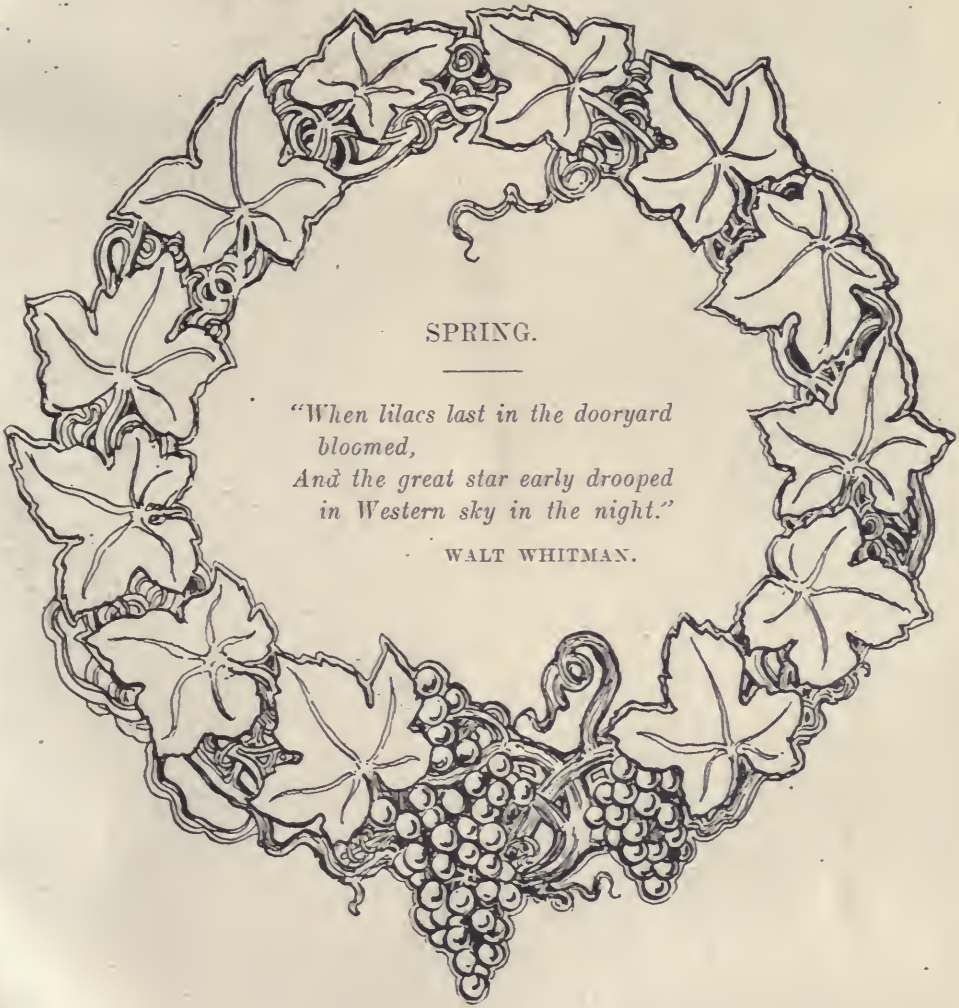
The devotion to development does not mean, to the publisher, the development of the country in its physical aspect, but a development along all lines, and Overland Monthly has been the guide, philosopher and friend of the true Westerner and California, the mirror of his moods, for nearly half a century; it has developed him mentally, while it exhibited to the world at large the beauties of California and the West in general.

The publisher is just a plain-spoken, every-day Californian. He wants your confidence, and he will tell you that he wants also your ideas, and that he hires an editor, but that he is well aware of the fact that this editor, a mighty smart, wide-awake, up-to-date fellow by the way, does not know it all by a long shot. So the publisher wants you to write to him, if there is anything wrong about this "paper." If you're way up there in Trinity or Shasta County, or up in Oregon beyond Grant's Pass, and the stage has come in with the magazine, or if you are down in Oklahoma, Arizona or Texas, and you find something that doesn't at all suit you, or you can suggest an improvement, or your news-stand man has failed to keep up a sufficient supply of the magazines, the publisher wants to know it. In other words, he wants ideas; he wants suggestions and advice.

A magazine is a very sensitive thing, and a mistake in policy is disastrous, and when we make mistakes, and you know it you should tell us. We may not agree with you, and then again we may, and we will tell you all about it in this column. We want your co-operation.

Overland Monthly is one of the very few magazines making money out of its subscription list. It does not need a vast array of advertising pages to make it pay. Its subscriptions pay. It does not mean to infer that it scorns the advertiser or his patronage, for that would be worse than folly, but it does not maintain ex-

(*Continued to Page xii.*)



SPRING.

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in Western sky in the night."

WALT WHITMAN.



IT IS ALWAYS SPRINGTIME IN THE REDWOODS.

APRIL, 1908

No. 4 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

THE HINDU IN AMERICA

BY GIRINDRA MUKERJI, M. S.

The riots at Bellingham in the State of Washington, and at various points in Canada have called attention to the fact that the Hindu is becoming numerous in the United States. The editor of Overland Monthly has asked one of the students at the University of California, an Indian scholar, to give his version of the feeling toward the Indian and his views on the situation in India. Mr. Mukerji represents the new, thinking, agile and patriotic Indian, who sees in the obliteration of caste and in industrial advancement and education an escape from the thraldom of religion and foreign domination.. Mr. Mukerji has expressed himself in such a way as to earn the sympathy of all who may read his work, and it is hoped that our readers may imbibe a wider humanity—and a broader conception of the brotherhood of man—from its perusal.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

FIVE CENTURIES ago Columbus started out for India; the nuggets of India had been the great attraction of the ambitious merchants, mariners and monarchs of Europe. The wealth of India has been the theme of the poets—Milton, in his famous epic, "Paradise Lost," talks of "the wealth of Ormuz and Ind." After years of adventures, Columbus struck on land which, though not India, more than satisfied the cravings for gold. Columbus, mistaking this land as the long searched for India, named the aborigines Indians. Thus, America, from the day of her discovery, becomes associated with India.

The people of India, on the other hand, never knew how they were discovered in some other land, how they had been classed with the aborigines of some other race quite distinct from their own. They did not know how they were made known to European people as dressed up in blankets, feathers and tatooed all over the body.

But real India was not forgotten. The great navigators sailed their vessels round the farthest end of Africa. The route retains the name of "Good Hope." In spite of the perilous voyage and the tropical heat which they had to encounter, the hope of reaching India meant so much to them that they named the point in South Africa the Cape of Good Hope. At last, the Europeans reached India. The East India Company was organized. The exploitation of India began with all the energy of the hardy Briton. With the years, America grew as a civilized country, and finally became an independent State, and during this period, India fell completely a victim to English dominance. India continued to exist only to be exploited and all but destroyed. America became one



SWAMI VEVEKANANDA, EXPOUNDER OF PHILOSOPHY TO THE OCCIDENT.

of the great nations of the earth. The varied destinies of these two nations went on with time, until to-day each represents the opposite pole of advancement. The people of India come from the same race as the Europeans who have transformed the vast waste territory of America into the most interesting place on the earth. India, linked politically for 150 years with England, with her grand history and her centuries of civilization, is an object of pity and compassion all over the world. India is sinking rapidly under foreign rule; her industries, once the pride and mainstay of her artisan classes, are ruined forever; her agriculture is still maintaining a life and death struggle with the use of antiquated ideas and crude implements; her mineral wealth and her fertile soil go to enrich foreign adventurers, while her children are dying of famine. With the loss of freedom of the use of soil, India has lost all liberty of thought and freedom of action, and by England's policy, India has to-day been well nigh reduced to complete helplessness and abject dependence.

India has been rudely awakened. Having encountered nineteen terrible famines in the last quarter of a century, and having failed to obtain any concession of their birth rights from alien rulers, the educated class began a vigorous boycotting of the English manufactories now holding the complete monopoly of the Indian markets. Young men failing to obtain any decent means of livelihood, except in the over-crowded law courts, medical profession and the subordinate offices of the Government, looked upon an industrial education as their only salvation. They have begun to pour in by hundreds in Japan. Year after year, the number of Indian youths is increasing rapidly in the different parts of industrial Nippon. Recently the rush has been so great that the opportunities to obtain education are becoming scarce.

Hopefully, India looks to this great country of the United States. Indian youth has heard of America and her institutions from the Japanese youth, who have been educated in the United States, and also they found a decided advantage in the English language, which they duly mastered at home. The year 1901-1902 brought the first pioneer Hindu students to the schools of the Pacific Coast. An organization was launched by one learned Indian—Swami Ram—while lecturing in the Western States, to better the condition of these students and to aid in a united effort at higher education.

The main theme of Swami Ram's lectures was the education of young men and women in America, and by this method he hoped to loosen, broaden, or destroy the hide-bound idea of caste—the blasting curse of all India. He pointed out again and again to the American people the futility of their attempts to benefit the Indian people by missionary work. The vast sum of money can be used in inviting Indian youths to the American homes, and to their educational institutions, and would be spent right in their own country with better results. The attempt of Swami Rami, though very rational in its demands, met with little or no response. Recently an organization was started in Portland, Oregon, and this has alone done much as a pioneer in the movement of welcoming Indian young

men to take up the work as students of agriculture. In one year, six students came to American colleges, sent out by the educational societies of India. Others resorted to earn their own means of securing an education without recourse to outside help to attend college. The State of California had no Hindu student till the year 1904. With the advent of some energetic and public spirited young men, the University of California became the headquarters of the largest number of Indian students in the whole union. The climate and the agricultural condition are so favorable and similar to the Indo-Gangetic valley that the students of agriculture of Cornell University never fail while returning to India to visit California University agricultural experimental farms. This university has this year seventeen Hindu students, while there are five other students studying some at San Luis Obispo and three at the Mount Tamalpais military academy. These young men are highly patriotic, and they have easily adapted themselves to the American environments. Their command of the English language and other preliminary studies has enabled them to enter the college in advanced standing and maintain a good rank in their class. The American or casual observer would hardly notice any semblance or vestige of the caste system in their lives; here are the students of the highest caste, as well as from the lowest, living in amity. The unity of thought and purpose has harmonized their mode of living and association has smoothed away the mystical myths of centuries. No family or social distinction amongst themselves or any restriction as to food stuffs which might have been considered most objectionable in India does stand in their way of fitting themselves, in American homes, as representatives of a new race in India.

In India, the peasantry is groaning under the most exorbitant land tax system on earth. As a result, the peasantry is beginning to look for profitable employment outside of India. For many years, they have migrated to Australia and South Africa, where generally they found the peddling of Indian articles or selling of their labor profitable. But the rigid exclusion acts in Australia, and the forfeiture of the right of holding landed property in South Africa, under the new regime of the "Republic," made their struggle for existence a strenuous one.

Visitors and tourists to the Orient would notice the large number of the turban headed patrols in Hongkong, Shanghai and even in the interior as far as Peking. The Indian peasantry for many years found in these places, as executive officers, constables or petty police, comparatively lucrative employment, but during the Chinese war they discovered to their great shame and dishonor that they were sent to the front to be slaughtered by a foreign commander, and at other times to slaughter a people (the Chinese) who had never done them any harm, and with whom they were on friendly terms. It has come to the knowledge of the writer that these men, though very ignorant, were yet keenly alive in their sense of pride as becomes brave soldiers. They discovered that, in the meeting of the international armies during the siege of Peking, no white army officers recognized in any way the Indian officers. They took this bitterly to their hearts; many resigned, and others secured their discharges, and crossed over to British Columbia and to the United States.

Official statistics show conclusively that the emigration of the Hindus began from the period of this insult, and also that it is invariably limited to the Sikhs and the Pathans, formerly in the English army. These Sikhs and Pathans are the inhabitants of the Punjab—the most fertile part of all India. The Punjab watered by five rivers was once the granary of this northern country, and is now quite unable to provide a living for a most abstemious and easily contented people. Of late, the emigration has been reaching such an alarming point that great consternation has been felt by the British, and in the United States threatens to bring on another racial and international complication. The laboring class sees the great danger of low wages as a result of competition with Asiatic labor, and the probability is not remote that the Indian will be ousted from the means of earning a livelihood in factories and on the railroads. The American, especially the inhabitant of this Western coast, sees the spectre of another

"yellow peril," and one prominent newspaper declared the Hindus "outlaws" in this country. The public mind seemed to be in such a disordered state that the better class of the Hindus here blushed for shame for their fellow man. The law courts declared the Hindus as "undesirable," not fit to become citizens of the State. The riot in Bellingham was the culminating point of the Hindus' distress.

Perhaps the greatest maltreatment they received in Canada. Retired English soldiers and officers, from the Indian services, now passing a very luxurious and idle life on the pensions filched from the Indian people by heavy taxation, mercilessly harassed the Hindu immigrants and shot one man and with impunity. Canada has declared "Canada for Canadians:" saying that the Hindus have no business to come to this country to work, to hoard money and then take it back to India. The poor Canadians have no apology to offer for the English who have gone to India only to systematically drain her, and then go back to England to live like lords? That is the reply of the Hindus to the Canadians.

The Hindus in the United States and in Canada are learning the lessons of adversity in their dire economical distress. Their emigration is not in any way based or backed by an organized immigration or colonization company. Their presence here has been due to the organized American or Canadian capitalist, demanding labor for the upbuilding of railroads and other industries. The mob vented their unthinking revenge on the Hindus, but little did they think for had they stopped for thought they would not have failed to see that it is their own people at home who were responsible for the presence of Asiatic labor, now, as in the past. The Canadian Pacific Company for years packed the Asiatic in their steerage places and gave them ready employments in their railroads. Nobody in Canada would think to say a condemning word to the strongly established company, nor could the emigration laws touch a single hair of the high officials of the company. The steamship company is bound to fill up its vacant steamers with passengers. Chinese and Japanese travel has been limited, the freight is not large enough to make the business profitable. Indeed, this "lack of business" has been declared by one of the most prominent shipping company men of the United States the reason for bringing in the Asiatic..

The Hindus, driven from pillar to post, at present, are mostly working on railroads, in factories and few are peddling in the streets of San Francisco and Oakland. About one to two thousand is estimated as their total number in the whole union. Many are employed in the silver mines, Nevada. When the writer was associated with an official enquiry by the United States Government it was found that the Hindus are the most peaceable of all the laboring element and their neighbors unanimously declared that "we are never bothered by the loss of our chickens or other property through them." These men are born agriculturists. Much can be done in inducing them to cultivate lands and thereby they may prove themselves valuable assets to the State. At present whatever little they earn by hard work of three or four years may seem a pretty good sum in their country, but even so it does not last long, as it is certain to be exhausted by the ever increasing land taxes levied by a "benign government."

Such, in short, is the miserable plight in which the mass of the Indian people pass their lives in and out of India.

There is yet another class of Indians in the United States. Their coming dates from the year 1893, with the opening of the congress of religion at Chicago. India had, in her representative, her only pride and glory—in Philosophy—in Vedantism. Swami Vevekananda, whose name has become almost a household word in this country, was the delegate from India. With the exposition of the Vedantic Philosophy as the most rational of all intellectual conceptions of life and death, Swami Vevekananda, duly realizing the situations created by the enthusiasm evoked in the International Congress of Philosophy and Religion, established centers of the Vedanta Society in different States. The most prominent achievement was made by the patience and energy of Swami Abhedananda, in New York. He has been in this country ten years, and has published many books on Hindu Philoso-

phy. For the first time in America, a systematic attempt at an intellectual appreciation of India began with this movement. "Vedanta," the monthly organ of the society, is now making headway in many homes. A permanent home has been established by the erection of a building in the city of New York. This activity, though similar to the missionary activities of the Occident in the Orient, has kept as its distinctive trait the Indian method. The chief difference is that it is non-proselyting. It aims to disseminate the Indian thought to a broad and intellectual people. It does not profess to have any creed or religious belief to be enforced on those who study, and who are sympathetic intellectually. On the Pacific Coast, the society established its branch in San Francisco, now popularly known as the Hindu Temple. The works are being carried on by two Swamis of the Vedantists.

The commercial relation of the Pacific Coast to India is as yet in its infancy. Nevertheless, it is making rapid progress in India. The jute bags forming the main bulk of the commodities coming from India, the printing ink and the published thought and such other incidentals finding their way to Calcutta and India from Berkeley. Recently an attempt has been made to ship large numbers of improved agricultural implements; two rajas have welcomed the idea, and are offering concessions and lands for setting up a model agricultural farm, where the machines can be exhibited in actual operation. The great waterfall of Canvery, having 70,000 horsepower, is now under the control and management of the New York-Schenectady Company. Mysore gold field is worked mainly through the power derived from



A GROUP OF THE INDIAN STUDENTS ON THE PACIFIC COAST. ONE MAY EASILY JUDGE THE HIGH CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE OF THE RACE BY FIVE CASTES PRESENTED HERE. THESE STUDENTS, HOWEVER, REPRESENT NO CASTE, AND DO NOT RECOGNIZE SAME.

this plant. A San Francisco electric company has been working a great electric plant in Northern India in the State of Kashmere. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is virtually monopolizing all of the manganese ores throughout India.

It will easily be seen that the relations with the United States, via the Pacific, are as yet nominal, but there is the prophecy of an immense inter-communication, a great future exchange of commodity and thought, to be found in the development along American lines of the minds of the youth in your colleges. Who shall say, if we give it in exchange, that a leaven of Hindu philosophy would not improve the humanity and even the *business* instinct of the strenuous American. India looks to America for a certain kind of help —and it will not be denied. It is an appeal from the oldest civilization to the newest.

THE WEST AND THE HINDU INVASION

BY AGNES FOSTER BUCHANAN

Mr. Mukerji, an Indian scholar, has given in this issue of Overland Monthly his ideas on the subject of the Hindu in India and in America, and he has managed to lay before our readers a very pathetic view of a people, torn by internal factional differences and divided by caste and religion. He has shown us that in this clash many have broken away from the old dogmas, and that in the fight for survival and for liberty, for one is the same as the other, there has been evolved a new class. The student class of India, who are trying heroically to throw off bigotry, custom and caste, all at one effort, and who will try to attach to the wisdom of the Orient some of the Practical Sense of the Occident, are the militant advance guard of Indian regeneration. Agnes Foster Buchanan, the author of "The West and the Hindu Invasion," has given us another view of the matters discussed by Mr. Mukerji. She tells of the laboring class who have headed the Hindu Invasion of America. It is needless to say that the Western view of Eastern matters is never concrete, and equally it cannot be said, with truth, that it is abstract, for that would be to acknowledge liberality, tolerance and broadness of policy in the treatment of the alien Asiatic. We must, therefore, be content with the saying that the Occidental view is as various as the Western individuality.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

IT SEEMS to be inevitable that the most perplexing problems of immigration with which this country has to deal must come from the far East. It would seem equally as inevitable that the Golden Gate should be the entrance through which these problems should force themselves.

The two premises granted, perhaps the conclusion is not an unexpected one. San Francisco, California, in a broader sense, has come to be regarded as a political Nazareth, out of which can come no good thing.

California gave to the country the Chinese question. Californians of the Denis Kearney days still remember the street riots which followed each fresh arrival of Celestials. The Geary Act was the result of these agitations. Then followed a few years of comparative quiet. Coolies ceased

from troubling, and the country was at rest. The quiet was, however, a temporary one. While the Chinese stood knocking at our outer doors, which had been barred and closed by legislation, their neighbors, not waiting for permission, crept stealthily past the suppliants, entered and took possession. When San Francisco awoke from her short sleep, she found herself face to face with the Japanese question, infinitely greater and more insidious in its influence than the Chinese problem had ever threatened to be, for while the yellow men had raised a labor question, their brown brothers have created an industrial one. And then, while the Western press inflamed, and the Eastern journals calmed, neither wholly right nor wholly wrong, another stranger sought the Western coast—the land of promise. He is tall of stature, straight of feature, swarthy of color. But unlike the other visitors, this last is a brother of our own race—a full-blooded Aryan, men of like progenitors with us.

The Hindus and the Hindu Invasion is the latest racial problem with which we of the West have to deal. Not that it is as yet fully recognized as such. As in the cases of the two previous invasions of the coast by Orientals, it is only for the close observer that coming events cast their true shadows.

But to such an one, the influx of Hindus means something more significant than merely an augmentation of our already cosmopolitan civilization.

The question presents an interesting study from more points than one. To intelligently understand the situation, we must consider the characteristics of the different races which inhabit that empire which Macaulay called "the epitome of the world."

In Hindustan we find over 400,000,000 of population and a vast variety of peoples. The two great divisions are the Hindus and the Mohammedans—the former followers of the teachings of Brahma, the latter acknowledging the claims of Mohammed as the great prophet. The Mohammedans are in the minority, and are the descendants of those warlike races which swept down from the North and settled as conquerors from the banks of the Indus to Cape Camorin.

As every one knows, India is bound hand and foot by caste and its inexorable decrees. To enumerate these castes would be almost as impossible as it would be uninteresting.

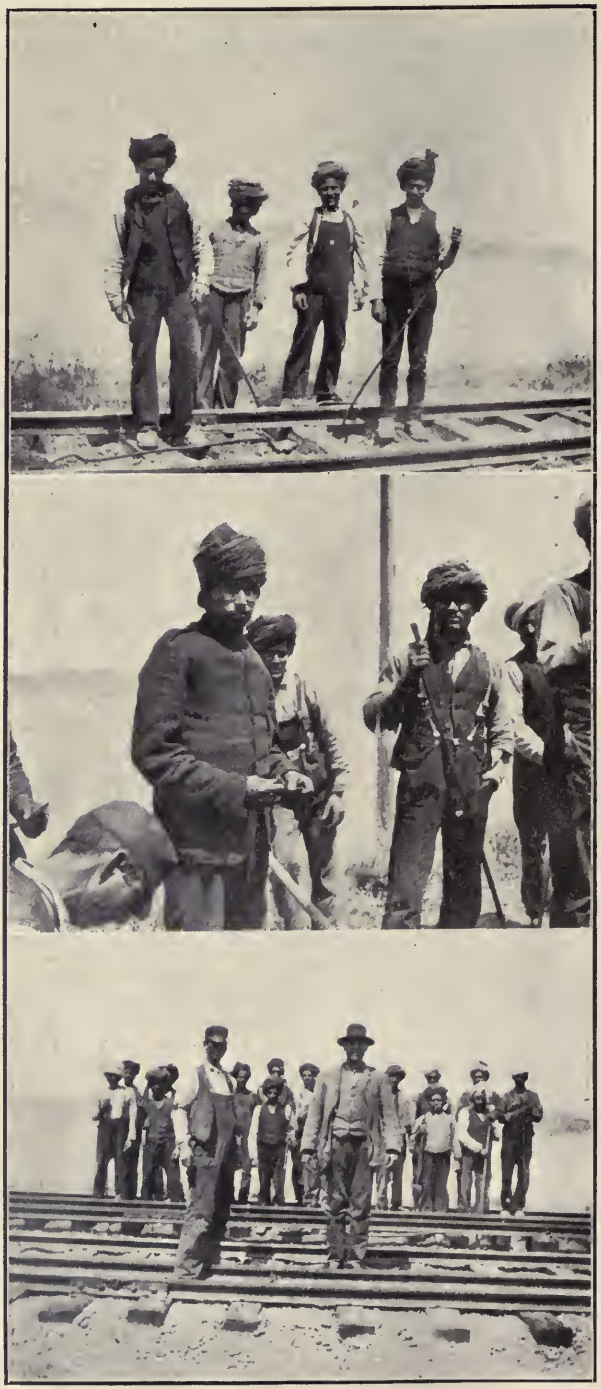
The four principal castes are all that need be mentioned here. The Brahmins are, of course, the highest of all, and according to the law, should be priests or teachers. Like father, like son, applies absolutely and irrevocably to the caste-bound natives of India, for the caste represents a trade, an avocation.

Especially does this law of caste hold the women in its iron grip. A story is told of a young Englishman traveling in the Southern districts. The Brahmins, being the best educated of the people, naturally fall heir, through public examinations, to the fattest plums to be shaken from the political tree. Mr. G——. found at one place where he was staying overnight a very pretty young Brahmin woman, serving as post-mistress, in her husband's absence. He asked for his mail, and as he took it from her, held her hand, and because the arm was smooth and lovely, he placed his free hand upon it. The poor girl's face assumed a look of genuine terror. She pulled her arm away, looked around to make sure that no one had witnessed the sacrilege, and then began to rub the arm as though in this manner to rid herself of the taint. "There's nothing to hurt you," assured Mr. G——. "It's all right." But still the unflattering cleansing process went on.

"Think of it," she said at last, slowly and solemnly, "I have been touched by a man who has eaten fowl, fish and cow! I am unclean!"

Now, hemmed in as these people are by the obligations of their castes, the exactions of their religions, and the superstitions of their race, we must look for some mighty leaven that could have worked upon them to such a degree as to influence them to break through laws and traditions held sacred through the ages.

We have not far to look. It is not too bold to attribute to the Russo-Japanese war this latest immigration to our coasts. The spirit of unrest and discontent engendered in the far East by that extraordinary conflict, spread itself insidiously through the Eastern possessions of the



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.
MEMBERS OF A CONSTRUCTION GANG.
SECTION GANG.

British empire. In every nation, in every community, there are a few venturesome spirits ever ready to throw aside the bonds of tradition and convention. To such as these among the inhabitants of India, the liberty and prestige acquired by the Japanese arms, appealed like fairy tales to children. They formed the opening wedge and it needed but a few of the stories which came floating across the water to send the wedge in far enough to accomplish a final separation. These stories told how, far beyond the setting sun, there was a wonderful land of riches, where famines never came, and where men could earn more in a day than they could at home in a month.

Now, the Hindu looks upon the ocean as a thing accurst. To cross it is to cut oneself off from one's fellows.

The first breaking of this superstition came when the English began importing Hindu policemen and soldiers into Hong-Kong. Having crossed the sea once with no ill effects, the Pacific became less and less fearful as acquaintance with it became more intimate, and in these watchmen or policemen in the English service in Hong Kong the wanderlust most naturally developed. And it was still further developed when the British sent Indian troops to the Mediterranean to warn the Russians that an entry into Constantinople meant war.

They have come to this coast eager, more than eager, to do any and all kinds of work. They are to be found in our iron factories, they are picking fruit, railroads engage them as section hands. And right here comes in the problem of cheap labor which is forever and always the same in similar situations. Asiatics are, by their manner of life and living, able to subsist on incomes that would be prohibitive to the white man. This is a trite truism, but

it is the hinge upon which the open or shut door of immigration must hang. The Hindus live together in colonies, a number in a house, and their living expenses are purely nominal. They do not exceed $3 a month per capita. It requires no statistics to demonstrate that a white man must starve on such an allowance.

Then, too, the Hindus have no families to support—that is, there are no women among the new-comers, nor are there likely to be. Among other insignia of conquest, the Mohammedans forced upon the Hindus the "pardah nashin" or drawn veil, which relegated the women of the higher classes to close confinement in their homes, while those of the higher here, and several other equally impertinent questions, such as we deem permissible in our conversation with foreigners whom we do not understand.

This particular man had been here long enough to learn something of our habits and customs, and understood that men actually went to the homes of the women to call upon them. So after patiently answering the questions I had put to him, he turned toward me, and with the greatest courtesy asked me if he might call upon me the next day!

I gave the desired permission, anxious to see the outcome. I warned the maid of my expected caller, for I did not wish him to be left standing for any length of time upon the doorstep.



SHOWING HOW THE TURBAN IS MANAGED. THE HINDOO BOSS. RAILROAD WORKERS.

classes, who were compelled to go abroad, were heavily veiled. Not even with the establishment of the British rule has this custom been abandoned, and it is this dislike of the Hindu to expose his womankind to the eyes of the world that has brought to the United States only bachelors and widowers.

Strangely enough, to mention a man's wife or daughter is the deadliest insult one can offer a Hindu.

The writer had a novel and amusing experience with one fine-looking Sikh, who is employed in the boiler room of an iron factory. I asked him of his plans for the future—whether he expected to remain

About three o'clock that afternoon she came quickly up-stairs. "He's come," was all she said, but her eyes spoke unabridged volumes. She had not even attempted to learn his name.

I went down stairs into the living room, and there sat Binga Singh, resplendent in spotless white. The suit was a remnant of past glories—of the days spent in Hong-Kong as a watchman. On his head, of course, was an enormous, highly-colored turban. He rose as I entered the room.

"This is a great honor," said he, as he salaamed before me. We talked superficially of nothing for a few moments,

while I adjusted myself to the new experience of entertaining a turbaned stranger.

Then, as he understood more fully of my intention of writing a sketch of his people, as we see them here, he became more willing—anxious, I thought—to have certain facts understood.

"I will be very glad to give you any assistance in my power," he said graciously. "At best, it is little that I can do. This is a strange land. Were I at home, I might offer you the true hospitality." I could not but notice the pure English at his command, nor the courteous ease of his bearing. I remarked upon the former, congratulating him upon his mastery of the language. He seemed pleased and then explained.

"I am a Brahmin," he said, proudly, "of the highest caste in all India. For years I have lived in Hong-Kong. There my friends have been English and Americans, and from them I have learned the language." And then this member of the oldest aristocracy on earth went on to tell me of the restrictions which his birth had imposed upon him, but which in his new environment he had of necessity laid aside.

"A true Brahmin must eat alone," he said, "with his face turned to the wall. It is a sacrilege that any one should see him eat."

"But here, you surely——" I exclaimed —but he interrupted me.

"Oh, here it is different—very different. There are many of us in one room." I remembered the common-place shanty in the squalid part of town where these men lived. It was not an easy place to live up to the demands of an exclusive religion.

"Do you find everything very high here —living, I mean? Provisions, meat." Again I was interrupted: "But we eat no meat—that is, no beef. The cow is sacred. We eat no beef, no chicken—nothing that grows under the ground!"

"But you drink milk," I objected, remembering that this was given the place of honor on their menus. "Your cow gives you the milk!"

His eyes grew large with wonder at my smallness of vision. "Yes, we drink our mother's milk also, but we do not eat her," he countered, and I had no argument wherewith to meet him.

"Are you a citizen of this country yet?" I asked him, "or are you going to be?" He shook his head slowly.

"I applied for naturalization papers," said he, "and was very nearly an American at one time. I can read and write, you know," said he, with a little touch of pride. "Everything was going beautifully, until the judge wanted me to remove my turban to take the oath. Of course, I could not do that, and so I am still a British subject."

It is just this fact that these men *are* subjects of Great Britain which makes their right of way into this country more or less an undisputed one. The payment of two dollars head tax and the price of steerage passage out here are all that can keep them, under the present treaty, from swarming over our land.

We are not the only ones to whom this immigration appears vital. Vancouver and Victoria are favorite Meccas for England's Eastern subjects, and the dissatisfaction and jealousy of the citizens of these towns against Asiatics in general have been brought to a focus by the greatly increasing number of Hindu arrivals. The Colonial Government is literally between the devil and the deep sea, in its attempt, on the one hand, to propitiate the labor unions on whose vote the party exists, and on the other to avoid offending the Home Government.

The Hindus make good, steady workmen, though on account of their peculiar diet they lack physical endurance. In appearance they are striking, well-built fellows, many of them with features of Europeans. They are all born soldiers and they look it. Indeed, the bearing of our own military compare but poorly with their erect and soldierly appearance.

Two Hindus stood one day at the Ferry Building in San Francisco watching the crowds coming and going. A number of soldiers from one of the posts around the bay passed them. The foreigners laughed.

"What are these?" said one in his native tongue.

"I suppose they are 'gorah logue' (soldiers)," answered the other. Whereupon they both laughed so derisively as to convince the hearer without further argument

of the estimation in which our soldiery was held.

So California and the West give to the Powers that be in Washington another question for legislation, for it must needs be by legislation that the present crisis is to be bridged. The small cloud on the horizon, now no larger than a man's hand, is threatening because misunderstood, but grows larger and larger as each wind that blows from the East brings it nearer.

The sacred writings of the Vedas say: "I gave the earth to Arya." This is a propitious moment for the State Department to adopt an amendment to the Vedas and to tell our brothers of the East that while the earth is large enough for us all, there is no one part of it that will comfortably accommodate both branches of the Aryan family.

INCONSISTENCY

A COLLAR-IC ANIMADVERSION

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

An error in reckoning took me to see
The washee that fractures my clothing.
A Saxon ben Adhem, I hold myself free
From racial or sectional loathing.
I praised the fair linen, I praised the Chinee,
And felt in my jeans for a dollar;
But charity died when I noticed that he
Was sporting a celluloid collar.

That guileful Celestial has served me as text
For many a sad cogitation;
And many a time have I pondered, perplexed,
The vices of this generation.
The man who turns phrases, and always appears
A gentleman born and a scholar,
May carry a negative under his ears:
Look out for the celluloid collar.

'Tis monstrously common, in nineteen naught eight,
To play the indignant reformer;
To heat for the miscreants, early and late,
The furnaces seven times warmer.
Grown weary and cynical, let me repeat
When angry invectiveists holler:
"Don't work yourself up to a dangerous heat;
It's hard on a celluloid choler."







DR. OSCAR TOBRINER RESIDENCE, ON JACKSON, NEAR LAUREL, SAN FRANCISCO.
Newsom & Newsom, Architects, 526 Larkin St.



THE BANGS HOUSE, ELEVATION.

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS--I

BY DAEDALUS

Overland Monthly has made arrangement for the publication monthly of one or more plans of houses of the bungalow order. These will vary from the moderate-priced home of the professional to that of the retired millionaire, and it is hoped that the publication of practical plans will result in an improved taste among our people. Californians are essentially a home loving, home owning public, and the selection of home plans is an important avocation. The Practical Plans Series will continue from month to month for a period of six months or a year.

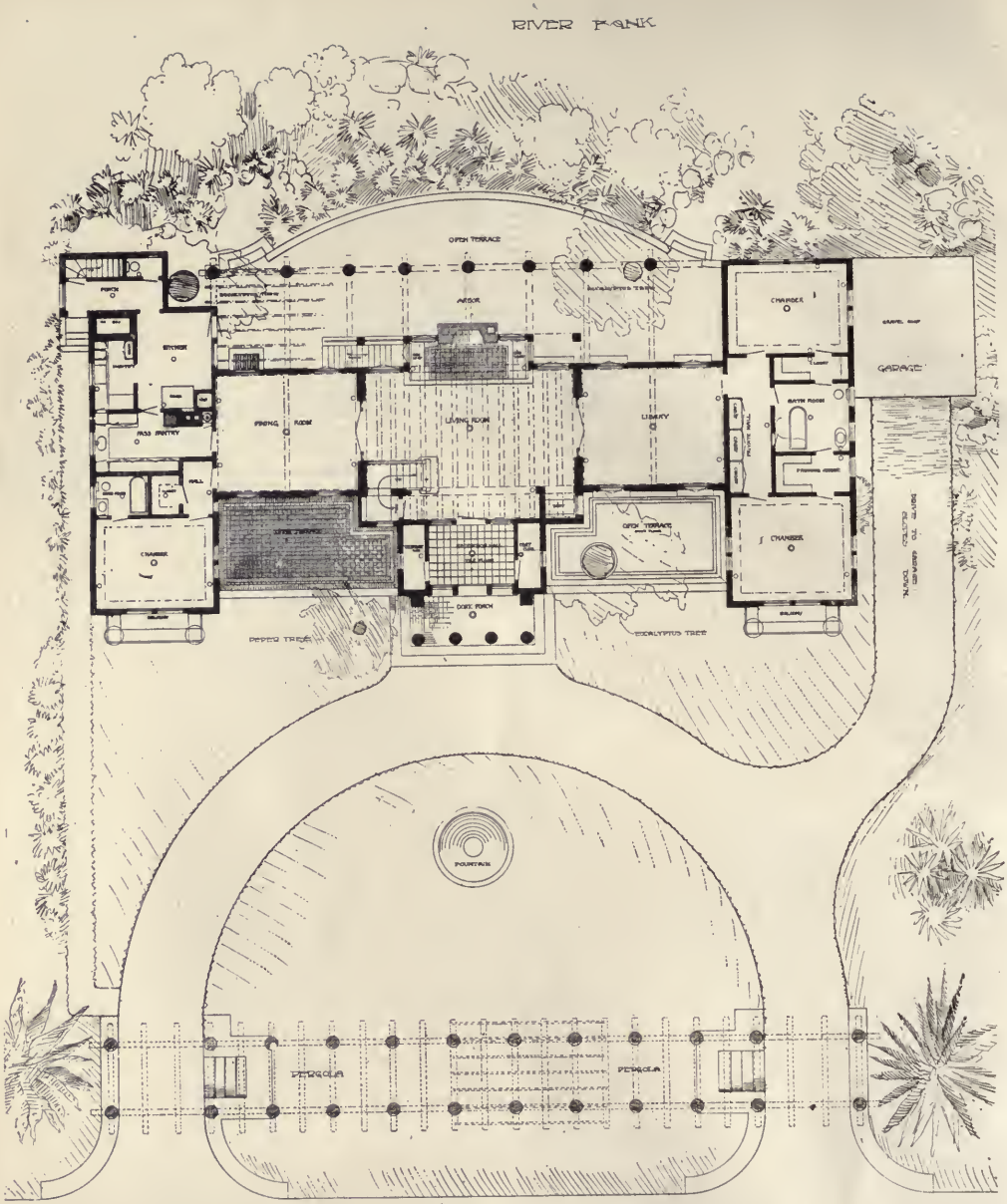
EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



OME DAY I am going to build a bungalow. I know what I want. I want a big living room with heavy timbers overhead, a big open fire place that will hold a three or four foot log. All the finish must be rough, and the hearth big enough so that when the fire blazes, you will not be afraid the house will blaze, too.

How often have we, all of us, dreamed of houses such as the above, and how rarely do we see a really comfortable, home-like house? By the time the furniture is in and the costly carpets or rugs are on the floor, somehow, the house that has been built for us does not seem to fulfill the idea we had originally.

Down in Los Angeles they are solving the problem of the ideal home—by having it all on the one floor, thus avoiding the climbing of stairs, big living rooms, with dining rooms connecting, good hardwood polished floors for rugs, big hearths, elevated about eight inches above the floor, so that leather cushions can be thrown on them and used as seats around the fireplace; clinker brick fire places are used everywhere now, but very few are rightly made; fire-places of boulders, the large ones at the bottom and the smaller ones above, the hearth made of rough flat rock



THE BANGS HOUSE, LOCATED AT SAN JOSE, GROUND PLAN.

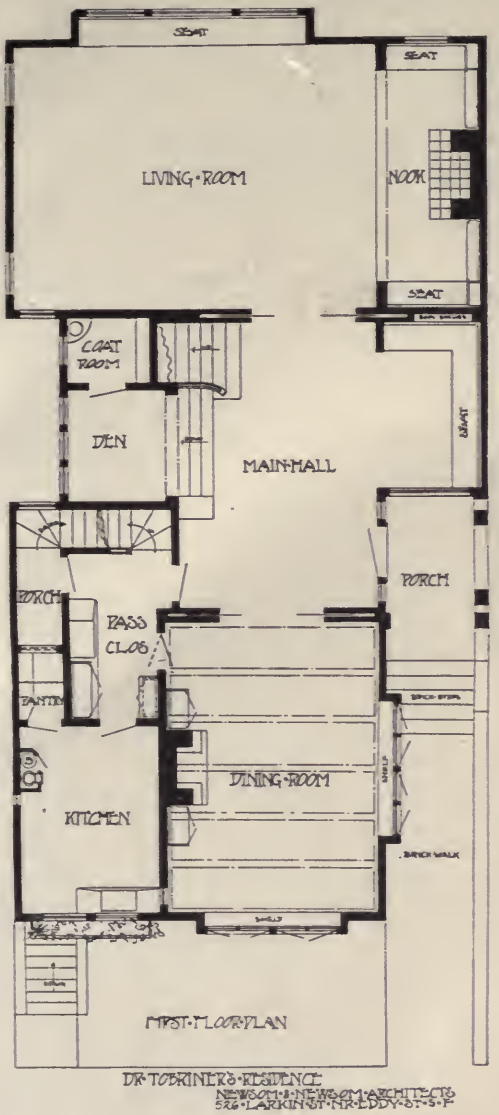
Newsom and Newsom, Architects, 536 Larkin Street

and cemented between with a large opening for logs; the fire-place is a joy forever, if rightly made.

I like the bedrooms painted white. White harmonizes with so many kinds of wall coverings, made by Berge and others, from which you can make selection in beautiful combinations by the hundreds.

I believe quiet colors are the best after all, for we tire of bright tints and distinct designs, no matter how they may please our fancy at first. Red is a nerve trying color to me.

Most people like the olives and browns for quiet effects. In a room, dark wood work with brown and subdued treatment of all woodwork and furniture there should be some bright color to relieve the monotony, some bright tapestry or a big sofa cushion shows out with startling ef-



fect, and adds life to a room.

There are many new, nice and odd thoughts in plumbing fixtures and in electroliers or gas brackets. The iron enameled work in kitchen and bathrooms in modern houses are dreams. Sanatas oil cloth is used to cover the walls and makes a beautiful finish that is not expensive.

I have been asked quite often how I would lay out a bungalow?

Would I make it as nearly square as possible, or would you have it an oblong plan? Would you enter by the side?

The best plan of a house I ever saw was on three sides of a square, and I am convinced this is the ideal plan for our climate. This will give you a sheltered court free from wind, so that the rear pergola has a splendid "look-out." You can have a comfortable place and be out of doors three-quarters of the whole year, and trees and vines do well in such a court-yard. A pergola across the front covered with wistarias or grape vines, Boston or Virginia creeper, is just the thing if it is rightly carried out.

The Bangs Plan.

In this plan, the architect has tried to get as near a perfect plan as possible. The site is ideal. Facing a beautiful drive, it runs back to a river bank, and there is much natural beauty in a lot of eucalyptus, pepper and sycamore trees. The river has plenty of water all the year around, and is arched over with trees and heavy foliage.

The Tobriner House.

This is one of the most successful city houses built since the fire. It is built upon a narrow lot—30 feet wide. It has, however, all the advantages that a much larger lot could give, on account of the arrangement of rooms, the plan of which will be given later. The lot is so situated that a magnificent view of the bay, Alcatraz Island and the hills of Marin is obtained from the back of the house. The impression, as you enter from the side, is of great roomy space for the apartments on both sides are connected, and the staircase is well back.

The second story is very pleasing. Here is a library overlooking the bay of San Francisco, and one chamber; on the north two large chambers and baths. This takes up the whole floor. A big chamber and two other rooms and a very large linen closet are in the top floor. There is the usual basement with laundry, store room, bath room and furnace. Overland will from time to time illustrate the successful city house, for the home is the important part of this growing city.

REMARKS BY THE WIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

BY GRACE ESTELLE WARD

I often wonder, after reading the various effusions in high-class magazines purporting to be realistic delineations of life in various branches of employment, if all these stories pretending to be sought-for color pictures are really true—or if they are all written with the same lack of veracity that characterizes all the railroad stories that have appeared, are now appearing, and will yet appear. His Worshipful Majesty, the Foolkiller, need not take umbrage at my words, for his hands are full. For instance, he must yet exterminate that pest who persists in delineating the Far West as yet a land of Indians and Frederick Remington cowboys, and the Southerner as a creature of long-drawn "ahs" and a penchant for whiskey and large felt hat. What we need in the fiction list to-day is stories of genuine railroad life, written from the standpoint of the railroad man—not the railroad man who counts the telegraph poles from the window of his private car, but the man out in the cab—stories that will please both the Philistine and the railroader.

The railroad world is an absolutely strange world, one that no Philistine can understand. It is absurd to attempt to write a railroad story by hanging for a couple of days around the depot or the freight house. In one of our large Western cities, a well-intentioned preacher notified his congregation that he was going to get some practical railroad experience in order that he might see what the railroad man had to undergo. He went among the switchmen in the local yards for a day. He returned highly elated. He was thoroughly prepared to handle the "problem of the railroadman's salvation," and, as his audience knew no better, his remarks were received with admiration. The worthy gentleman will probably recite with pride for years to come his remarkable experience as a "railroad man."

I WOULD WAGER a dollar to a doughnut that those switchmen taught him a choice lot of new swear-words, for a switchman can beat a sailor in the use of profanity. I have some idea of impressions of railroading from that preacher's viewpoint.

See the drop of water on this nasturtium leaf. It is beautiful, but it is only a drop of water. Now, put the microscope over it, and see how it swarms with life. You have seen photographs of a magnified drop of water and you can and do look on that crystal drop with great interest. But you could never see that world as the creatures in it see it. Now, I do not wish to be understood as comparing a railroad man with a minute animal, but the simile is correct in one way. You might look on the railroad world for days and days, but you would never understand it until you had become a railroader yourself. Railroad life has been so garbled and distorted that all the stories magazines print about railroad people cause those honest people to giggle in their sleeves.

Up to the time I married, I knew as much about railroading as a Peking duck knows of playing cribbage. My strongest impression was of the austere, blue-uniformed, gilt-buttoned gentleman who collected the tickets—but he was not half so dangerous as he appeared to be.

However, by a strange shake of the dice,

I found myself a thousand miles from home, up in the high regions of northern Arizona, in a little railroad town. There were four groups of men in the town—the gamblers, the saloon men, the shopkeepers and the railroad men. Over the long, bare stretches of desert-plain to the north the cold dry winds swept, in November and December, south through Nevada, and, gathering force with every mile, descended with a whoop on the little cluster of brick houses about the roundhouse. When the great whirls of dust arose, the saloon was the most welcome place to go, for there music and warmth seduced the men to whisky and the companionship of those poor creatures who come to prey, and, like all parasitical forms of animal life, are in turn preyed upon.

The railroad company that "made" that town has since endeavored to compensate its employees for its miserable motive power by erecting reading-and-rest rooms at various points along its line. Division towns are not located in the pleasantest spots on earth. Distance from water and to the terminal, topographical location and strategic value produce the division town.

It was in this town that I scraped acquaintance with railroading. Indeed, I was not, until some time after my arrival, aware that the town was a division point, and when I was informed of the fact, I felt no particular surprise, as I did not know what a division point was, anyway.

But one day, when I was walking along the yards, between two lines of box-cars, with a "boomer" brakeman, I saw on the ground to one side several scattered sheets of tissue paper. On picking them up with the listlessness of the idle state, I was requested by my companion to read them. I did so—in my Philistine way—and, in response to my inquiry, was informed that the sheets of tissue paper were train orders. It was all so new and novel to me! Then I began to ask questions.

Not long afterward, my business called me to a small town about ninety miles west of the division town, and it was there that I met and married The Railroader of our house. He was "firing" then on a "hog," as eight-wheel-connected locomotives are termed, and he thought he had the finest engine on the pike. On account of her balloon stack—a type which is practically non-existent now—and her general build, she was called a "tarantula." She went up in the fire, however, that burned the little so-called roundhouse in our home town, and they gave him a still larger "hog," which ran so lame that I could tell her coming a mile away by her exhaust. Being on a comparatively unimportant run, and unable to get into the division point, she was sent down to our town to hustle the local freight, thirty miles east and thirty back.

The time at which the engine crew was called was at 4.30 *for* 6 o'clock in the morning. However, as is the usual necessary custom, the crews must be there an hour before leaving time to get the engine ready. The whole division was "coal-burner," so it was necessary that the fireman be down there at five o'clock. As they had the switching at the mill to do before they left town, sometimes they did not get out until after nine in the morning. They got back any time from three in the afternoon to midnight. The usual time was about eight or nine o'clock at night.

Railroad men are paid by the hundred miles, so many "hours" over time, and the rate varies with the weight of the engine on the drivers and with the topography of the division—mountain or valley. The most that my husband could make on this run was $85 a month, but he did not have to work Sundays. All he did Sundays was to sleep. Then he slept all Sunday night. He is a large man and weighs no less, sometimes considerably more, than two hundred, six feet high, with thick, wide shoulders and a slender waist, a Kansas farmer boy raised in a sod house and fed on Jersey milk, corn and pork. But his work kept him thinned down to from 175 to 180. And, whew, how black! All you Philistine ladies would have screeched when you saw him. Everything he touched bore the imprint of his employment. It took me a year and a half—no exaggeration—to curry that man into shape, to scrub him and steam him and shampoo him and manicure him and curlize him before I was satisfied.

My husband was what was termed "an old head" on the road, when my ill-health compelled him to quit on the eve of exami-

nation for promotion, and we came West to my native State.

He promised all around that he would quit railroading. He did, for a while. He went to work in a lumber yard waiting for something to turn up. But once an engineman always an engineman. The sight of a little switch-engine bunting and shunting up and down the railroad yards was too much for him. He came home one night after a week of restlessness, and said that he was "going on the road again." I had already made up my mind that it was the best thing he could do. So we cleared out of that town and went to the metropolis. There he filled out both sides of an application as long as your arm, was pinched and pulled about by the company physician and put through all sorts of fancy stunts with colored worsteds to test his eyesight, and watch-ticks and divers things to test his hearing, and, passing satisfactorily, was sent to the round-house to report for work. That was in the morning. He did not return by night-fall, and, knowing what a bumpkin he was in a big city—that was several years ago—I was calling up every office in the round-house from the corner grocery. They had never heard of him—until the last minute, when Central butted in and told me I had been using the telephone twice as long as I was supposed to—which was quite true—and then I warred with her, trying to tell her I had no more nickels—which, too, was true—and then I went home mad as a wet hen and found The Man in bed sound asleep. He had made his first trip fifty miles south and back.

Then he was sent south over two hundred and fifty miles to the central division point "for two weeks." We stayed *two years*—such is railroading. The first year he was on the extra-board, but did as well as the men with regular runs. (Indeed, the extra-man *fares,* oft-times, much better than the regular man.) He was on, for a long time, with an old man who was fair on freight, but who was, on account of his inability to "handle the air" properly, barred out of passenger service. This does not occur often, but occasionally such a man may be found.

On the railroads everywhere, everything is run by seniority; that is, length of service on the road, which has nothing to do with your experience on other roads. In my husband's case, being with a "barred" engineer, he was "run around" many times by firemen who came in later than he on their runs, because they were not working with a barred-out man. Of course, this compelled my husband to lose all passenger work so long as he fired for this particular man. However, he stayed with him nearly a year, and then "bid in" another engineer. The old man called on us, and finding he could not persuade my husband to remain with him, quit his job. Thus my husband "bid in" the "hill job," which was one of four helper-engines that worked fourteen miles over "the hill," with all the trains bound west. He had regular hours, the only attractive thing about this job—11 a. m. to, well, it was supposed to be 10 p. m.; too often it was 9 next morning before I saw him in his blackened overclothes crossing the right-o'-way bound for the house. And sometimes when they had no available men, they would fight with him to make him go right back to work. If there is no one available, a man cannot refuse unless he wants to be "fired." Of course, this did not occur more than once or twice a month, but you will please remember it next time you read of enginemen falling asleep at their posts. My husband was baling coal seventy-four hours on the road once without sleep, and, with his exhausted engineer, fell fast asleep right in front of a train on the main line, and only good luck averted a catastrophe. You think this is exaggerated, don't you. It is happening every hour of the day all over the United States. Yes, we do have the eight-hour rest law, but there was never a law created but there was always found an excuse to break it. My husband at this present writing is only one of thousands and thousands of enginemen working all over the United States who are out every trip from eighteen to thirty hours on the road without either food or sleep. And, reader, I *know*—I know whereof I speak. A way to correct it? No, I can see no way to correct it in the condition in which our great transcontinental railroads are to-day.

Now, my dear Mr. Philistine, I was telling you that my husband took the "hill job." Would you like to make a trip

with the enginemen over the mountain? You are sure you want to? All right, climb aboard. The fireman helps you up the steps and you sit down beside him. Your engine is the first helper. Behind you is the road engine, then the long, heavy drag, and then the rear helper. Sometimes they put an engine in the middle of the train, but the men have protested and so they are cutting out the middle pusher. The brakeman gives us a "highball," and, slipping and groaning, we start out of town up the grade of one hundred and fourteen feet to the mile. (There are other roads with steeper grades but this one is plenty steep enough.) All right. You are greatly interested. It is all new to you. The fireman is firing with oil, and he sits with one hand constantly on the firing valve, slackening or increasing the flow of oil as the grade may require, and opening the injector at the proper time. He is rather a handsome young fellow in his clean blue suit, you think, and you have not been noticing that you are driving ahead into a tunnel.

The cab is left open—you wonder why—and the smoke and gas rush in and you feel that you are stifling to death. But you are out again. "Tunnel No. 7," says the fireman briefly. "Any more?" you ask. "Six more," replies the fireman cheerfully. You shudder. The mountain closes in on you again. Again you endure the smoke and gas. At tunnel No. 6, however, at the fireman's repeated warning, you drop clumsily off, pick yourself up and seek the caboose.

Come with me now, and let me show you these men in the cab again. The windows are pulled down and the cab made tight. The shadow of the overhanging mountain darkens the day. It is gray outside, darker—now *black*. The mighty exhaust of the heavy "hogs" crashes on the ear. The smoke worms in through the crannies, the gas comes in, the heat is terrible. The engineer on the head end is out on the pilot next to the clear cool air on the floor of the tunnel; the fireman is down in the gangway; the engineer on the second engine is down in the gangway, the fireman is fighting with himself to stay by his post. We will refrain from inflicting upon you the condition of the men on the rear engine. A little more, a little more; they must be nearly through by this time. Be brave. The gas, the sickening gas created by the burning oil! The throat is afire and the eyes watery. There is an invisible hand at the throat, and the lungs are barely capable of working. See the engineer—he throws up his arms as he lurches about, and as the blackness becomes gray, and the gray light, and the light becomes the sunlight, you drag yourself to a sitting position, and find that with the other two men you are vomiting fiercely. They climb to their places, however, as if nothing had occurred. It is all in the day's work, and it is what occurs all over the country in unventilated tunnels. Then, Mr. Philistine, whenever you start to complain about the smoke coming in the cars when you are passing through the tunnels, think of the miserable beings out on the head end and keep your mouth shut.

One year of this tunnel business left my husband with a bad "railroad" cough, for coming from intense heat into the ocean breeze is unfailingly productive of a cold, and my husband has never fully got rid of that cough. Smoke of all kinds affects him, and he will probably never again be able to hold a tunnel job. He was on the point of "bidding" in another run when he was taken out of the ranks and made traveling fireman, with headquarters at the master mechanic's office in the metropolis. This was much easier work. He would leave the house whenever he chose—unless he had something special to do—and reply, in answer to my query, that he could not say which way he was going. He *might* come home in an hour. He would *probably* not return until night. There was also a considerable chance that as he was riding along on an engine, he would be hailed by a discontented brother who had a complaint to make about his engine, and he would ride with him a couple of hours until he dropped off on another engine, and *maybe* he would be home and *maybe* he would not. And when he went far down to the middle division town he was never gone less than a week. But when they came to the tunnels he would ride "on the cushions." And when he was home again and would awake in the middle of the night with a hard cough that seemed to tear him to pieces, I would

awake and say: "Umph-umph, you were in some tunnel to-day," to which he would feebly assent.

When he went on the road he was No. 146. That is, there were 145 men ahead of him for promotion. Everything goes by schedule on the railroad (I'm not saying trains don't run late, though, because I am not looking for trouble), and he had to wait his turn no matter how experienced he was. Directly after the 1906 calamity, he was examined and promoted and given a switch-engine. Now, a switch-engine is something most men dread, as there is always more or less friction with the yard men. At that time, twelve hours' work paid about $100 a month.

He resigned and went to work for another company, and is now on the main line, eligible this winter for passenger work.

Under the new schedule, the switch engineers make, in first-class yards, about $140 for a thirty-one day month, but of course they have to work twelve hours steady and Sundays too. The mainline men make from $150 to $225—it depends altogether upon how the runs are bunched together. Some men get a run that pays $225 and have little to do. Other men work for their money a great deal harder. Luck has a great deal to do with it. A new man may come in just at the proper time to catch a good run. He may be on the extra-board, and just about the time he is ready to be called, a passenger man may fall sick or take a lay-off, and the new man will catch a run that an experienced home-made man could not hope to catch. Out here there are many real young men at the throttle of the "Limited."

Of course, we get passes. The railroads are heartless things, but they are surely generous with the precious little slips of paper. We railroad people think no more of taking a trip of two hundred and fifty miles than you Philistines think of taking a street car ride. Our husbands travel thousands of miles every month. We talk of distant cities as if they were across the street.

Yes, it is a queer thing, this railroad business. I think nothing of getting up at three in the morning and eating breakfast with my husband and waving him good-bye from the front porch. (That is for you go-to-bed-with-the-chickens-people.)

I used to sit up for him all night, and do my washing and sweeping and mending anywhere between midnight and sun-up. In fact, day and night cut no figure whatsoever with me.

Sunday! Sunday! Where did I ever hear that word before! Sunday is Saturday, and all days are alike with us. Railroad men must handle trains Christmas and Fourth of July and wedding anniversary days as well as other days in the year. Think how—well, at least, how *queer* it would seem to you, Mr. Philistine, to just be seated and eating your Thanksgiving dinner and hear a knock at the door.

"It can't be possible," you think. "Morgan was 'first out,' and there was nothing in sight until midnight." You get up and open the door. The call-boy! He holds out the call-book and pencil. "What's the matter?" you inquire, your dander considerably stirred up—because you're a Philistine.

"Couldn't find Morgan," replies the caller, with a shrug.

"Get out!" you sneer. "He's out to the ball grounds. Did you go there?"

"Yes, I looked him up out there, but he ain't anywhere to be found," whines the youngster.

"They ought to fire you," you growl, and you sign the book for "Extra East, 6.20 p. m., Engine 2278." That miserable old 78, with her kerosene headlight. You know quite well what she is. She has been "turned in" a half-dozen times on the report-book, but they have never done anything with her. She leaks badly and needs re-packing around the piston, and there is a leaky stay bolt in the cab which allows steam to escape into the cab and obstruct the view of both enginemen, especially in cold, foggy or stormy weather.

But such is railroad life all over the country.

It has become an instinct for me to call out "yes" when I hear a rap at the door. Sometimes, half-asleep, I call out "yes" when the night-caller is at somebody else's door, for we live in a railroad apartment house. "Hello," says one lady to the other in the morning—there are several enginemen's wives on each floor—

"did you have a man last night?" It is like playing the races—to see who will have a husband and who will not. And when a train comes in we all rush out to see what engine it is. It may be somebody's husband. "Hello," we holler down to the lady at the front down-stairs window, "there's you 'pa' just come in," and we retire, having accomplished our duty.

Meals are served in our big house at all hours of day and night, suppers at breakfast time and breakfasts at Philistine supper-time—sort of cooked-to-order house. Our whole life is regulated by the railroad. Around the corner is a big railroad boarding house, and we are well-acquainted with all the men. And we know their wives and children though we have never seen them, for they are at the terminal two hundred and fifty miles away. But they are railroad people, and that's what makes the difference—for railroad men are the most clannish people in the world. The trainmen associate with trainmen and the enginemen with enginemen. The line is sharply drawn—out West here it is, anyway.

I am a thorough railroader now. My husband knows that I fully understand all he tells me about cross-over compounds and triple-valves, and often takes me with him to the round-house when he goes down to "see how he stands on the board," so that he can get an idea of about what time he will be called.

Yes, railroading is risky business. One man in every seventy must die by being crushed, burned, suffocated or blown to pieces. Take your choice!

But after all, it's payday that makes railroading worth while. When the sixteenth of the month comes around and we go to the bank with our precious checks and the cashier lays all the beautiful, glistening twenties before us—then the shopkeeper extends us the glad hand and the delivery wagons roll around to the front door all the afternoon. Then say I: "God bless pay-day, for that's what makes railroading worth while."

Some Things that Philistines Must Not Believe Because Foolish People Write Them.

1. That every time a fireman "saves the train" he is rewarded by the superintendent by being made an engineer. (He gets a bunch of merits or a monetary reward.)

2. That whenever the engineer has to stop his train quickly he "applies the air brakes and reverses his engine." (This is the commonest mistake, and it is in the papers every day.) The engineer who tries to stop his train that way is liable to get "canned." He does, however, give her the emergency and the sand, after shutting off. In Philistine language, this means: He closes the throttle. Then he pulls the little handle on the brake-valve towards him a couple of inches or so to the little notch that denotes "emergency." Lastly, he opens the valve that connects with the sand dome so that the sand will pour down in front of the drivers and give the big wheels a grip on the track. And that is the only way to make a quick stop. To reverse an engine requires that the big reverse lever be hauled from the front of the cab over the quadrant. By the time the engine was "reversed," she would "be on to it." There is a great deal more to an engine than the throttle. Handling an engine is not handling an automobile. Any child can open and close a throttle, but it takes an expert to handle the little brake-valve.)

3. That the engineer always sits "with one hand on the throttle and one on the reverse lever." (He sits usually with the right hand resting on the window sill. The left hand is the hand with which he manages his engine, and he usually rests it, especially in passenger service, on the brakevalve that he may bring up the "old girl" a little bit on the curves or take up the slack on the sags if he is on a freight.)

4. That every engineer who stays with his engine is a hero. (Don't think it. He may have cold feet. Even railroadmen have nerves. Or, again, he may not care to run the greater risk of jumping—just climb up in a cab sometime and see if you would care to jump. Or the probability is, that he didn't have time. When a train is running fifty to a hundred feet a second. there isn't much time to do anything. It takes a little while to get out of the cab, if the ground is safe for you to jump on. Engineers are not fools. Their wives and children are far more

precious than the old scrap-heaps they run.)

4. That "the sick engineer's wife" can handle her husband's train. (This is the height of absurdity, and is undeserving of retort. I can simply say that, in vulgar parlance, it is "the limit.")

5. That firemen are merely made to shovel coal. (It takes brains to be a fireman. If you doubt it, just see if you can pass the examination required of a fireman.)

6. That enginemen are typically profane and ignorant, and say "I kin" and "dum fool," and are guilty of ungrammatical lapses to an almost criminal extent. (No labor union to-day can put up, man for man, a finer class of men, mentally, morally and physically than the engineman. This statement I make very deliberately and confidently.)

7. That railroading is climbing into the cab of the "Twentieth Century Limited" and reeling off more than a mile a minute, hour after hour, with all the world prepared for you, and everything flagged for you. (The real railroading has seams on the underside—yes, and the upper side, too. If you want to railroad, you go out on a great pounding freight train and "railroad" in earnest. It is just the same thing as foreigners judging the American people by the wealthy ones who go abroad. It is an unnatural view.)

8. That "the firemen said 'one, two, three—let her go,'" and they went. (I read that myself in a first-class magazine only a few days ago. Neither of the men in the cab have a word to say about it. The trains run on schedule time, and if they are late, they are moved out on the track by the despatcher, just as a chess player handles his men on the board. A train coming in ahead of time would make a great deal of trouble for that engineer. He would never repeat the offense. The least he would escape with would be a reprimand. He would probably get "a bunch of brownies" or three months' lay-off.)

9. That railroad people say "Half past eight" and "twenty minutes to twelve." (They say "eight-thirty" and "eleven-forty." And they do not say "Engine number three thousand and ten," but "The three-o-one-o," just as the girl at the 'phone does. And they do not speak of "the Midnight Express" and "The Fast Mail." But they do say "Number Eight" or "Number Seventeen." They do refer to "The Limited" or "The Local." but otherwise all trains are referred to by number.)

10. That the engineer of the Limited must necessarily be a fatherly, gray-bearded man. (Out West, here, especially, most of our railroadmen are smoothshaven—and young fellows of twenty-five may often be found doing passenger work. Promotion is rapid out here.)

And this is why I raise my voice and push my pen in protest. In the name of common sense, let us have an end to these foolish mushes of romance perpetrated on an unknowing public by would-be railroad story writers. In plain words, give us a rest.

DAY-DAWN

BY LILIAN HARTZLER WISTRAND

I rose this morn at sunrise hour
Saw 'cross the sky the waking Dawn
Fling purple banners;
While out into a rose-hued mist
Her skirts all golden trailed;
And up into the blue she reached
Her flaming fingers.
A swirl of changing color—
A paean of waking song—
A rustle and uprising—
Bold Day strides in with clanking spurs
And shy-eyed Dawn is gone!

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

This is an interesting story; in its effects tending largely to awaken the Public Conscience. It is a story of applied realism, a parcel of fiction that tells stern truths. It illustrates the fact that the politicians are after all only what the public and the commercial and corporate elements of the community make them. The politician is only a business man on another scale. He is the product of specialization, and specializing has spoiled many a good mechanic as well as many a well-meaning and patriotic politician. This story should be a moral to all politicians, for it illustrates that, while the concession to the omnipotence that seemingly governs politics gave its victim wealth and position, the substance Whittlely sought so vainly as an honest man, it did not in the end amount to more than ashes and dust. Dishonesty in the long run has never paid, and never will pay, and the author of "Render Unto Caesar" has very cleverly made this immortal truism apparent to the dullest of his readers.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

NATURE HAD richly endowed James Whittlely. His personal appearance was striking, he was clear-headed, far-seeing, quick of intuition and perception, a ready and eloquent orator and magnetic. Added to these qualities were enthusiasm and ambition, the strongest moral sense and a warm heart. His boyhood was passed in poverty, and he had a struggle to gain, the legal education which finally resulted in his admission to the bar. It was an even greater struggle to maintain himself afterwards, for while age may be a disadvantage in other occupations, most men prefer it with the experience it implies when they summon a lawyer or doctor to their aid.

Whittlely had a passion for politics, and was no sooner admitted to the practice of the law than he joined the reigning political organization in his city. On the stump in several campaigns he rendered yeoman service, and attracted the attention of the "Bosses," ever on the lookout for genius which may be turned to serve their ends. They saw in him a coming man, who might be made very valuable, and whom they believed would be grateful for any favors and staunch to the organization; and his personal magnetism completed the fancy the leader of the party in the city, to whom it came his way to render a service, of a particularly ticklish character which was never made public, took to him. After five years of barely making ends meet, and more than occasionally going hungry, during which period working to an end, he kept his personal views to himself, and to all appearances was an out and out party man, the organization surprised him with the nomination for District Attorney, which was equivalent to election, as its supremacy in the city was well-recognized and a fact indisputable. He was triumphantly elected. The salary attached to the office was not large, and the greater part of it was pledged as an assessment to the party in return for the nomination. To this Whittlely did not object. He recognized the fact that it took an immense sum of money to run the organization and conduct a campaign, and it seemed entirely proper that those who were interested and received benefits should liberally contribute; and during all the disputes which followed, he never violated this pledge of his salary. Regularly as he received it, the agreed percentage went to the "Boss." On his part, the "Boss" regarded the compensation at-

tached to the office as the least of its value. He was aware that there were many opportunities to add to its income by the discretionary bestowal of favors, and he took it for granted that his protege would avail himself of these as a sensible man, and not play the fool. That there were men so innately honest and scrupulous that they would refuse to be bribed or under any evasion prostitute public office for their personal gain was not comprehensible to the "Boss." In his view, such a being was not a man, but a monstrosity. But this was where he made a mistake in "sizing up" Whittlely, who was quite content with what was left to him of his salary, and absolutely bent upon doing his full duty to the public without regard to personal friendship or any other result than a satisfied conscience. Whittlely's youth, ambition and belief in the honesty of the masses, with his complete faith that they would appreciate a faithful public servant, led him to look upon politics from an entirely different standpoint from that of the practical "Bosses." The road to higher things, he thought, was through faithfulness to public and private trusts alike.

The first eventful thing Whittlely did after his induction into office was to marry the girl he had long loved, but had feared to wed because of his poverty and the precarious livelihood his practice—if there was enough of it in those early days to be called a "practice"—yielded. She was an orphan and the favorite niece of one of his party's Bosses, but he married her for love, and not with any thought of material advantages. For a year everything went well. Their lives were as happy as, to use a trite expression, the day was long, and the coming of a pretty girl baby made their joy complete. But if the sun always shines behind the clouds, the clouds are ever coming over the sun.

Just fourteen months after Whittlely became District Attorney, the city was startled by the exposure of gigantic frauds —the sufferers being principally people who could ill-afford the loss, and, indirectly, the struggling masses. There were arrests of unimportant character, but it was intimated that behind the scheme had been men of high reputation and undoubted wealth. The affair had leaked out in a mysterious manner, and strenuous efforts were at once made to hush it up and shield the "big guns." There were loud calls for the District Attorney to act, and Whittlely heard them. Only a few weeks previously he had prosecuted and sent to State prison a corrupt labor leader, despite numerous threats of political vengeance, and now it was asked what he would do where big fish were concerned. The "Boss" had not taken much interest in the labor leader's case. It was too plain, and experience had taught him that the laboring man as an average was forgetful, a party follower, and his wrath easily smoothed over. But in this new matter the case was different, and the tentacles of the fraud, if too vigorously followed, might be found to reach into the heart of the organization. However, having, as he believed, the District Attorney in his possession, he smiled. There are more ways than one of blocking the wheels of justice; there are small fry to be found willing to put up with a short temporary loss of liberty for a pecuniary compensation, and become vicarious sacrifices. New events were always happening to distract attention, and that curious conglomerate thing called "The Public" was notoriously of short memory. The District Attorney could make a pretense of doing something, and by delays tire the clamor out until forgetfulness fell upon the dear people. A subservient District Attorney is one of the most valuable assets of an unscrupulous "Boss," and that Whittlely would prove otherwise never for a moment crossed the mind of the "Boss" in this instance. It was a thunderbolt when, in an interview published in a leading morning newspaper Whittlely announced his intention to vigorously probe the scandal to the bottom and to bring to justice whoever might be found involved without regard to wealth or prominence.

"Just as relentless as I prosecuted that labor thief," he was reported as having said, "I will prosecute all other criminals even if the trail leads up to the President of the United States."

When the "Boss" read this, he was inexpressibly shocked. Then he recovered his composure and chuckled softly to himself.

"Buncombe!" he said sotto voce. "That

fellow Whittlely is a damned clever chap!"

Nevertheless, he sent for "his" District Attorney.

"Pretty strong guff you're giving them this morning," he said pleasantly.

"To what do you refer?" asked Whittlely, in amazement, not having been spoken to in such a way before.

"This talk about sending the big fellows to jail in the Gundry case," answered the "Boss," his teeth tightening.

"It is exactly what I mean to do if it can possibly be done," said the District Attorney, firmly.

"The hell you say!" The "Boss" leaped to his feet. "Are you getting wheels in your head?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Whittlely.

"Of course it's all right to gull them," said the "Boss," smoothing down, "but you ain't going to make such a damned fool of yourself. It's hands off, you understand!"

Whittlely felt his temper rising, but he controlled it.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I am afraid I do not understand you."

"Why," said the "Boss" cholerically, "it's plain enough. Do all the gassing you please—it won't do any harm—but don't you go any further. Take that from me! There are men in this thing who are friends of mine, friends of the organization, who put their money up for us, and you're going to leave them alone."

"I am going to do my duty, Mr. Pullgrab. My duty as District Attorney is to prosecute thieves wherever I find them. I owe that to the people who elected me to my office."

"The hell you do!" roared the "Boss." "The people elected you to nothing! It was I nominated and elected you! What the devil did the people have to do with it? You take your orders from me if you know what is good for you!"

"So long as your orders do not call for any violation of my official oath, I'll carry them out," replied Whittlely, his face flushing, "but when it comes to dealing out even-handed justice I do not take orders from you or any man living!"

The "Boss's" face was a study in passion. His features were distorted, his lips writhed, and his eyes flashed fury. He grasped Whittlely savagely by the arm.

"See here, young fellow," he shouted. "Who took you from nothing and made you? Do you want to ruin yourself and all your prospects? Don't make an infernal idot of yourself! The people won't do a damn thing for you except palaver you! When it comes to voting, it's me and Gammon does the trick. I thought you had sense enough to understand that long ago! What kind of a job are you putting up on me? You've hurt the organization enough with pushing that labor fellow the way you did. Don't go to doing any more tricks, or it'll be the worse for you! Gaff the public all you want to, but don't you go to reaching out for any of my friends, or I'll crush you—that's what!—I'll crush you to pulp—and it's damned little the public will do for you!"

Whittlely with difficulty drew himself out of the "Boss's" grasp. His face was deathly white, and he was boiling under the insults offered him.

"I have a different opinion of the people from what you evidently have," he said, hotly. "And neither your threats nor those of any others or all others combined will swerve me from performing my bounden obligation to the law for one moment! I have been faithful to the organization and the party, and I have done everything I could honestly do for both. But neither owns my body or my soul, and I will not be dictated to against my conscience in such a case as this!"

"You'd better think it over," said the "Boss," menacingly, but cooling down. "And if you're the kind of a kid I've taken you to be, you'll do as I tell you. Go slow, young fellow, or you'll regret it as sure as you live! Come, now, don't let's have a falling out, you and I!"

"It is my wish to be on friendly terms with you, Sir, but in this matter my decision is irrevocable. I am going to send the dirty thieves behind this contemptible swindle to the penitentiary, and I am going to use every resource within my power to accomplish that end!"

The discomfited "Boss" fairly fumed. He foamed at the mouth like a rabid dog.

"To hell with your highfalutin'!" he cried. "You'll never succeed in doing anything of the sort, and you may as well know it! I won't let you! You know me,

don't you? You're an ungrateful, deceitful hound! Get out of this, and don't you ever dare talk to me again until you get some sense in your damned head!"

Whittlely was sorely tempted to test his strength on Pullgrab, but he knew he was physically no match for him, and he deemed it wisest not to bandy further words. He repeated the interview to his wife, and was gratified by her enthusiastic approval of his course.

"I am very sorry, dear," she said, "that you and uncle, who has always been good to me, should fall out, but I would not have you depart from doing what you believe to be right for all the world!"

This was Whittlely's first personal, actual experience with the seamy side of politics. Like every other man and woman he had heard much of political corruption, but he had taken little stock in its existence, except in a minor way. The talk and the charges were a part of the game, just as guns and powder were a part of war. Now the hideousness of it was revealed to him, and it made him feel sick—sick at heart and in his head and at his stomach; but it only more firmly resolved him to do his duty regardless of consequences. If the "Boss" turned him down and the organization followed suit, he would appeal from both to the people, to the common honesty of men, and beat them. Youth and inexperience are boundless fountains of self-reliance, and faith dies hard.

It is a matter of record that Whittlely did his best in the case. For lack of evidence he did not succeed in landing all the big fish, but he caught two of considerable size in his net, and he raised such a storm of public indignation that the Judge before whom they were tried and convicted, though most anxious to please the "Boss," was obliged to impose more than ordinarily severe sentences. Pullgrab stood by and gnashed his teeth, vowing vengeance on the man who had, from his point of view, deceived him; the other "Boss" privately joined him in anathematizing the District Attorney, but with one or two exceptions, in which silence was observed, the Press was loud in its praise of the fearless officer of the law, and Whittlely felt that it would force his renomination. He forgot that a whole year would elapse before another nominating season would roll around, that he would not focus attention, and that many other things besides the Gundry case would occur to absorb the public mind.

As the time for the nominating conventions to meet approached, two newspapers which called themselves independent advocated Whittlely's renomination. The others mentioned him casually in a milk and watery way, with the exception of one, which called him "an enemy of labor." But when the conventions met, they both ignored him and cut and dried candidates went upon the tickets. Whittlely was sorely disappointed and mortified. He had felt that if his own party passed him by, the other, recognizing his services, and the strong appeal that could be made upon them to the voters would take him up and bid for public support for the rest of its ticket on the strength of his name, for he would still proclaim himself a party man generally. The "Boss" taunted him, and in anger he determined with the aid of his personal friends who rallied to his assistance, to run independently and teach both "Bosses" a lesson. He counted upon the support of the press and the masses whose allegiance he felt was due him, and he believed he could arouse the common people into resentment against his enemies by a mere statement of the reasons why he had been flung aside. Every dollar he had saved and every dollar he could borrow, went into the campaign. It was vigorously conducted, and the enthusiasm which greeted him filled him with confidence. The people seemed to be all right, but to his surprise the newspapers, with the exceptions noted, while occasionally giving him a favorable mention, supported the candidates of the respective parties to which it was recognized they belonged. He went personally to their editors, and urged his claims, and begged them to be independent so far as he was concerned. The only answers he received were that the other candidates were unobjectionable, and that the editors were obeying the orders of the owners who were following the recognized policies of their properties. Well, he would show them, too, that the people thought for themselves, were not to be led by the nose, and would rally to the support of a faithful public servant

who had refused to be subservient to "Boss" domination. His wife shared in his beliefs, and it being a simple and easy matter to make oneself confident of that which one desires, especially when one knows it is right, Whittlely felt certain of the outcome.

Whittlely worked strenuously up to the very last minute of his campaign, being as strenuously aided by a few loyal friends who had gathered around his banner. He was completely exhausted and almost a nervous wreck when election day dawned. It was very late when he returned to his home a downcast, heartbroken man. His faith in the people had been rudely shocked—nay, crushed. They had overwhelmingly voted against him. The opposition of the great corporations whom he had denounced, and to whom he had shown no favors in the conduct of his office he had counted upon; the ill-will of the "Bosses" working together when certain principles or lack of principles, rather, were at stake, he had expected; but that the laboring class and the great middle class, to whom he had been just and whose rights and claims to equal recognition he had not only advocated but in the conduct of the District Attorneyship had enforced, would desert him, was the unexpected, and opened his eyes to the reality of things and the weakness of sentimentality in politics. The "Boss" was right. *He* had elected him the first time, not the people, who were merely puppets, occasionally showing an exhibition of spirit, but when it came to the pinch were Punch and Judy marionettes pulled by strings they were blind to. The praise of the newspapers was a temporary thing, to be forgotten when it came to a struggle for spoils and party affiliations, ingrained habit, guided men when they cast their ballots, not independence. It was a very bitter lesson which Whittlely learned at the cost of ruin.

Whittlely's wife was as downcast as himself, but it is when a man is most discouraged and despairing that the true woman smothers her own feelings and proves her worth. Her heart ached, but she smiled and gave him words of cheer.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "it's all for the best, and if it was not that you feel so badly about it, I would say I am glad it has come out this way. You know there is Gladys to think of, and we really must be saving some money for her, which you haven't been able to do before, but will be with the practice which will come to you now. Politics is a waste of time unless one is a millionaire!"

He smiled wearily.

"I wish I could look at it the way you do, sweet," he said, "but what little practice I had is gone, and I can hardly expect clients who have formed new connections to come back to me when I so readily gave them up. Besides, building up a civil practice is weary work, and the returns come slowly; it takes such a long time before a case is reached for trial and finally disposed of. I might go in for criminal practice where the income, if smaller, is more immediate—and that would be the natural thing for one who has held the office I have to do—but what chance would I have? The criminal class is alive to its interest; they know I am discredited; they know the judges, nearly all of whom are toadies to the powers that be, will not be likely to show me favors, and the Wardens and Keepers at the prisons who largely control the prisoners in their choice of defenders, and who are also dependent upon those in control of the machine, will not be likely to direct any business my way. It's a very poor outlook, Patsy—but we'll fight!"

And for three weary years he did fight—gradually but surely dropping out of sight and going from bad to worse in living conditions. One by one the possessions he had accumulated found their way into the pawnshop, and finally he was worse off than when he had started on a career, and they were reduced to living in one barely furnished room in one of those ghastly city tenements which are a disgrace to our boasted civilization, with barely enough food to sustain existence. He became a mere shadow of his former self, his wife a skeleton, and the beautiful looks of the girl faded into that terrible agedness which it is so agonizing to see in a child. Poverty breaks the spirit as well as the body, and his was crushed by it. At first he continued to attend the meetings of his political organization, but finding himself practically ostracised, he ceased going.

One wretched day he returned to his

mockery of a home to find the little girl in the throes of a fever, and his wife weeping hysterically. She made an attempt to conceal her tears, as she rushed to greet him.

"He has been here," she said, "and he wishes to see you."

"Who?" he asked vacantly.

"Uncle!" she answered. "And—and I think you had better do as he says! It's no use fighting him! I cannot stand it any longer—and see what your return is for what he calls being Quixotish!"

"Yes, dear, I've found it out," he said grimly.

"You know," she continued, unable to repress her sobs, "I would not ask you to do anything wrong—but he says it isn't wrong—it's business! And—and when I hear him it does look as if we had made a mistake, love! Of course I don't understand these things——"

"But you have suffered and do suffer for them," he interrupted, folding her in his arms. "Well, you shall suffer no longer if he will be my friend again. I will go to him at once—and I'll send a doctor in on my way. I earned two dollars to-day defending a woman of the town in a police court! That's what I've come to!"

He kissed her and the child and went out.

The "Boss" received him affably and proceeded in his usual way directly to business.

"Sit down," he said, "and let us come to the point. I hope you've found out what the people do for you, and you're satisfied. I thought you may have come to your senses, and I want a man of brains I can depend upon in your district. You'll fill the bill if you've come around to my way of thinking. I always liked you, and Grace, you know, has a place in my heart—but I couldn't do anything for her as long as you fought me. It's a damn shame that a man of your ability should waste it and go to the devil as you've been doing! How do you feel about it now?"

"I'm beaten!" said Whittlely weakly. "You were right and I was a fool. So long as the people like to have a yoke around their neck one is silly to try to remove it. Since it seems to please them to carry burdens, the man is an idiot who sacrifices himself to relieve them of the load!"

"Now you're talking!" said the "Boss," grasping Whittlely's hand and shaking it warmly. "What's happened to you is what has happened with mighty rare exceptions to every other fellow who hasn't secretly lived on the principle of the public be damned! What did they do to Christ? They have always done that sort of thing to the fellow who thinks of them first, and of himself second. If what you want is to suffer and slave all your life so as to have a fine monument you'll never see or know anything about erected to your memory by a people who become grateful after the worms have feasted upon you, that's another thing! I'm not caring for any of that kind in mine! See here—there've been Presidents of the United States who'd been put away in a pauper's grave, but for public subscriptions! There's none of 'em's gone out of the White House since Lincoln's time—and it's the unhappy man he was!—as poor as they went in!"

"Yes," answered Whittlely, "it's an age of praying to Christ and worshipping Mammon!"

"'Tain't much different from any other that's gone before," said the "Boss," laconically. "And it isn't going to be any different until the people make it so. They could have everything different if they really wanted it different. They get just what they earn. You've gone to blaming me, and I'm not calling myself a saint, but I'm thinking the most blame for things being as they are should be laid upon them. There's your wealthy respectable gentleman—he does everything he can to avoid paying his taxes, to get the plums and to evade jury service—and he stays at home and doesn't vote—gives me the money to get votes with and looks for returns. If he don't get them he kicks! There's the corporations—of course you know the old saying—they've no soul! Then there's your laboring fellow—he's a party man—staunch! A little soft-soap, little highfalutin' talk, and a little greasing of his union heads, and he does as he's told. Sometimes he squeals, but it don't amount to anything when it comes to casting his ballot. He goes regularly like sheep after the bellwether! Then there's

the newspapers—well, they're not in the business for their health and they have interests of their own to think about—and unless it's a pretty tough case they'll support the regular party candidate of the party they're the organs of! You see where you get left, Whittlely, when you do the grand moral act! Most of your beloved people judging others by themselves think there's a trick behind it anyway! Lots of them say you sacrificed those fellows in the Gundry case to save some of your own friends and you couldn't make them believe otherwise! We handle the public as we find it and know it—use it for ourselves, not telling it so, of course! Bluff, hoodwink and humbug—it goes down their throats like treacle!"

Whittlely had sat silent during this long harangue, his head bowed in shame, feeling that any reply would be useless. The "Boss," after lighting a cigar and puffing at it vigorously for a few moments, resumed:

"'Tain't often I let myself out as I have to you, young fellow. 'Tain't often I ever forgive an injury, and I don't exactly know why I'm doing it in your case—except for Grace's sake, and because I know how useful you can be, and that if you pledge me your word you'll keep it in spite of all hell! Question is, are you ready to work with me and for me and obey orders?"

"Yes," said Whittlely meekly, forcing back the tears which were coming to his eyes.

"Then we'll be friends again," said the "Boss" warmly, extending his hand, which Whittlely took. "Here's a hundred—don't be a damn fool and refuse it!—you'll be able to pay it back soon. I want an able fellow like yourself whom I can trust absolutely to run for Congress in your district. We'll be wanting all the votes we can get next session to put some bills through there's a pile in, and you've got the brains to do the work. Some of the fellows will kick at your getting the nomination, but I guess I can handle them—and I'll attend to the assessment. We'll run you on the grand record you made as District Attorney—that'll fetch them! Won't it be a fine joke to fool them with the very thing they didn't appreciate before!"

The "Boss" leaned back in his chair and roared. Whittlely could not but laugh, also. The idea certainly was exquisitely sarcastic.

"There isn't very much to the salary of a Congressmen," the "Boss" resumed when he recovered his composure. "but some fellows with brains not as good as yours manage to lay enough by in a couple of years to live nicely on the balance of their lives! You'll make a hit all right, and we'll keep you as representative—that's a gay old word!—for a while, and by and bye we'll put you in the Senate. An unruly fellow may get into the White House some day and we'll need a curb on him. The Senate's where they put it on in fine shape—they're no common men! Now you go home and tell Grace it's all right, and you'll see her smile, I'll gamble, as you haven't this many a month!"

* * * *

The name of Whittlely became known throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and the fame of its bearer spread world-wide. He served four terms in the lower branch of Congress, and was in the middle of his third term as United States Senator when he died. Looking over the records you will not find the name identified once during all this lengthy period with a piece of legislation which was of any real benefit to his countrymen; but many a private bill in public guise, which resulted in large fortunes to the unseen hands behind it was sponsored by him and became a law through his eloquence, his skill in sophistry, and his marvelous manipulation of legislation. He made many fiery, magnificent speeches which eloquently upheld human rights and plead for the "downtrodden masses," and which tickled the public palate, but no evil from which the community suffered at the hands of private interests was redressed by any effort of his.

From the first day that Whittlely entered Congress to the last day of his life he was never seen to smile. Always his face wore a cold, hard, cynical look in repose, and even to his wife he was a changed man. He was continuously good and loving to her, but she knew what no one suspected, that he was an unhappy man. He tried to justify himself from his experience—the public had made him

what he was against his will—and he had rendered Caesar's due—but at his heart a canker continually gnawed. His life, regarded by his countrymen and the world as a brilliant one, was to him the sorest of disappointments and failures. Ever he felt the yoke tightly about his neck, ever to himself he was forced to admit he was a tool and a slave and a mental prostitute who debased the glorious talents God had bestowed upon him. He was successful from the worldly point of view; he had amassed a large fortune; he was a dismal utter failure from that of his conscience. Outwardly serene, inwardly his life was a hell. He bore it—and was glad when death came.

Whittlely "got it," but when it came to the matter of enjoyment he found that the "how" *did* make a difference.

COMPENSATION

BY

MABEL PORTER PITTS

I said: "I will be happy:" 'Twas enough.
The grassy plain became a steep ascent,
The level pathway tortuous and rough;
The little light, whose struggling beams had lent
Their feebleness to render me content,
In one weak effort broke its thread of life
And left the world to darkness and to strife.
From out the waste of wreckage left behind
I snatched one jewel ere it, too, were lost—
A glory that around my heart entwined—
And gladly will I welcome each distress,
Confessing it a privilege to be
Encowled within my hopeless wretchedness
If I, throughout, may keep this memory.

THE FAMILY OF PADRE JUAN BAUTISTA

BY GEORGE WETHERILL EARL, JR.

The Philippines for many years will furnish a rich field for the exploitation by the writer and the dramatist. There is no country on earth so rich in coloring, no land of such brilliant sunshine, no sky of such vivid cloud changes, and no people so full of passion. romance and mystery. The Spaniard is of a passing race, and the author of "The Family of Padre Juan Bautista" has given us a character study that is well worth reading. The poor, mad priest and his passionate sister are fit subjects for the pen of some great dramatist. Mr. Wetherill has given us only a sketch, in broad strokes and salient penciling, that might easily be worked into the more intricate design of a lengthy novel. It is the story of a lonesome American boy, away out in the tropical solitudes, and a half-crazed woman, who knew how to feel, and feel deeply, for her poor brother, the crazed priest of the Monastery of Banazoc.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IG COLORADO John Garth, census enumerator for the district of Banazoc, Island of Luzon, ungainly in appearance, but graceful in movement, swung his leg over the head of his hang-dog native pony, dropped his rein cowboy fashion at its feet, and threw himself in a sheltered opening beside the sunbaked trail.

"Oh, lord-y, lord," he exclaimed, as he mopped the red face beneath his shock of carroty hair, "I believe I am affected with nostalgia, as the army surgeons term every disease, zymotic or otherwise, they do not understand. Burning up with a feverish desire for a peep at Pike's Peak, and a cold glass of something. I imagine a spring of good, clear water would drive me mad with delight," he continued, as he felt around in the mossy bank for creepy things with his rawhide pony persuader. "Homesick for a sniff of clear, mountain air," he mumbled in a lower tone, as he snuggled down into his improvised couch of cushiony moss.

He lay for some minutes staring at the heat waves as they pirouetted against the dark green background of the foliage to whiffs of an intermittent breeze. He had dozed off into restless slumber when he was aroused by cries coming from a turn in the trail, concealed by the intervening rank vegetation.

"O-o-h! O-o-h, jaco!" in a fear-filled musical feminine voice, accompanied by the squealing and stamping of a pony.

He arose to his feet to see a pony scampering along the trail. A second glance, and he noticed the pony was dragging a confused mass of lingerie by a much-exposed leg, fast in the stirrup of an underturned saddle, from the midst of which continued to come: "O-o-h! O-o-h, jaco!"

It took but an instant to release the stirrup from a dainty chinela-clad foot. Its owner jumped to her feet in confusion, hastily arranged her clothing, and would have fled but for the reassuring overtures of Garth:

"May I be of assistance, senorita?" he asked, politely doffing his hat without moving toward her.

"Gracias, senor. You are an American, and not a soldier?"

He explained his office while re-arranging the saddle on the now docile pony.

"I have seen the senor in Banazoc," she said, as she prepared to mount. "No, I do not live in Banazoc," she went on, as if in reply to his questioning eyes. "I live here," with a wave of her hand in the direction of a narrow trail, beside the opening where he had lain, heretofore undiscovered by him. "If your duties compel a visit to the convent of the Blessed Virgin, the padre will thank you for your kindness to one of the vanquished. Senor," she held herself proudly and gracefully on the native saddle, "I am of the conquered —but not subdued. I am a Spaniard!" Her liquid black eyes flashed fire, and her olive cheeks flushed in the pride of race.

Noting his temporary loss for a reply, she went on with a twinkle in her eyes, as she urged her pony onto the all but overgrown trail: "Is the senor too embarrassed to accept the thanks of the good padre today?"

Garth, recovering his self-possession, accepted the challenge and followed her along what had formerly been a well cared for highway.

They had arrived at the dismantled gate of the convent courtyard before she pulled up her pony.

"Await here," she cried, and disappeared in the direction of the convent.

Garth remained seated on his pony for some minutes, then dismounted and stood impatiently thrashing his leggings with his rawhide. Soon his impatience overcame him, and he proceeded to lead his pony through the gateway.

"Alto!" shrieked a quavering male voice, which so startled him he felt his hair raise under his slouch hat. "What do you require here?" continued the voice in Spanish.

While trying to locate him-of-the-voice, he, as if by inspiration, explained his errand as one in connection with the census.

Shuffling feet announced an approach: "Senor," said he-of-the-voice, as he led Garth across the crumbling pavement of the courtyard and entered the patio, "there are but two of us here: the Padre Juan Bautista and Jose Sacrez," bowing, "that is I, the servant."

"But what of the senor——"

"Jose! Jose!" Garth was interrupted by a musical voice in purest Spanish, and a prematurely aged priest entered the patio from the farther side.

"Good-day, senor," he said. "My church and convent are yours! Will you accompany me? Some wine, Jose!" he gently called, as they left the patio. At the end of a long cloister they entered a once-splendidly furnished hall, now in the throes of past vandalism and present tropical decay.

Jose brought a small flask of delicious aromatic Tokay and some dainty rice biscuit.

Garth found the padre a delightful raconteur, and luncheon was announced before he realized the time had passed so quickly.

The gallant, priestly man offered him his arm in princely fashion; it was thus they entered what had been the refectory of the convent.

"You must pardon my family," he said as they seated themselves after he had asked grace. "They are not given to meeting strangers."

Garth glanced at the table before him and saw evidence of preparation for three other guests; everywhere was the presence of feminine orderliness.

"Come again," enthusiastically said the priest, as Garth was leaving the convent. "May I request that you say nothing of my family—and myself?" he hesitatingly asked.

Garth promised to hold his secret inviolate.

"Come to me Friday. We will have a splendid fish Friday evening. You must stay over night if you do not fear spirits," he smilingly said. "The spirits here you will find saintly. I do not think they will be tempted to approach one of your religious belief."

Garth had explained to him when he offered his blessing after luncheon that he was not of his faith. "The more you require it!" he had said.

Garth was very confused in his mind when he entered the courtyard of the convent Friday afternoon. He had been thinking of the contradictory statements of Jose and his master in regard to the number of inhabitants in the convent, and the seeming total disappearance of the dark, matured beauty he had met on the trail who was ever in his mind.

When they sat down to dine that evening in the flickering light of home-made tallow candles, the three seats of honor at the table again were unoccupied, and, as before. the padre apologized for the absence of his family.

Garth was assigned for the night to a monk-like cell just off the main hall, where he was entertained on the occasion of his first visit. He had fallen into a restless slumber, when he awoke with a start. He heard the sonorous voice of the padre in deep converse—and caught here and there a word of the conversation, but not enough to follow its drift. The replies were so indistinct he could not have recognized the voices of the speakers should he ever have heard them before. The padre could not be holding such an animated conversation with Jose nor his lady of the trail, as the voices changed from time to time, not so much in sound as in meter, and occasionally he heard his rising inflection as if giving directions to some one. Could he be entertaining the ladrones who frequently became annoying to the peace-loving people and constabulary? No. He heard what seemed to be the cooing of a baby, and the mumbling of what might have been the endearing caresses of a mother, amidst the noise and rattle of dishes, and fell asleep with the padre's voice purling in his ears.

"Did my family annoy you last evening?" the padre asked on meeting Garth in the patio the following morning. "You must pardon any seeming exclusiveness," he went on apologetically. "I do not feel at liberty to thrust a stranger upon them."

Garth now frequently visited the interesting old convent and its genial host. Upon every occasion of his staying overnight, always in the cell he occupied on his first visit, he listened to the same evening meal after he had retired. One night, in fact the last one he spent at the convent, the conversation became more audible. He could hear the padre addressing his guests and their indistinct replies—their voices seemed to have a familiar ring to his ears. He heard him offering them various articles of food.

"Mother, may I help you to some fowl? Father, the baked plantains are excellent. May I help the blessed baby to some guava jelly?" And then he heard what he surely thought was the cooing of a child.

"I pray the time may come when we shall adore the child!" said the padre. The pious ring of his voice deeply aroused the latent curiosity which was now devouring Garth. It overcame his ideas of propriety. He quietly arose from his bed and noiselessly entered the great hall, where he could see the lights flickering in the refectory. He had taken but two steps when the priest's resonant voice fairly rang through the arched room:

"Father, a heretic approaches; we must do away with the lights!"

A moment later, he almost fell to the stone-paved floor in his fright.

"Does the senor require anything?" queried the padre in most musical tones at his elbow.

Garth humbly apologized to his host. Explaining how, in a moment of weakness, he had allowed his curiosity to violate a family-sacred privacy.

"Humanity is weak," was the only reply ventured.

Early the following morning, Garth, in his shame, left the convent before breaking his fast or bidding adieu to his host. As he was wending his way along the narrow trail, dejectedly dragging his pony after him, a merry laugh startled him.

"The senor has the curiosity of a woman," came from the adjoining bosque, as his senorita came out upon the trail. "Did the senor meet the good padre's family? No?" she saucily arched her eyebrows and dropped him a low curtsey. Then becoming very serious: "The padre—my brother—you shall meet his family some day. Poor fellow, a blow on the head from an insurgent has slightly crazed him."

"Have all Americans tell-tale eyes?" she queried. Garth's admiring yet questioning gaze dropped from her face to the bridle rein he held in his hand, as he attempted to undo an invisible tangle in it.

"I know the senor feels I am ungrateful, but in the presence of others my brother forgets me—yes, at times I am only connected with the past, and I am forgotten with the past. The senor even

forgot Felicidad. Mine is a pretty name, is it not? It means happiness in your harsh English tongue, senor, but I am unhappy, indeed."

A sudden burst of light came over Garth's homely countenance, and something within him caused him to advance toward her with open arms.

"Senor, would you trifle?" A look of perplexity came into her eyes—they hardened, then softened and dropped before his admiring glance.

"Senor, I love the world—I love life—I love everything which gives color to one's existence. I came here seven years ago a woman grown, to visit my brother, the padre Juan, and I am here as if I were bound hand and foot; without family, friends or money. I sigh for Madrid. I am too proud to ask assistance from relatives whom I feel would aid me only reluctantly—but I long for Spain! This pest-hole of treacherous Malays—forever with the insane and imbecile, I, too, must eventually go mad. Senor—I will——" She grasped a near-by sapling for support. "No, I cannot bring myself to say it—Yes, I must—I must!" She sobbed bitterly, and lurched as if about to fall.

Garth rushed to her assistance, and tenderly placed his arm around her waist. Her head drooped upon his shoulder as she sobbed out her grief.

Suddenly drawing herself from his grasp, she struck him a resounding blow on the face with her open hand.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. Then as quickly recovering her dignity: "Senor, your pardon. I humbly apologize. Americans are great traders. They love money, do they not?"

"Yes, senorita, the Americans are traders—they do not love money, but the good things and pleasures money will buy."

"The Americans will pay well for their pleasures—as I ever thought. They will buy virtue—because they do not possess it themselves—to wreck it, and leave it an unclean thing by the wayside when they tire of it, as they would a broken toy! Oh, were I a man to cleave my way home—home—home! God has forsaken me! Misericordia! Misericordia!

"Senor, you have money!" as if inspired by some last resource, yet with a dread and insane glare in her eyes that startled Garth, so intense was it.

"Only my salary, senorita. But it is at your service." Tears welled up in his honest blue eyes, and his deep voice shook with emotion as he continued: "I met you, Senorita Felicidad, when I was sad and homesick and lonely. I have been lonelier since that day, as I have been unable to drive the desire to see you from my thoughts. I will not press you now—but some day, perhaps, you may think of a chance American friend as one whom you could hold dear." Advancing with outstretched arms: "Senorita, my love is——"

"Senor," she interrupted him, the glitter in her eyes took to itself a more calculating guise, "do not talk of love, but of money—money—money! I must have money. My brother and I must go home. Manila, then home—home—home—Spain! I will sacrifice anything, all—"

"Will not your relatives send you means with which to return to them?" he asked in confusion, as he could make nothing of her all but incoherence.

"I cannot, will not wait so long!" Stamping her foot: "They must know Juan and I are here among enemies—Malay and American—they should make the first advances. Senor, you have money—you would not miss a little of your gold. One month of your pay would place my poor crazed brother and myself in Spain. You would not, could not miss it. While I—I would be yours for a month to do with as you chose." She did not drop her tear-filled eyes, but stood gazing into his face.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Garth, as the horror of the proposition she had been leading up to flashed across his mind.

"I am lacking——" she interposed, only to be interrupted in turn:

"No, no, you misunderstand me——"

She held up her hand, and he paused. "Senor, let me continue: As a maiden of twenty I was considered worthy the courtly consideration of Spanish gentlemen. To-day I am not an aged nor fading woman. My charms—if charms I ever had—have increased with maturity. At twenty-seven have I not greater value—are not matured charms more seductive than those of the unformed girl? You doubt me!"

Her intensity became indescribable, with every appearance of a lioness at bay. "Senor, I must have money—your mild, hateful blue eyes seem to question what I have to offer in return for your gold. No, no, do not turn away!" She panted hysterically, and grasped him, sinuously entwining her arms around his neck, and covering his face with burning kisses.

He tore himself from her: "Calm yourself, senorita," he soothingly said.

"Why did you not return my caresses, you beast?" she cried, and again struck him upon the cheek such a blow as to raise white welts where her open fingers came in contact with his sun-reddened face. "You will not exchange your gold for me?" she asked, bitterly. "Are all Americans made of such cold, calculating clay? Have you blood—hot, red blood, coursing in your veins—or is it but water? Are you a man?

"Money I must have! Senor, you are cold!" Here she shrugged her shoulders. "Why do you not speak—say something. Call me blackguardly names—anything—but speak—speak, you man of marble! Must you feel and finger your bargains like a piece of cloth, must you intimately know the warp and weave of the fabric before you buy?" she sneered. "Well, senor," loosening her hair, which fell in heavy ebony folds on her shoulders, "this is considered beautiful. And my eyes, are they not soulful? What a pretty mouth I have—more to caress a crucifix than for the lips of man?

"Senor, Senor," she raved, "you are adamant—stone! You are ice! See—see!" and she tore open the bosom of her bodice.

Garth did not wait for more. He seized the overwrought woman in his rough, endearing way, and tried to pacify her.

"No! No! No! Not yet," she cried, struggling to free herself. "Wait! Wait! Will not to-morrow do to strike the bargain—I promise to-morrow you shall—"

Garth placed a big muscular hand over her lips and cut off further utterance.

When she again became composed, her dignity reasserted itself, and she tried to break from his arms.

Garth, in his frank, manly way, poured the old, old story into unwilling and unbelieving ears, until she nestled closer in his arms like a confiding child.

"I will take you and your brother to your loved Spain. And then——"

"We will go to America," she burst out with a show of her old spirits, "to grow old and rich. But you must first ask my brother," she merrily laughed.

So level-headed, unromantic John Garth plighted his troth.

When Garth reached Banazoc that afternoon, he forwarded his resignation to his chief, and that night retired to dream of the winning, passionate woman who had promised to become his wife.

Early the following morning, he was awakened to receive a hastily inscribed note from Felicidad. It contained but six words: "Come, I am in great trouble."

Mounting his pony, he rode rapidly toward the old convent, conjuring up all sorts of dread things in his mind.

"Good-day to you, senor," was Jose's greeting as he entered the courtyard. "There is no further occasion for your visits. The good padre has departed to glory."

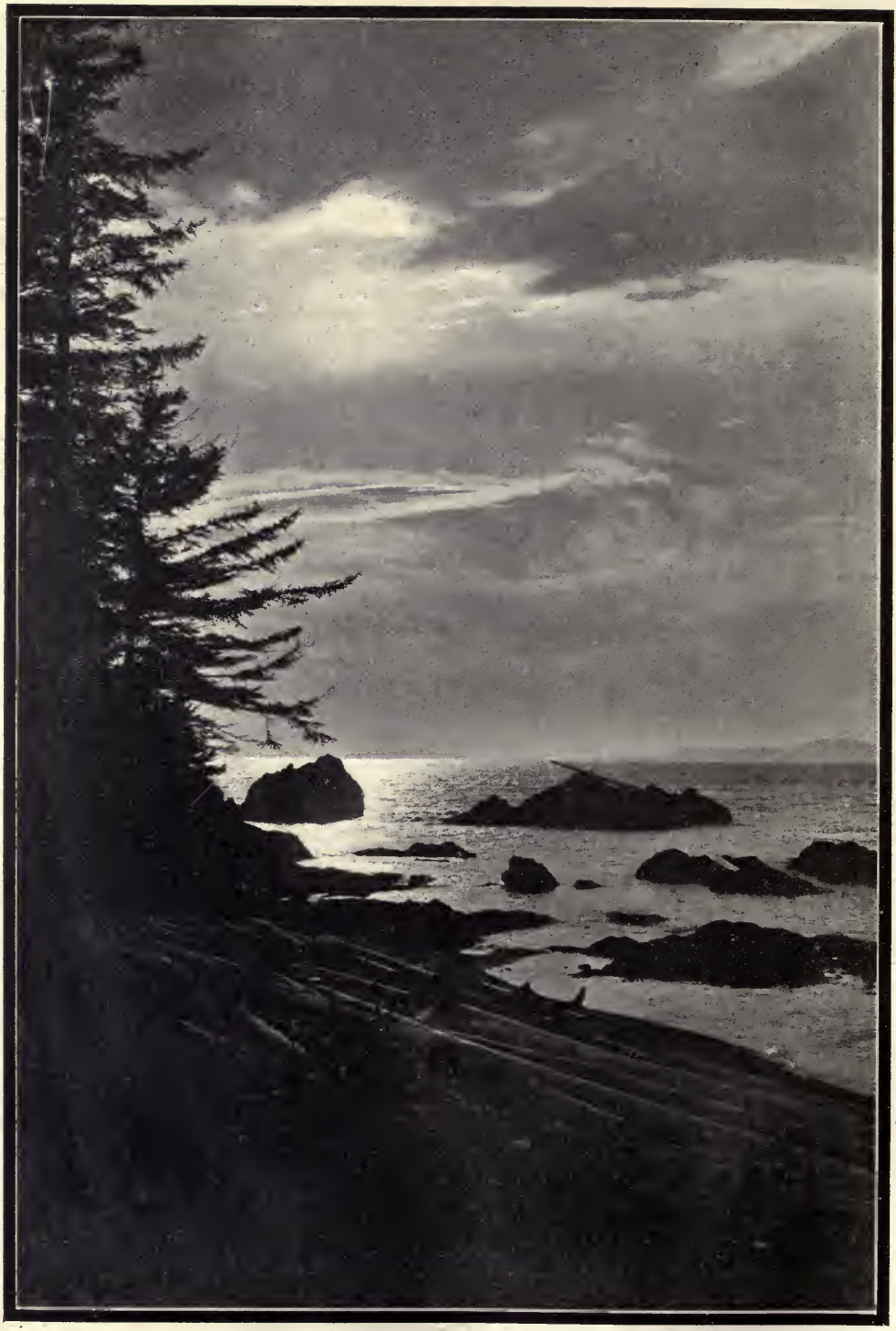
As he was about to enter the patio, Jose placed himself in front of him, but he thrust him to one side. Down the long cloister he went, across the reception room and into the refectory. Here Felicidad met him in womanly dignity, though her grief was in great evidence.

"Jose has told me of your loss," he said, placing a protecting arm about her.

Her eyes shone through her tears like twin stars, as she led him into an adjoining cell, where the mortal remains of Padre Juan Bautista awaited final rites and interment. In her grief she clung to her big American sweetheart, as he led her weeping back to the refectory.

Entering the room, Garth's eyes fell upon the ever-waiting table. "The others," he questioned—"your brother's family?"

"Are here." She approached a recess in the wall; he had never noticed it before, owing to an old drapery which hung over it. "These were the family of the good padre," she said through her tears, as she threw open a double door, which exposed to the strong light of the refectory a niche in the wall, which was occupied by life-like figures of Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, for whom the convent had been named, with the infant Jesus in her arms.



ON THE NORTH COAST.



THE WATER FRONT AT TACOMA. THE FLEET THAT FEEDS THE WORLD.

THE STAY-AT-HOME

BY EDGAR WHITE

The story of the "Stay at Home" is of the olden war days in Missouri. It is founded on fact, and the grave of the hero may be found in the old cemetery in Palmyra, overgrown with weeds and tangled with blackberry vine. Hiram Smith voluntarily took the place of William T. Humphrey at Palmyra, Mo., in the year 1862, and died, a sacrificial offering for his fellowman. Nellie did at last join the man, who died that another might be saved, and the pathetic tale is given for the first time in the pages of Overland Monthly. It is of the early West, a bit of the old war time, so fast becoming legendary, that will stir the blood and bring the tears, but the reader will feel better for giving way to his feelings. Particularly will "The Stay at Home" appeal to those of the days of Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, the veterans of the blue and the grey, the staunch heroes of that glorious and fast crumbling Grand Army now rapidly being recruited to the Army of the Great Majority, the ghostly array of the dead and gone Knights of Valor.

—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HEN THE war company was formed, people wondered why big Jim Hudson did not join. Nature seemed to have built him for a soldier. He was of fine physique, and had the stern-set jaw of the man of war. In the sports of stalwart young America he was a leader, and the fistic champion of Beaumont and all the country thereabouts.

It was a Southern company, and the Hudsons were loyal to the South. When Captain Dameron, who was half the size of Jim, began enrolling the enthusiastic alumni of the village school he said to the big boy:

"Of course, you'll meet with us in the hall to-night, Jim; going to have a preliminary drill, you know."

Jim's eyes sought the ground and he nervously scraped the earth with his big shoes.

"I—I'm going to be busy to-night; got some—er—work to do; maybe some other time."

Dameron looked at him curiously a moment and then said, kindly:

"Well, that's all right; you can join any time within the month; remember, though, we want you."

After that, the athlete didn't go down town any more of nights, and the captain, understanding that he had some peculiar reasons of his own in not shouldering a musket for the cause, spoke to him no more about it. But the people thought it was funny, and later they treated him with a silent indifference, which was almost contempt. Every stripling in the town and neighborhood had enlisted, and the very atmosphere was electric with the martial spirit.

The whole countryside swarmed into Beaumont the day Company K started to war. A large silk banner, the deft work of the young ladies, floated magnificently over the heroes. The bands played "Dixie" and the old lawyers made fiery speeches. If a man didn't feel the thrill of fighting that day it was because ice water ran through his system. Young Captain Dameron riding at the head of his troopers was a knight of the cross, going out to a holy war.

"Attention, company! Form fours! Forward march!"

What glory theirs! Handkerchiefs

waved; soft eyes, lustrous with tears, pleaded to the God of the soldier to send their lovers back; mothers with wet cheeks, but underneath a flush of pride for their manly offspring, threw old shoes out in the road, believing somehow that the Ruler of Earth and Sky was connected with the superstition that it guarded against evil influence.

"By the left flank! Forward at double quick!"

The shades of an autumn twilight settled on the earth and the old men gathered in the village stores to talk over the day's events. A tall young man, with eyes darting furtively about him, made his way down the plank sidewalk to a cottage at the extreme edge of town, and shyly approached the porch. A maiden with tawny hair was sitting with head resting on two bare white arms, gazing dreamily down the road whence the soldiers had gone.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, as if suddenly aroused, and not particularly pleased.

He sat down on the porch step near her. She moved her chair from him.

"You despise me for not going with them?" he said.

"I don't know that I've taken the pains to do that," with icicle indifference. "You are nothing to me."

Stung to the quick, the lad looked into the hard-set face of the girl who had been his sweetheart.

"I've told no one, Nellie, but I'll tell you the truth——"

"I'm not your father confessor. Pray don't make a scene. Didn't the boys look gallant as they rode out to-day? And some so young! How I'd like to have been a man to-day!" she said, with sparkling eyes.

He regarded her gloomily, but she kept her head averted, as though to look at him were contamination.

"I've tried—oh, my God! How I've tried to fight it down," he said, with awful fervor, "but I couldn't. I've hardly slept a night since they began. If the shots would be certain to kill I wouldn't mind, but to lose a leg or an arm, or to be wounded so I would be a helpless cripple—to have to creep around and sit in the sunshine—I couldn't stand it! I do not know why. It must be something in the blood. I've prayed——"

He bent his head down in his arms and shook with sobs. The young lady arose.

"Well," she said, in a sort of resigned way, "I guess you can't help it. I feel sorry that—that you're not the kind of man I hoped you were. Good-night."

* * * *

The war had been going on about two years. There were several new mounds in the little cemetery where the boys of Company K were awaiting the final reveille. Beaumont was in the hands of the enemy. It was headquarters for a detachment of government forces, and as the bushwhackers and outlaws had been unusually active, the iron hand of military discipline was felt everywhere. The bushfighters, owning allegiance to neither side, took the advantage given them by the distracted state of the country to rob and murder wherever it suited, knowing if apprehended the penalty against them had already been pronounced.

Quite a number of Southern men were in the military prison awaiting examination on charges of bushwhacking. An industrious provost marshal had gone through Beaumont and the other towns with a dragnet, and he had returned with it full. Many were the best citizens of the county, but this he did not know, and possibly it would have made little difference if he had. He was of that class of men who crawl in times of peace and rise to dreadful size when a civil strife is on. The commanding general did not always know just what his provost marshal was doing.

One of the prisoners was the father of the maid of tawny hair. He had unwittingly delivered his sentiments in the hearing of the provost marshal, and his gray hairs did not save him from arrest. Another prisoner was Jimmie Hudson, the big boy who didn't go to war. The provost marshal thought it well to investigate him, because he looked big enough to be dangerous.

One day the provost marshal reported that his assistant, Sergeant Hawkins, had been captured by a migrating column of the enemy. Hawkins was of the neighborhood, and had been of valuable service as an informer. In order to ensure his

swift return and to deliver a warning that would deter his captors from injuring Hawkins, the General issued a proclamation that if he were not rendered within a week, ten men would be selected from his prisoners and shot. There was no response, and the details of the execution were left to the provost marshal. He placed ten black beans in a sack among some white ones. The total number of beans was the same as the total number of prisoners. Every man had a fair chance for his life. The day before the execution the provost marshal passed the sack around to the prisoners, informing them of the General's orders and the fatal consequences of drawing a black bean. There were good, Christian men in the prison, men whose entire life had been as near blameless as that of human-kind can be. Then there were bushwhackers and marauders of the sort war always brings to the service. All looked alike to the grim provost marshal.

A thrill of joy swept over young Hudson when he withdrew his hand and found in it a white bean. He would live! Never before had he known what a sweet thing life was. In his selfish happiness, he did not notice the haggard group of poor fellows whose stars had fallen. Some knelt in silent prayer. One or two broke down and wept.

"Oh, God! My poor, motherless daughter!"

Mr. Stoddard, the father of the tawny-haired girl, buried his face on a table and sobbed out his misery. Those who had been congratulating each other upon their escape suddenly became quiet. They realized they were in the presence of death, so close that they could almost stretch out their arms and touch it. The men who had drawn the black beans dropped them to the floor, and there they lay like some horrid thing one sees in a bad dream.

Hudson went over and sat on the bench by Mr. Stoddard. He did not speak, but somehow his presence was comforting to the stricken man. It was pitiable to see the gray-haired father torn by a grief appalling beyond words. Through all his agony, his daughter was uppermost in his mind. He gave Hudson a hundred messages for her, and brokenly abjured him to look after her. In the chaotic state of his mind, he did not consider that she had broken off with her lover, and that she probably would not tolerate him about. But Hudson did not remind him of that.

All through the fore part of the night, Hudson sat with his arm around the old man's shoulder, talking to him of the girl they both loved, of Heaven and of things to come. Towards morning, the condemned went to sleep, and Hudson gently arranged the blankets over him and placed his folded coat under his head for a pillow. Then he looked around the oil-lighted room. Several of the men who were entering upon their final day were feverishly writing notes to those they were leaving. Now and then a man would stop and groan. Nobody save old man Stoddard was sleeping. Hudson walked up and down the room with hands clasped behind him, glancing now and then at the white and wrinkled face on the bench. At the first indication of dawn, the provost marshal came in with a paper in his hand. Hudson pointed to the sleeping man, and whispered something to the officer. The grim death's-head of a face the marshal habitually wore relaxed a little, and he nodded his head. Then the young man bent and whispered earnestly in his ear. The marshal suddenly started and looked at the man beside him with quickened interest.

"There must be ten," he said.

"There will be ten," replied Hudson, firmly.

The officer went out, and Hudson sat down at the table and wrote a note, which he folded carefully and placed in Mr. Stoddard's vest pocket. Then he resumed his walk up and down the long room.

"Nine and one are ten—and one is eleven; two from eleven is nine and one is ten. Yes—there will be ten," he murmured.

The rumble of cart wheels was heard outside, and the sort of buzz which betokens the presence of many people. Murky streaks of light began to come in through the dirty windows. It was the birth of a day of glory. By a sort of general understanding, though no one knew exactly why, all were very quiet, and the old man slept on. Those who were near could see a soft smile playing about the wrinkled mouth and tired eyelids. He-

seemed to be sleeping as peacefully as an infant.

"I don't want to see him when he's awakened," remarked a prisoner, with a shudder.

"Nine and one make ten and one outside, eleven; two from eleven is nine, and one more makes ten. Yes, there will be ten."

Hudson repeated the words in unison with his step as he paced up and down. He no longer looked down, but held his head high, while a proud light beamed from his dark eyes.

The chains outside rattled and the provost marshal stood at the door, with a file of carbineers behind him. Hudson stepped to the entrance.

"Just a minute," he whispered. He tiptoed back to where the white-faced old gentleman was sleeping and touched his lips to the forehead.

"Nellie!"

A smile swept across the features, and for one instant the eyes opened with a glad light, and then closed. Sleep resumed her dominion.

"Nine and one are ten—and one—eleven—less two safe—are nine, and one makes ten. Yes, there will be ten. I am quite ready, marshal, and thank you very much."

Like shades from the nether world, ashy-faced, their lips moving in prayer, the men of the black beans stumbled awkwardly over the threshold and out into the torch-lighted corridors; then out into the wide courtyard, glowing with the dawning majesty of a clear day. Some sparrows twittered blithely under the eves of the prison house, and others perched saucily on the walls. All the housetops commanding a view of the courtyard were dark with people. A file of soldiers, with muskets at rest, stood like statues of stone near the north wall. The muffled drums beat slowly as the condemned men were escorted to their places opposite. As if in benediction on the long journey from world to world, a golden globe on a neighboring church-spire caught the first shaft from the rising sun where it stood, a message from Heaven to the voyagers from earth.

"Nine and one are ten—and one other makes eleven—less two safe are nine, and one added—there are just ten even."

* * * *

Among the bivouac of the soldier dead there is one mound in the village burying ground whose beauty and fragrance surpasses all the rest. Delicate hands guard every leaf and petal, and trailing vines background the richer glory of violet and of rose. At the head, a little to one side of the mound, is a modest granite stone inscribed in deep, chiseled letters, "Jim and Nellie," so placed that when, in the course of years, another grave shall be made, the monument will stand midway at the head of the two. Had the one now sleeping been consulted touching the arrangement, it would have received his most grateful approval, and this knowledge, as a sacred legacy, rested in the heart of the one who was yet to meet him.

THE STORM

BY GEORGIA L. FIELD

Leaves wrung, branches writhing,
Air opaque with slant sheets of rain:
Lightning's quick surprise,
With sliding doors of thunder,
And rack'd clouds hurried,
Driven before the wind.

IN LOVERS' LANE

(Southern California.)

BY H. O. WISE

A long-drawn collonade of green,
Where sun and shadow wed serene,
And day is dimmed to suit the scene,
In Lovers' Lane.

The fairy-foliaged pepper trees
Clasp arms above the Western breeze,
And sighs and tender motions please,
In Lovers' Lane.

Through the blue rifts the blue sky shines,
The hills weave round their magic lines,
And hold at bay the world's designs,
In Lovers' Lane.

And here, in sacred privacy,
The lovers' trysting-place mote be,
Apart from Toms of Coventry,
In Lovers' Lane.

Here from a gaze upturned a life
Must take its shape through toil and strife.
The air with miracles is rife,
In Lovers' Lane.

Here shall the blood beat warmliest, here
The forward foot shall find its fere,
To walk with it through many a year
In Lovers' Lane.

Here arms shall knit and motions meet,
Love lay his all at Love's own feet,
And lips their vow on lips repeat,
In Lovers' Lane.

Loma Linda. January 7th.

L. B. HASTE.

THE HISTORY OF CHOP-SUEY AND FAN-TAN

BY GURDEN EDWARDS

Mr. Gurden Edwards has given us a rather fanciful notion of the origin of Fan-Tan and Chop-Suey. To the uninitiated, the idea of the kitten stew may be repulsive, but when one samples the various foods of Chinatown chefs and runs amok in a confusion of varnished duck, geese claws and vertebrae of shark, it is not difficult to accept Mr. Edwards' amusing conceit as pretty fair fiction. The verse has much of the taint of the Mikado running through it, and expresses the thought of the author in a rather attractive manner. "The History of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan" will serve to while away a few minutes in frivolous enjoyment. It was not written for serious people, and it is not recommended to any who refuse to be amused by a merry jest.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

"The living-idol Chop-Suey sat in the temple for over a hundred years and then he disappeared, and no one knew where he went."—*Ancient Chinese Legend.*



SAW the temple myself and the very altar upon which he sat, so I for one know that it is a true legend. And there are many poems and stories written about him, one of which I have translated for you, so that you might know more about him; of course, I have made a very free translation because it is hard to do Chinese into English, and besides I wanted to make it rhyme, since that is what makes good poetry. But, anyway, the old poet-chronicler tells us that

"He was a god and a wise old god,
(And a god in a temple Chinee);
And he wore a smile (like a salted cod
From out of the salty sea,
And he blinked at the punk that sacredly stunk,
In a long smoke filigree.)"

That is the way I am going to make it rhyme all the way through; the parts in brackets I really made up to help out, but all the rest is in the words of the ancient author himself. Who goes on to say:

"And he sat leg-crossed in an age old squat,
Holy and pensive (and queer,
Taking his time in the self-same spot)
For over a hundred year,
Absolving all sin (with his codfish grin)
For a punk and a penitent tear.

"(For *he* was all that a god should be—
He'd swallow whatever you'd say,
Readily granting that two is three
If you'd mention it while you pray;
So the people sinned and the good god grinned,
And the punk-works seemed to pay.)"

Then the historian goes on to tell how there was a big fat mandarin in the neighborhood who used to sin all the time and used up prodigious quantities of punk; but finally he got so fat that he couldn't get down to the temple personally to make his sacrifices, so he used to send one of his men to do it for him, with roast pigs now and then as an extra offering for special forgiveness, and the god used to send

one of his priests up to the palace with the grin. But this hasn't really anything to do with the main story, so I won't translate it. I only mentioned it because the fat mandarin had a wife named Fan-Tan who has a lot to do with it, and this is what is written about her:

"In the twilight came a slant-eyed maid,
And she knelt at the good god's shrine,
Penitent, daintily, half-afraid
Of the deified old divine,
And she sacrificed punk till the whole place stunk,
And the god gave a gracious sign.

"(For he sneezed and he wheezed and he had to cough,
Till a tear ran along his nose,
And hung on the end and trickled off
And tumbled among his toes.
When a god does so, it's a sign, and you know,
Whatever you ask for goes.)"

This is what must have happened, for you must remember that the god was not an ordinary bronze idol, but a real live man-idol, like they have in some places in China, and therefore he had to breathe, and if the lady burned so much punk, it must have almost smothered him; because some ladies in this country burn punk in their parlors when they are going to have company, and it makes the parlor so smothery and choky that sometimes the company gets sick and doesn't stay late.

But anyway, the lady was very nice-looking, as the old poet says in the following words:

"Ah, she was a daughter of old Cathay,
As sweet as the plum in spring,
And over her shoulders her long locks lay
As black as the oo-long's wing;
(And the poet concludes, in twenty-five verses,
That she was a beautiful thing.)"

A textual difficulty is presented by the line which I have translated "As black as the oo-long's wing," but I think that I have construed it correctly. It is quite true that oo-long is the trade name of a variety of tea, and taken in this sense, would hardly do in the above context; but I think that our author does not refer to tea so much as to the other meaning of oo-long, which is black-dragon; this theory is supported by external evidence, since black dragons have wings, and tea, so far as I know, has not.

Having described the lady, the poet proceeds:

"Then she told how she'd wed, as her father had sold,
A mandarin fatly antique,
Whose head was hot, but his heart was as cold
As a herrin's, and over her cheek
A hot blush spread and she hung her head,
And faltered, fearing to speak.

"So she seized some more punk and burnt it amain,
Till the good god shouted for air,
And started him coughing and sneezing again
Till the priest hurried in in despair,
And gave her a fan to revive the old man
And water to pour on his hair."

"And when they got him around at last"—

I never saw such a lengthy old rhymester; I think I had better translate the next six stanzas into prose because they only tell how she confessed that her husband didn't treat her just right, and she had made up her mind to run away to America and wanted the god to give her good-luck before she started. And the god thought and thought a long time, and thoughts arose in his head that weren't usual in a well constructed idol's head, and finally he told her that he never had had a case just like hers before, and he would have to take the matter under advisement, but if she would come to see him about the same time next evening he would tell her definitely then whether he would forgive her or not. And the lady asked him if some li-chi nuts would help him decide, and he said three bushels might, and she said she thought she could bring four, and he said he thought she had better do so to make sure, and she said she would because her mandarin could afford that many, and he said he thought at least that many, and she said all right she would, and he said alright, and she said alright, and he said

good-night, and she said good-night, too. You can see for yourself how unnecessary it would be to make all that into poetry, but what comes next is very poetical, and has to be put into verse in order to bring out its beauty. This is how is goes:

"And after she'd gone he thought and thought,
As only a god can think,
And he looked at the stubs of the punks she had bought
With a reminiscent blink,
And he finally said, with a wag of his head and a meditative wink:

"'I've idled as long as an idol should,
And I've grinned till I look like a fish,
And the pay that I get is none too good,
Nor all that a god could wish!"
And he sniffed and he snuffed and impatiently puffed,
And finally muttered 'Pish!

"'There's not enough sin in this land any more,
To really support a church,
And it's getting to be a horrible bore
To sit on the self-same perch
For a hundred years, when, from what one hears,
If he'll only go out and search,

"'He can make his fortune washing clothes
For people across the sea—
If I had a wife, why, nobody knows
How rich I might get to be.'
So he dreamed in the gloom of the silent old room
Of the holy old temple Chinee"——

late into the night, long after the last villager had put his squeaky old fiddle away, waiting in placid expectation, our poet goes on to say, in stanzas more numerous than amusing, till the sinful lady returned next evening with the four bushels of lichi nuts. I am going back to prose again for awhile. And this is what he said when she came to the temple again next evening with a bundle:

"Did you bring those nuts?"
And she said: "No."
And he said: "No?"

And she said: "No. But I brought a four bushel pig instead. He looked just like my husband before he was cooked."

And he said: "Is your husband cooked?"

And she said: "No. His pig is cooked. This was his pig."

And he said: "I'll eat that pig."

So he ate the pig. After he had eaten the pig, he said: "H'm. Let me see. What was it that we were talking about last night? Tell me again. I have forgotten."

And she said: "I hate that big fat mandarin who is my husband, because he looks like a pig. Also because he acts like a pig. I think he is a pig. So I am going to run away from him and go over to California and get rich. It's the days of '49 over there now."

And he said: "I'll forgive you for that heinous offense upon one condition, to wit, that you marry me and take me along with you."

And she said: "You horrid old thing. You have been an idol for a hundred years—and how could an old thing like me be happy with an old idol like you?"

And he said: "You could put me up on a shelf and run a temple over there and get rich."

And she looked around at the shabby old temple, and the wizened old priest who mumbled to himself all day like an old woman, and then she said: "No, it doesn't seem to pay. And besides, you are too old for even that. You wouldn't last another hundred years."

And he said: "You are laboring under a false impression, Fan Tan. I have had the job only a couple of months. I took the last idol's place when he died, and he had only been here a couple of years, because he took another man's place, and I don't know how many there were before him. Behold!" And he pulled off his whiskers and got down from the altar as spruce as a kitten.

And she said: "I am simply astonished."

And he said: "I knew you'd be surprised. Will you marry me or will you not? And what's more, will you take me to America with you, or will you not? If you don't, I'll tell that fat mandarin of a pig of a husband of yours that you are going to quit his side."

And she said: "You had better not, or

I'll tell all the people that you are a fake."

And they looked at each other with a scared look, and said: "We have got each other in a tight place." So they decided to elope on the next steamer to America, which they did.

This is about as far as the old poet goes with the story, and he didn't have all the details that I have given either, but I have given you the benefit of later discoveries. For instance, he didn't know about the young man's not being a hundred years old, nor that the idol wasn't the same Chinaman all the time, because they all dressed just alike and you could not tell them apart, unless you took them apart, which wasn't permitted, and he did not know that the idol eloped with Fan-Tan instead of just disappearing—all of which things are true and happened just about as I have set them forth, and are very important, as you will see in the next chapter. He concludes his history with the following pathetic stanzas—pathetic because so true:

"When the morning came and the sinners came
To the great god's shrine to pray,
And light their punks with a penitent flame
In the good, old-fashioned way,
The god was not in the usual spot
As punctually as they.

"So they waited all day until two o'clock,
And then they waited till three,
But he didn't grin on the faithful flock
In response to their punkful plea—
And since the day that he went away
Nobody has heard of he."

That is all the old historian has to say about him because that is all he knew, but that is not all there is, as you will find out if you read chapter two. This is Chapter Two now. I got the facts from Chop-Suey, Jr., who was one of the results of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan's elopement.

Well, after they decided to elope, they took the next steamer to San Francisco. Now, you must remember this was in the early days, when a silly old-side-wheeler went thumping across the Pacific every two or three months, and everybody was going crazy over the gold mines in California. And this is what happened while they were traveling in the ship with a whole lot of other Chinamen; but nobody recognized them.

Chop-Suey had brought his whiskers with him and his old clothes that he used to wear in the temple, and Fan-Tan said: "Why did you bring those things?"

And Chop-Suey said: "You wait and see."

Fan-Tan had brought some funny looking cards, about so wide and about so long with her, and Chop-Suey said to her: "Why did you bring those things?"

And Fan-Tan said: "You wait and see.'"

So the ship started off with a great thumping of her paddle wheels, and everybody jumped and thought, "My goodness sakes alive!" and wished they hadn't started. But after awhile they got used to it, and all went to sleep. And when everybody was asleep, Chop-Suey got up and put on his old clothes and his whiskers. Then he found a nice solid place in a good dark corner, and sat down there with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and lighted a piece of punk and stuck it up in front of him, all just like he used to look in the temple. Then he waited for day to come. And when day did come, every one saw him sitting there and said, "Maybe it is a god."

But when Fan-Tan came along, he winked at her, and she went and got some punk and began to make prayers and kowtow in front of him. Then every one felt sure that he was a holy man and began to do the same thing. Then Fan-Tan began to make sacrifices to him of her valuables and money for a good voyage and good luck. Then every one was positive that he was a holy man and began to do the same thing.

Then next day it got cloudy, and then it got windy, and then it got so wavy that the ship began to wiggle and everybody began to get sick. So Fan-Tan sacrificed to Chop-Suey more than ever, and prayed him to make the storm go away, and everybody did the same thing. But the storm got worse and worse, and every one got sicker and sicker, till finally Chop-Suey couldn't stand it any longer himself and he got so sick that his whiskers came off, and he rolled over on the deck and

grunted like every one else. After awhile the storm got better, and people began to sit up and take notice again. And some of them noticed that Chop-Suey was one place and his whiskers were another, and that he was just as sick as anybody. After that they were not so sure that he was a god, so they didn't make him any more sacrifices.

But the ship kept going, until finally she got to San Francisco. Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan went ashore and said: "Where is Chinatown?" And a miner who was looking around on the ground to see if there were any nuggets there, said, "Up that way." So they went up that way until they came to Chinatown. Of course it wasn't so big as it was just before the earthquake, and there weren't so many tourists in it, because this was all in the early days yet; but even then it was a good big place, and Fan-Tan and Chop-Suey were glad they came.

And Fan-Tan said, "What are you going to do?"

And Chop-Suey said, "I am going to start a temple. What are you going to do?"

And she said, "You wait and see."

So Chop went one way to look around for a good place for his temple, and Fan went the other way to look around for a good place for her idea. Chop was delighted with the prospect, because he looked all around and found that there would be a first class opening for a temple, as there weren't any really good ones running yet, and the competition wouldn't be strong.

After he came to these conclusions he began to look around for Fan to tell her the good news, but he couldn't find her anywhere. He hunted all the rest of that day and part of the next, but to save his life he could not get any trace of her, and he got worried almost to death about her, because he didn't know what might have happened to her. She was only a defenseless woman in a big city. But next afternoon, as he was walking along the street wondering whether to commit suicide or not, he came to a door where there were a lot of people going in and out; when they went in they looked glad, but when they came out they looked sad. This made Chop Suey curious that he went in to see what it was all about. His eyes bulged right out of his head when he got in, for there sat Fan-Tan in the middle of the floor with the funny looking cards about so wide and about so long, which she kept dealing out and maneuvering around, and a lot of Chinamen squatting around her grunting now and then; they paid her to let them do this, and she put the money away in her pocket. Chop stood in a corner and watched and watched, but he couldn't make out at all what they were doing. So he waited till every one had gone home to supper, and then he said to Fan: "What are you doing?"

And she said: "I am doing the people."

And he said, "Huh!"

And she said: "I am running a card game. That big fat pig of a mandarin of a husband of mine used to make me play with him all the time, and then he would pull my hair when I beat him."

And Chop said: "You must have changed the rules. Every one is giving you money instead of pulling your hair."

And she said: "Yes, I am making a lot of money."

And he said: "Lend me enough money to start a temple."

And Fan said: "I will do that. Only you must start the temple right next door, because it is very wicked for people to gamble, and then they will come to you and make a sacrifice to be forgiven, and pray for better luck next time."

And Chop said: "I will do that."

So she gave him a pocket full of money and he went out and bought some things and worked and worked until he got a fine temple fixed up. He made a god out of wood and things like that; he himself was only the high priest to take charge of the sacrifices and tell fortunes. Then he started business, and pretty soon he had almost as many people in his place as Fan had in hers. They were both getting rich very fast.

But there was one thing that bothered him very much indeed. The people brought, among other things, so many roast pigs as an offering to the idol that he and Fan couldn't eat them all themselves, and he didn't know what to do with them to keep them from going to waste. So he went to Fan-Tan and asked her about it.

And she said: "We will start a restaurant."

And Chop jumped up in the air and kicked his heels together and said: "Oh, goody. That is the best idea I ever had, my sweet Fan-Tan."

And she said: "How much money have you got?"

And he said: "A barrel full. How much have you got?"

And she said: "Two barrels full; that makes three barrels. I think we have enough."

And he said: "Enough for what?"

"Enough to build a three-story building."

So they did build a three-story building and this is what they did with it:

Fan-Tan moved her cards up onto the top floor and made two more sets and taught three men how to run them. After that she didn't do any more work herself, but just took care of the money.

Also Chop-Suey moved his temple onto the second floor and fixed it up more grandly than ever and made two more idols and taught a man how to be a high priest. One idol was called the pig-sacrifice idol, another was called the money sacrifice idol, and the last was called the miscellaneous sacrifice idol. The high-priest had to see that the people obeyed the rules. After that Chop-Suey didn't do any more work in the temple himself, he stopped grinning like a fish, but he took charge of the restaurant.

They built the restaurant on the first floor. Now there were three chutes from the second floor down to the first, and when people left their pigs at the pig sacrifice idol's feet all the high priest had to do was to pull a string and they went down the chute into the kitchen and kept the restaurant supplied with meat. When people asked Chop-Suey where he got so many fine pigs, for no other restaurant in town had such a reputation for fine pigs, he used to look dreamy and say: "Oh, I shoot them."

When they left their money at the money sacrifice idol's feet, it fell through a slot and went down the chute to the cash register, and kept it supplied with small change. This was an automatic chute, and the high priest didn't have to pull a string, because everybody knows that too many cashiers spoil the profits.

But some people were so poor that they could not afford to bring pigs or money, so they brought anything they could spare, such as kittens and things. They could lay these at the feet of the miscellaneous sacrifice idol, and when the high priest pulled that string they tumbled down into a big pot in the kitchen, where they were all cooked up together. This was served as a special luxury, and people said it was delicious, and it became famous as "Chop-Suey's Special," and finally people just called it "chop-suey" for short.

I think that is about all of the History of Chop-Suey and Fan-Tan.



THE LASTING ESCAPE

BY ARMOR JEAN DEAMER

"The Lasting Escape" is the story of a love affair that is nipped in the bud by an untoward fate. The heroine is a masterful girl, one of the red-cheeked daughters of the San Joaquin, strong and self-reliant and as beautiful as the great California savanna is fair. The hero is an every-day man with honest heart and chivalrous nature. That these two did not reap the reward of perfect understanding and ripening years of love unending is part of this fiction, and the abrupt ending of this story is part of its charm. Miss Armor Jean Deamer is a young author, but one who will achieve in the line of rousing fiction, one of the West's coming woman writers.—EDITORS OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HAT! NOT up for all day, Sis, surely?" and Dick Maxton pointed to the clock and made a pantomime of heart failure afterwards.

"'Morning, father," was all Dora said, but her glance included both the gray, smooth-shaven man at the head of the table and the equally tall but far lighter boy at the foot. He, not at all daunted by his sister's neglect, went blithely on with his remarks:

"Whew! Look like you just blew out of the laundry! Anything extra-special going to happen in these parts to-day? If so, you want to let your unky know about it, you know."

She gave this brotherly inquiry its proper perspective: "Don't be melodramatic and please pass the sugar."

"But you are a trifle spruced up, aren't you, daughter?" Mr. Maxton's mouth was unsmiling, but his eyes twinkled.

"Why, I wasn't aware of it. Is a clean sailor blouse so unusual here? I am only going out in the launch, up to number seven or somewhere, Dave said; but I like the ride, especially in the early morning before it gets so hot."

Dick began chuckling to himself, and, when Dora looked curious, said:

"Oh, I was just thinking you and Dave seem to have what you college people would call a 'case' on each other."

"How ridiculous! Why, Dave's a Chinaman!" and Dora stirred her coffee with energy and indignation.

"Oh, he's not all 'chink,' or I'm blind in one eye and can't see much with the other. Why, you couldn't tell him from a dago, if it wasn't for his eyes, and they don't turn up very much at the corners. He can't be more than a half one anyway; he hasn't any queue and talks as good English as I do."

"That wouldn't be saying much. But it is true that his eyes are not decidedly oblique, nor that beady brown that most Mongolians have. And then one doesn't often find a Chinaman that understands machinery. How long has he been here, father?"

Mr. Maxton had risen and stood considering: "Let's see—you've been home a week? Well, I hired Dave a few days before, I think. Yes, he came about ten days ago. I took him without credentials, too; something I don't do as a rule, but I'd just been forced to fire Jim—went on one spree too many—and this fellow happened along that night and seemed to know his business. I was as much surprised as you at finding a Chinaman who was of a mechanical turn. They are generally to be trusted, though."

"So this, fair sister, is the life history, as far as this ranch is concerned, of your 'queener.'" Dick had not read the college papers Dora brought home for nothing.

His father, with his hand on the door-knob, frowned and said a little sharply: "A joke's all right, son, when it's not carried too far. Since you seem to have finished, suppose you post those notices that came yesterday."

"Yes, sir, I will."

When he had gone and Dick was preparing to follow, Dora said: "What notices were they?"

"Haven't you heard about the fellow who got away from that ranch up on Ochre Slough after shooting his boss? Why, it's been in all the Stockton papers! Father and all the farmers round here have been told to keep a look-out for him."

"Why did he shoot the man?"

"No one knows. That's the mysterious part about it. He didn't rob him or anything. Just shot him one day when they were alone together, and then vamoosed, and nothing's been seen of him since. Here's the description of him," and he drew a printed piece of paper from his pocket. "Want to hear it?"

Dora nodded and he read: "Five feet ten, of muscular, but not heavy build; fair complexion and hair; eyes dark, either blue or brown."

"How funny not to know the color of his eyes," Dora interposed. "That's the first thing I'd notice about a person."

"Features good; voice deep and pleasant; smooth shaven at time of escape"—

"But may not have had time to visit a barber since," was her next comment.

—"with no noticeable scars; not a Mason."

"So they can't give him the grip when they get him, anyway."

Dick thrust the notice back in his pocket, opened the door, and then looked in again to say: "Well, I hope you have a pleasant ride. Don't get sea-sick. If you consent, I'll give you the canoe for a wedding present." With this he slammed the door on any retorts, but a whistle sounding at that moment held Dora's attention, and hastened the folding of her napkin.

Dave was waiting to help her across the narrow plank that ran out from the levee to a pile, against which the bow of the launch rubbed, making the customary landing among "the tules" of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and, which to the city visitor, is, for the first few days, a dizzy initiation into literally "walking the plank." Dora, however, with a smiling: "Oh, I'm getting to be enough of a sailor not to fall overboard by this time," gave him the two books and the armful of cushions she had brought, to carry, and without assistance crossed over and sprang lightly down upon the well-scrubbed bow of the launch, rocking gently with the undulation of the caramel-colored water beneath. Dave cast off and sprang aboard after her, going in under the low doorway to the engine, which with two or three quick turns of the wheel he started going on its "Brrr-tchugg-brrr." Then, taking his seat on the small stool at the side where the stearing rope ran, he swung her out into the open river that wound snake-like between its low, monotonously even borders of green, waving tules, only occasionally mottled by a bunch of willow trees.

In the meantime, Dora had made herself comfortable in the stern, with the pillows at her back and the two books she had brought, "The Five Nations" and "The Day's Work," in case her mood was either for poetry or prose, lying unopened in her lap. There were so many thoughts of one's own to think. It was not the first morning, though never so early as this—six is rather an early hour, even when one has had five "eight o'clocks" a week—that she had dreamed away in the launch; sometimes lying lazily in the stern; sometimes on the bow and sometimes perched up on top with Dave sitting stolid and always silent on the small stool inside. He had always previously appeared merely as a part of the mechanism that ran the launch, or stopped it in fulfillment of her father's orders. But now, as she looked at his blue-shirted back through the low, open door, she thought of the conversation at breakfast and wondered how much of him was Chinaman and how much something else. As Dick had said, he did not look so much like an Oriental, except for that obliqueness about the eyes, as he did like an Italian, with his swarthy skin and black hair. She wished he would turn around. She had forgotten whether his nose was flat.

"Dave!" she called, to be heard above the "brrr-tchugg-brrr" of the engine.

The broad and satisfactorily square

shoulders turned and stooped; he looked out of the little door.

"What is it, Miss Maxton?"

She observed how white his teeth were, and almost with conscious relief, she saw that his nose was not flat at all, but bony and with a bridge of its own.

"I just wanted to know if you cared much for books; if you liked to read?" She found herself making up promptly.

"Yes, I do, when I have time—some books." He seemed slightly embarrassed, she thought, probably because he did not know how very well. Then, merely to make him talk, she asked: "I suppose you've never read this?" And she held up "The Day's Work."

He hesitated. "Ye-yes. The last man I worked for had a copy, and I read a little of it sometimes."

"Really!" Dora was getting interested and wanted to ask some more questions, but some real or fancied difference in the working of the engine made him go forward out of hearing at that moment. And after all, she had no right to pry into his past. He certainly must have received quite a bit of an education, however, for his pronunciation was almost flawless, and fancy one finding a Mongolian or even a half one, who read Kipling! She smiled as she thought of one of her profs. who had never even *heard* of "The Brushwood Boy," and who had not seen anything esthetic in:

"Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Smokes of Council rise,
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose.
Now the girths and ropes are tested, now they pack their last supplies;
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign,
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!"

At the end of two hours or more, after Dave had stopped at several different Dago camps—for almost a half-hour at one, where Dave had to go out in the fields to find the man he wanted—the sun began to be a little more noticeable than was pleasant to Dora, and even Kipling failed to satisfy. Nor was the motion of the launch sufficient to lull her into a day-dream. Perhaps there would be a breeze at the bow. She tossed a couple of cushions up on top, and started along the narrow ledge outside and just below the small square cabin windows. With an alternate hand she grasped the railing on top and dragged the cushions after with the other. She could never exactly tell how it happened. Perhaps she let go one hand before the other had stopped dragging the cushion; perhaps her foot slipped—the launch may have given an unexpected lurch. Whatever it was, she suddenly found herself losing her balance, heard a shriek that must have been hers, and felt the sides of the launch scraping away from her clutching fingers; and then the water rushing up, clammy and lukewarm, buoying out, ridiculously, for a second her skirt; until it collapsed like a pin-pricked balloon, and the water was in her eyes and nose and ears. She shut her mouth quickly, thinking with a shudder of a dead horse she had seen recently floating in the river. Her ears were beginning to buzz, and she had tried in vain to open her eyes, all the time wondering where Dave and the launch had gone, when she felt something seizing her by the arm and then by the shoulder, and heard a muffled voice saying a long way off. "Don't hang on so tight. You're all right, only let go. Let go!" And then her face was in the sun, the good, warm sun, and Dave was pulling her up the sides of the launch, the nice, hard, solid sides, and her hair was streaming over her eyes in tickling wisps and she felt like a thousand lumps of lead.

When she had wrung herself as dry as she could, over the side, and gotten her wet hair out of her eyes, she looked for Dave. He had just gotten the spark to ignite and the engine going on its steady "Brr-tchugg-brr" once more, but at her call he came, still dripping, and stood in the doorway. Dora started to speak, looked at him again, and began to giggle

hysterically. For the man who stood there before her had queer, dirty brown streaks running down his face, and one eye-brow was grotesquely gone, or rather, of an almost invisible fairness, while the other was still black, and—but was the water still in her eyes? She rubbed out the last infinitessimal drop. Yes, his eyes no longer had that upward slant, but were perfectly level and curiously wrinkled at the corners.

At her now speechless stare, the man standing there, who had before been Dave, put up his hand to each side of his head, and then turned quickly and went inside. Dora, peering fearfully after him, saw that he was looking at himself in a small mirror that hung inside the cabin. This inspection finished, he turned toward the engine, and Dora felt her heart begin to pound furiously; but he only put down the power until the launch's speed was reduced to a crawl. Then he came back to the doorway, with a wry smile working around his mouth, and a weary look in his level brown eyes.

"It's all up now, of course. You know who I am, don't you?"

It dawned on her then, in unwilling certainty. "The man they're after?"

"Yes, that's right." He gave a bitter laugh. "And I guess they've got me now. I trusted too much to luck and my disguise."

"I don't understand about that yet?" Dora admitted, with an odd sensation that she ought to feel afraid, but couldn't. He looked so harmless and tired, it was impossible to imagine him killing anybody.

"Oh, that was easy—a little hair dye, warranted to withstand the wettest water—you see how it did—and some adhesive plaster to pull my eyes up—I used to rest 'em at night—and some walnut juice to give me this brown skin."

"Gracious! I don't see how you had the nerve. But tell me," the girl commanded, "what made you do it—kill him?" She shivered. "You don't look like a—a person who would do a thing like that without some awfully strong motive, you know."

"Thanks. Yes, I considered it plenty good enough at the time." He gave her a long look. "You've been pretty fair to me so far. It's only right that you should know about it—you'll hear enough lies later on. I'd like *you,* at least, to know the truth, and then you can do what you please about it." He stopped a moment to control his emotion, while Dora waited, a confusion of questions rising to her mind—but she resolved to wait until he had finished his story before asking them.

He wiped off a few of the streaks around his mouth, and went inside to shut down the engine entirely—they had been in a little-traveled slough ever since Dora had been rescued—and now were lying in among some willows. Her hair was still wet, in spite of the increasing heat of the sun, so she sat with it spread out behind her, with her eyes on his face—it was funny, but she simply couldn't associate the name Dave with him any more—as he leaned against the door-jamb and began:

"Perhaps I can make you understand in the shortest way by saying that it was all on account of a woman."

"Oh," Dora nodded, "one that you both loved?"

"Yes, but not, perhaps, in the way you mean. She was my sister—she kept house for us, because she wanted to be with me—and he—the——" But Dora had sprung up and checked the words that were rising to his lips by seizing both his hands and exclaiming: "Oh, I don't blame you in the least. You did perfectly right! And I *know* that if you come and tell father he will think so, too."

And she gave him a little pull, as though to lead him straight there, regardless of the water that lay between. He shook his head, and she withdrew her hands.

"No, I can't do that. If I could I'd have given myself up before this. But what show would I stand with no money, no friends, no influence against his, dead though he is? Besides, though she would probably deny it, I'm not going to drag my sister into it, and she would only hate me more than she does now, if that were possible." His voice was dull and bitter.

"Hate you! How can she?"

"She was in love with him. She still thinks he was going to marry her. But I know better. She will never forgive me." He looked at the expression on the girl's face. "You've never been seriously in love, I take it? Well, then, you prob-

ably won't understand. It puzzled me. Sometimes at night I lie awake and wonder whether I did the right thing or made a damned mess of it generally."

"Oh, no! How can you think that?" The manner of his speaking, in the midst of the things they were considering, passed as uncriticized on the girl's ear as a flash of lightning in a storm. "Where is your sister now?" she added, with a sudden change of thought.

"In San Francisco. I sent her down there before I shot him."

"And you've seen her since?"

"Yes. She came up and met me at a place below here, to take some things I had—and tell me how she hated me." He ended with the laugh of one who has buried his last consolation and finds amusement in dancing on its grave.

"Oh, don't feel so bad. She'll forgive you after a while. And now we must think about how you are to escape."

"Then you are not going to give me up?" He seemed almost sorry.

"Do you really think I would, even if I didn't think you had done right, after what's happened! Why, if you had not jumped in after me I'd be feeding the fishes by this time. Maybe you're sorry I'm not?" she teased. "Then I never would have discovered that your hair was not that horrid black, nor would you have ever been able to swear that I don't wear a 'Jane?' If you don't know what that is, never mind."

Then they both looked at each other, she with her disheveled hair and contorted clothes, and he with his brown-streaked face and eyebrows that did not match—and laughed until they very nearly wept at the ludicrous situation into which they had been shuffled by fate.

Finally Dora became serious. "Bring me that mirror, please." He did so, and held it for her while she did her hair, looking at her meanwhile in such a solemn way that she finally asked: "What *are* you thinking about?" At that he reddened under his walnut-juiced complexion, saying: "Oh, nothing. I was just wishing my sister was like you."

"She probably is. Haven't you ever heard that we're all 'Sisters under our skins?'"

He shrugged his shoulders, and almost fiercely commanded: "Well, don't you go and get dippy over any fool man!"

"Oh, I probably will some day," she asserted carelessly, then in a business-like tone: "What time is it?"

"Half past eleven," he told her, and she began to talk rapidly.

"Let's see; it will take about fifteen or twenty minutes to get home from here. But, of course, you can't come back looking the way you do." He admitted it. "And if I stay away too long, it will make it all the worse, and beside, it will be a good time to slip in unnoticed when they are all at dinner; so I think you had better take me as far as you can, safely—a little below number three, say?"

"But you can't walk all that way on the levee," he objected. "If I could only get a row boat?" He was silent a moment, considering a possible loop-hole. "By Jove, I know where there is one, I think."

"Where?" she demanded eagerly.

"At the Duck Club's boat house."

"And you can leave the launch there, and take out the plug so if any one should find her." "Gee! but you're a wonder!" He looked his admiration still more while she went on again rapidly: "Then you can go back after you've landed me, and wait there until it gets dark, and then row back and I'll be out to tell you how the land lays."

"I don't see why you're taking all this trouble for a fellow like me."

"Trouble! Why, it's nothing—a little lark," she replied gaily.

He didn't argue the point, but started up the engine, and they soon arrived at the boat house of the Duck Club, deserted at this closed season. The row boat they found bottom up on top of the house, but it did not take him long to get it in the river. "Wait till I see whether it leaks?" as she was about to step in. "Bad thing to leave it out in the sun like that. Guess it hasn't been there long enough, though."

The launch was then unplugged and left tied as far out of sight among the tules as possible, and they started homeward in the small boat. It was hot in the sun with no cover nor dashing of spray to deceive them into even imagining they were cool. Neither of them said very much on the way. He was busy rowing and she steered and planned plausible explana-

tions for whatever emergency met her on her arrival at home. At last as they were almost there she saw a favorable opening in the tules, and after she was ashore and had promised to be back at six, or as soon as it grew dark, she inquired whether there was anything he wanted her to bring besides the fresh disguise. He hesitated, and then asked: "May I have your 'Day's Work?'"

"Certainly!" and she gave it to him, and waved her hand as he began rowing back.

Dora had nearly reached the house without meeting any one, when she saw Dick coming along the levee. There was no way of escaping him, so, trying to look unconscious of her bedraggled appearance she went debonairly to meet him. When he saw her he became immediately excited. "Say!" he yelled, before he was in conversational distance. "Where's Dave?"

"I don't know. Why?" in as unconcerned a tone as she could muster.

"But haven't you been with him all morning?"

"Yes, but I fell overboard." Dick's state of mind may be correctly inferred when he passed by this unequaled opportunity for brotherly derision. "So he had to bring me home and go back." Dora felt guiltily truthful.

"But why do you want him?"

"Because they think—in fact, they're sure—he's *him!*" Dick paused a second to let this remarkable remark sink in, but to his chagrin, Dora seemed unimpressed. It was merely assumed, however—her heart was going with all six cylinders.

"*Whom* do they think he is?" she corrected with outward coldness, to be told joyfully:

"Why, the fellow who shot the man up on Ochre Slough. The one I told you about this morning. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes. But who are they and how do they know?"

"The men the sheriff sent down to track him. They had a clue that he had come this way, and when father told them about Dave, and how sort of mysterious he was —you said so yourself at breakfast, you know—they searched his room and found things that looked mighty suspicious—hair-dye and stuff—and so they're after him. Where was he going when he left you? Did he say?"

"Let's see!" Dora did some quick thinking just then. "I *think* he was going to run over to Number Seven"—that was a good place to start them looking, she decided—"and then he said he might run down to Camel's Eye"—that was a nice chance for them to get lost, she thought.

"That's great. I'll go and tell 'em right away." And he tore off.

Dora reached her room unobserved, and had changed her clothes, when her father knocked and asked permission to enter.

"Come in!" she called, giving herself a mental brace. She was not in the habit of lying to her father, but she felt that it was not a case of cherry-tree, but of breaking her word with one man to keep it with another, and she did not hesitate, when he said in his slow, deep voice: "Are you sure, daughter, that Dave said he was going to number seven first, and then to the Camel's Eye? Because I had given him no such orders."

"No, he said you might not like him to take the time, but there was something that he wanted to get, or some one he wanted to see, or something I've forgotten exactly what——"

"Well, I'll give them the directions, then," and he was going, but turned to ask: "I hope you didn't catch cold. Dick said you fell overboard."

"No. Dave got me right out, and the sun was so hot. Father," she began impulsively, "I wish you wouldn't send them after Dave. I'm sure he wouldn't murder a man in cold blood like they say that man did."

"The law must find that out. It won't do to let a man like that escape. By the way, it was nearly noon when he brought you back. He won't return until late this afternoon if he goes to the Camel's Eye. Can't think what he wanted down there." And he went out, shaking his head, leaving Dora with a mental image of "The Law" as a clammy devil fish, drawing into its impartial, many-tentacled grasp all offenders and devouring them with inexorable ease.

She went down stairs presently to get a view of the men who were there to find the victim, still thinking of her image,

and found them harmless enough appearing and extremely polite. One even offered to take Dick's and her picture, and she let him, since it would delay them a little longer; and she wanted them still away at six, although now it looked certain that they would be back before then. It was quite two, however, when they left with many directions as to the best route to the Camel's Eye, which was a famously easy place to get lost in. Dora's one moment of suspense had been when one of the posse—the one who had taken her picture, too, "the ungrateful wretch," said with an unbearable air of being extremely acute:

"Perhaps the fellow had gotten wind of us coming and just pretended to be goin' there, Miss?"

"Why, how could he? Oh, no! I'm positive he really was. He even mentioned what he was going for, and it seemed perfectly plausible at the time to me." There was nothing stingy about Dora when she did things. "No! I can't remember what it was. I'm sorry. Goodbye!—and bad luck to you!" she added to herself.

As soon as they were safely out of reach and her father and Dick, who had begged to be taken along, and was only appeased by permission to be "in at the killing," as he coarsely expressed it, had gone out to the new pump, Dora went out the back door and crossed cautiously over to what had been Dave's room. It was adjoining the tank house, for part of his duty was to make the acetylene gas for the ranch. She pushed open the door and looked around. It reminded her irrelevantly enough of a room she had seen ransacked and left by burglars on the stage. The iron bed was bare to the springs, the mattress and blankets lying crumpled in a corner; the drawers of the wash-stand had been forced, and were pulled out; their contents sprinkled on the floor, and the one chair, the only other piece of furniture in the room.

They were certainly the most interesting things there, especially now that she understood their significance. Two large bottles, one labeled "Hair Dye," with directions, etc., and the other unlabeled, but which, from its dark-brown color she knew to be the walnut juice; a roll of very thin flesh-colored plaster and a wig of curly black hair. These were the incriminating evidence, it appeared. There were, besides, the usual necessities, a razor, shaving mug and a couple of shirts. He had not burdened himself with luxuries. "But then a man has so many pockets; he can carry nearly a trunkful in them," she thought.

It was useless to take the things to him now. Nothing to do for over three hours —how long that seemed to wait for action. And unless those horrible men got lost in the windings of the Camel's Eye Slough they would surely be back before six, and complicate her meeting with him. She was thinking this on the way up to her room, when, as she passed the telephone in the hall—they were one of the few who had one—she had an inspiration, or she always called it "a hunch." There was nobody in the house but Fat Gee, way down stairs somewhere, and what did he know about telephones; he couldn't have telephoned from a boat or any other animal, she remembered rather foolishly, and laughed.

It would be alarmingly easy; and she settled herself in a chair by the window, wishing now for nothing so much as that they would return quickly—the earlier the better. But the four-fifteen train rumbled by half a mile down the river, and twenty minutes later she saw old Peters with the mail bags rowing back, and she ran down to get her letters and the usual assortment of gay postals, gayer than ever, which she hardly looked at, but tossed impatiently aside, and at a quarter to five Fat Gee hollered up in his oily Oriental voice: "Oh, Miss Ladee! How many you think come suppa?" and she called back crossly, "I don't know; maybe six; maybe only three. You set six places anyway." "All light. Say," he added with the familiarity of long service, "what Davie do? He bad man? He shoot boss? He get head-chop?"

"No! *We* don't do that to people in this country, you heathen Chinee! We make sure first they bad, and if so, we put in prison or—hang. You understand?"

"Hang? Yes, I unstlan'. Head-chop I think all same betta." And with this faithful adherence to the custom of his

native land, Fat Gee went back to his range.

At twenty minutes after five, Dora heard her father and Dick come in, and was on the point of going down, when a last look from the window showed her the launch of the posse returning. There was no time to be wasted now, if her new plan was to succeed. She slipped what she had taken from her jewelry box—seventeen dollars, her canoe savings of four months, she thought ruefully—into the front of her blouse and rushed out to the front porch, where Dick and Mr. Maxton were talking to the men. "Nearly got lost," one was saying. "I'd hate to be in it after dark," and stopped as Dora, apparently greatly excited, began: "I've heard from him! He telephoned——" She paused, and they eagerly demanded: "From where? How long ago?" "About half an hour ago. The launch had broken down on his way to Camel's Eye, and he'd walked two miles to telephone. There wasn't any one to send out to tell you, father, and then I knew we'd have to wait until you came back with a launch," turning to the three men. "Yes. Now, exactly where did he say he was, Miss Maxton?" asked he, the one who had taken her picture and who seemed to be the leader.

"You know the cut-off they call 'The Needle?' Well, about one mile down it toward the railroad track."

"The idiot to try to get through there!" was Dick's comment on the situation. "Now, you'll *have* to let me go with them, father, because they'll never in the world find it." "Yes, you can go, but don't forget you're not running this affair, son?"

This last warning was lost in Dick's wild whoop of joy.

"Are you sure, Miss Maxton," the man who had taken her picture asked, rather suspiciously, or so it seemed to Dora; "he has not suspected anything so far?"

"Perfectly sure!"

"Well, then, I guess we'd better be starting."

"Come in and have supper first, won't you?" Dora waited anxiously in a far from hospitable spirit for the answer.

"No, thanks, Maxton. It's getting dark and I want to finish this to-night if possible. We have some canned stuff and a few bottles aboard, if the worst comes to the worst. Good-bye; we'll see that your son doesn't fall overboard in his excitement." "Oh, I'll leave that for sis to do," Dick got in his retort at last. "And thank *you,* Miss Maxton, for the clever assistance you've given us. Whenever you get tired of going to school down there in Berkeley, just let me know, and I'll give you a job as a special detective."

"Thank you. I'll remember." And she waved them a welcome good-bye.

"Supper's all ready, father. Will you excuse me? I have a headache, and don't care for any to-night."

"Ducking too much for you, little girl?" And he patted her cheek clumsily.

"Perhaps that's it," she admitted.

She heard him close the dining room door; then seizing a golf cape hanging in the hall, she ran softly down the steps, across the lawn and up on the levee. She soon reached the place and found him just arriving.

"Oh, you'll have to simply fly!" And she told him what had happened and the latest developments. He listened whitely until she had finished, then muttered: "God! But you've done a lot for me to-day, little girl. Do you realize that? If I ever get a chance——" He dashed his hand across his eyes. "But what's the use of my saying that. What can *I* ever do for you?"

"You can take this and get away from here as quickly as ever you can. Go down to your sister in San Francisco, and tell her I said she *must* forgive you—see?" She spoke flippantly to cover what threatened to become an embarrassing situation, and offered him the money knotted in her handkerchief.

"I can't take that." He pushed away her outstretched hand.

"Please. As your wages from father, if you won't from me," she urged. "It'll come in handy. Do not be foolish, or I won't like you."

"We-ell." When he had it and there was nothing more to be done, he still did not go, but finally turned to her and said:

"You've given me so much to-day, would you mind giving me one last thing? It——" He stopped, for she, divining his wish, had come closer, and as he put his arms around her, she kissed him frankly on the mouth. She felt him take a big

breath, and then, without a word, released her and entered the row-boat, which, with several vigorous strokes, he sent out into the open river beyond her view. For some moments she stood there, listening, until the last sound of the oars was lost.

The next morning Dora was down before Dick, whom she mimicked gaily as he came in: "What! not up for all day!"

"That's all right!. You weren't up till two G. M. chasing round in a freezing old tub on a plaguey old goose chase."

"You won't be so keen about being allowed to go next time, then, brother dear," Dora said sweetly. "So you couldn't find him?"

"No! He never was there at all. He fooled *you* beautifully. Why, some one just brought the launch in. Found it up here a little ways at the club's boat house." And he sulkily took up the morning paper.

Dora went on eating her breakfast in silence, thinking how things always seemed to come together in bunches, when Dick gave a little interested grunt, and then explained:

"Fellow run over last night down at the draw-bridge. Tried to board in the dark and steal a ride, I guess."

"Did they know who it was?" Dora good-naturedly asked, without much interest.

"No. There was nothing in his pockets but a little money and a book."

"A book? Does it say what book it was?"

"I think so. Let's see." He had lost the place for a second. "Yes, it was 'The Day's Work.' Funny book for a fellow like that—he must have been a hobo—to be carrying. It's one of Kipling's, isn't it?"

He looked across at Dora when she did not answer immediately. "Gee! you must be nervous. You're spilling that sugar all over."

WAIT

Bright maple-buds, tossing against the blue sky
Like coral-reefs deep in blue sea,
Uncover your breasts where the baby-leaves lie—
They are waking and long to be free.
"The master-touch lingers, but never comes late;
We are ready to open, but willing to wait."

O! azure-winged bird, floating high in the air,
And dropping down sparkles of song,
Come stay with us, build on the maple-bough there.
For the long, silent winter is gone.
"I am coming already, I've chosen my mate,
But the time is not yet—so we wait, so we wait."

Sad hearts, growing weary with hope long deferred,
Waiting still for your highest and best,
Do you yearn for your spring like the bud and the bird,
For fruition and rapture and rest?
"We have learned from the patience of nature to wait;
The master-touch lingers, but never comes late."



BASE OF TREE, SHOWING HOW THE BARK IS LOOSENED BY THE BEETLE.

INSECT ENEMIES OF THE MONTEREY PINES

BY R. W. DOANE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. G. DUDLEY.

ALTHOUGH restricted in its natural range to the small peninsula that forms the outer boundary of Monterey Bay, and, sparingly, to two or three nearby localities, the Monterey Pine has come to be one of the most widely known and widely cultivated of all our pines. Its natural beauty and symmetry, its bright green foliage and rapidity of growth, make it a favorite tree for planting in parks and private grounds, not only in this country, but in Europe as well. In California, especially, it is most common in the parks, streets and driveways.

In its native forest the trees often grow so dense that it is almost impossible to make one's way through them. Here the trees are tall, straight, slender and top-heavy, and are not the thing of beauty that they are when found growing in the more open places, where the sunlight can reach them on all sides, and from top to bottom. In such open places we find them taking on their perfect symmetry in young and middle life, but growing more rugged and ragged as they reach old age.

Unlike the cypress which shares with the pine its small peninsula, and unlike the redwoods of the other coast mountains and the higher Sierras, the Monterey Pine is short-lived, seventy-five to a hundred years being the average life span, although here and there we find a patriarch estimated to be 125 or 150 years of age. Usually as the tree nears the three-quarter century mark, its efforts to produce cones are redoubled, a sure sign that it is nearing its end.

Thus it is that throughout the virgin forest we find many a noble tree dead or dying from senile decay. Seldom do we see a tree where death can be ascribed to other causes, except in case of fire or other accident.

With the cultivated tree and within the forest where man has upset the delicately poised balance of nature, and at times in the edge of the forest, we often find conditions sadly different, for hundreds of the trees, both young and old, are dying every year, usually without the cause being ascertained by the owner or gardener. They "just die," and are cut down and burned, or if in the forest, they may be left, always a source of danger to nearby trees. The studies of the last few years have shown that this great mortality may be attributed almost wholly to the work of several insects that seem to work together for the undoing of the tree, which gives them a home and sustenance.

Few, if any, trees have more insect enemies than the Monterey Pine. From the minute, almost microscopic little midge that stings the tender leaves of the topmost branches to the large, clumsy beetle that bores the very heart-wood of the dying tree, the series is complete—scales, aphis, moths and beetles large and small, attacking every part—leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and root; almost all orders of insects being represented, usually many of them on the same tree at the same time.

The Destructive Diplosis.

About ten years ago, the needles on many of the pines on the campus at Stanford University were shortened and swollen in a striking manner. Investigation

showed this to be due to the presence at the base of the leaves of minute, footless, whitish or pinkish grubs, the larvae of a very small fly or midge (*Diplosis piniradiata Snow.*) Since that time this pest has been more or less abundant every year, until now but few of the pines are free from its attacks.

The adult fly, which is very minute—only two or three milimeters in length—lays her eggs at the base of the leaves and the protecting scales. These soon hatch, and the presence of the little grubs retards the growth of the needles, making them short and stumpy and much swollen at the base. Sometimes all the leaves on the trees are so seriously affected as to destroy the whole beauty of the tree, the short, stubby spikes taking the place of the long, slender, symmetrical needles. A tree thus so nearly deprived of its foliage is, of course, very much weakened, and is attacked by other insects that hasten its death unless conditions are particularly favorable.

The work of this little midge may now be seen on most of the trees in the vicinity of Stanford University, Menlo Park and other parts of the Santa Clara Valley. In the forest at Monterey and Carmel it also occurs in considerable numbers. The trees in Golden Gate Park are attacked by what appears to be the same species of fly, but curiously enough they do not seem to cause the malformation of the leaves.

Were it not for the work of the natural enemies of these insects, all our Monterey pines would doubtless have succumbed long ago to its attacks. But, fortunately, a number of parasites and other efficient agents are at work on the eggs, larva and adult fly. Some years they are especially active, and give the strongest of the trees a chance to recover after a particularly bad attack of the midge.

The Dendroctonus.

Doubtless many of the trees that have been attacked by the midge would recover were it not for the work of different species of beetles that quickly attack a tree that is weakened from any cause. The most destructive of these beetles belong to the genus *Dendroctonus,* the most common one on the Monterey Pine being *Dendroctonus valens.* These turpentine beetles, as they are often called, can hardly gain an entrance into a tree that is perfectly normal on account of the great amount of pitch that the tree pours into the wound as soon as the beetle commences its work. The insect is either compelled to abandon its attack, or, as more often happens, is drowned in the pitch. But if the tree is weakened in any way, it cannot protect itself as well, and the beetles bore their way through the bark to the cambium layer. Here they feed upon the sapwood, excavating irregular chambers. A male and female usually enter at the same hole. The female soon begins laying her eggs, 150 or 200 being scattered in various



TURPENTINE BEETLE PINE PITCH-MOTH. ENGRAVER BEETLE.

parts of the burrow. These soon hatch into small whitish grubs, which continue the excavations already begun by the adults, working around the tree always in the cambium layer. If there happens to be two or three or more broods in the trees, they may work entirely around the trunk, completely girdling the tree, and of course killing it.

In badly infested trees, 15 or 20 pairs of beetles are sometimes found at work, and in some of the large trees that have been killed by the insects literally thousands of the larvae may be seen if the loosened bark is removed. The beetles always work near the base of the tree or on the larger roots. Their presence is indicated by a more or less abundant exudation of pitch, usually mixed with whitish or brownish coatings.

The insect may be found in all its stages at almost all times of the year, but the adults are particularly abundant in the late fall or early spring.

At times the trees are attacked by another species of *Dendroctonus,* which is much smaller and darker colored than the first. It works in the same way as the other, the two species often being found working together in the same tree.

The Engraver Beetle.

Another beetle that seems always ready and waiting to attack a weakened tree is the little engraver beetle (*Tomicus plastographus*). These work higher up on the tree, and may be found on almost any part of the trunk or larger branches of a dying tree. The beetles bore through the bark to the cambium layer, as do the *Dendroctonus,* but instead of working in irregular channels around the tree, they make more or less perpendicular channels just wide enough for the beetle to pass up and down. The eggs are laid in little niches in the sides of the channel. As the larvae hatch, they start to make their mines at right angles to the main channel, the burrows being made larger and more divergent as the larvae grow. As they usually work close together, whole sections of the bark are soon loosened from the tree



A GROUP OF TREES KILLED BY THEIR INSECT ENEMIES.

as the cambium layer is destroyed. The more or less regular clean-cut channels made by this beetle and its larvae have won for it the name "engraver beetle."

The bark of the badly infested trees is often full of the little round holes where these beetles have entered, or where the adults of the next generation have bored their way out after they have completed their transformations underneath the bark.

The Pine-Twig Beetle.

Very often on a tree otherwise apparently healthy, some of the smaller twigs will be seen to be dying. If these are examined carefully a minute, elongated, blackish beetle (*Pitpophthorus sp.*) will usually be found working in the twig close to the bark or the small larvae may be found boring in the wood. While these seldom injure the tree seriously, they sometimes disfigure the smaller trees by destroying some of the limbs.

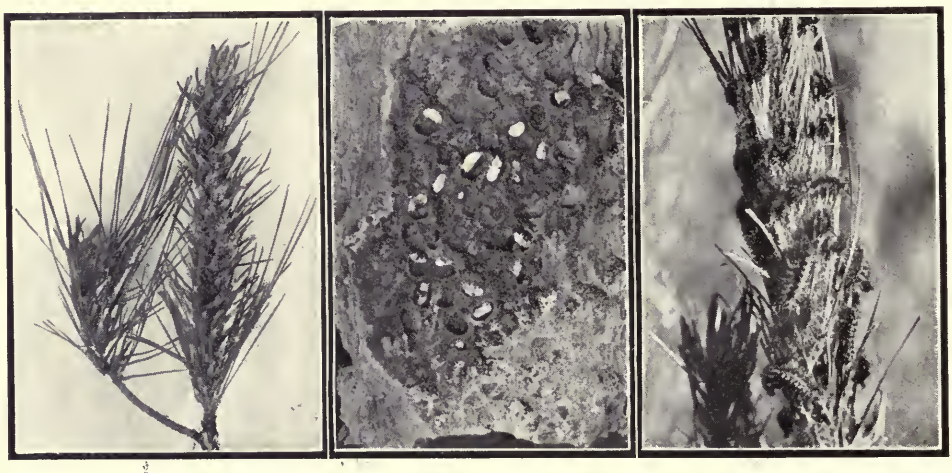
The Pine-Tree Caterpillar.

Almost every year in the forest at Monterey there may be seen on some of the younger pines numbers of grayish or blackish caterpillars, armed with tufts of black or yellow hairs. During the fall and early winter, while they are still small, all the larvae from a single batch of eggs, often several hundred, feed together, spinning weak, irregular webs around the colony. Toward the middle of winter they begin to scatter over the tree or to near-by trees.

Some years they are very abundant, and often do considerable damage, particularly to young trees, where many of the limbs and sometimes the whole tree may be defoliated. Usually, however, they are kept pretty well in check by a parasitic Tachina-fly (*Marquartia pristis Walk.*)

The Pine Pitch-Moth.

The Pine Pitch-moth, so called because the larvae live in a mass of pitch on the side of the tree, sometimes considerably weakens the tree if they occur in any numbers. The adult is a beautiful black-ish moth with yellow bands on the body. The wings, except for a narrow border of black scales, are entirely clear. The moth lays her eggs on the bark of the tree, often where the tree has already been wounded. The larvae, which hatch in a short time, bore through the bark into the cambium layer, where they revel in the pitch that oozes from the wound. In the early spring the pupae may often be seen protruding from the pitch for half their length in order that the moth may escape without coming in contact with the pitch.



Needles shortened by Diplosis. Larva and pupa of Dendoctonus in the inner side of the bark. Pine tree caterpillars.

The Pitch Diplosis.

Another interesting pitch-inhabiting form is the larvae of an undetermined

species of fly (*Diplosis sp.*) If the masses of pitch that are found oozing from the tree or larger limbs are examined, a number of rather slender yellowish maggots may be found living in the midst of the pitch. As they keep a considerable amount of pitch constantly flowing from the tree, they thus add their mite toward the undoing of the tree.

Other Insects.

To this list we must add several other species of caterpillars and saw-flies that feed on the leaves; three species of scale insects and two species of aphis and several other bugs that suck the sap from the leaves and smaller twigs; more than a score of beetles that bore into the dead or dying wood, hastening decay not only by their own work, but making a way for the destroying fungi to enter; several species of birds, mice, squirrels, etc., that feed on the seed, and the fungus diseases and mistletoe that attack and destroy or distort the young growth.

Conditions in the Forest.

It may well be asked, "Why, with all these enemies has not the Monterey Pine been exterminated long ago?" Let us look for a moment at the struggle that is constantly going on in the forest. Of the millions of seeds that are scattered to the ground each season, comparatively few are left to germinate. Those that germinate and start their growth where the forest is dense or where underbrush abounds are soon choked out. Those that fall in more favorable open places may, in favorable years, send up thousands of tiny trees where there is room for only one to reach maturity. Immediately the brief, fierce life and death struggle begins, the weak being crowded out, the strongest only remaining until we have in the forest today as mature trees only the strongest and best fitted.

Under natural and normal conditions, every insect has certain parasitic and predacious enemies that hold it in check. Some years these enemies may become so numerous that they almost exterminate the host, but the next season, finding little to feed upon, they will not be able to hold their vantage, and the host will have a chance to regain some of its lost ground. Year after year, as this struggle goes on, something near a balance is reached, and neither host or parasite increases unduly until some unusual conditions occur.

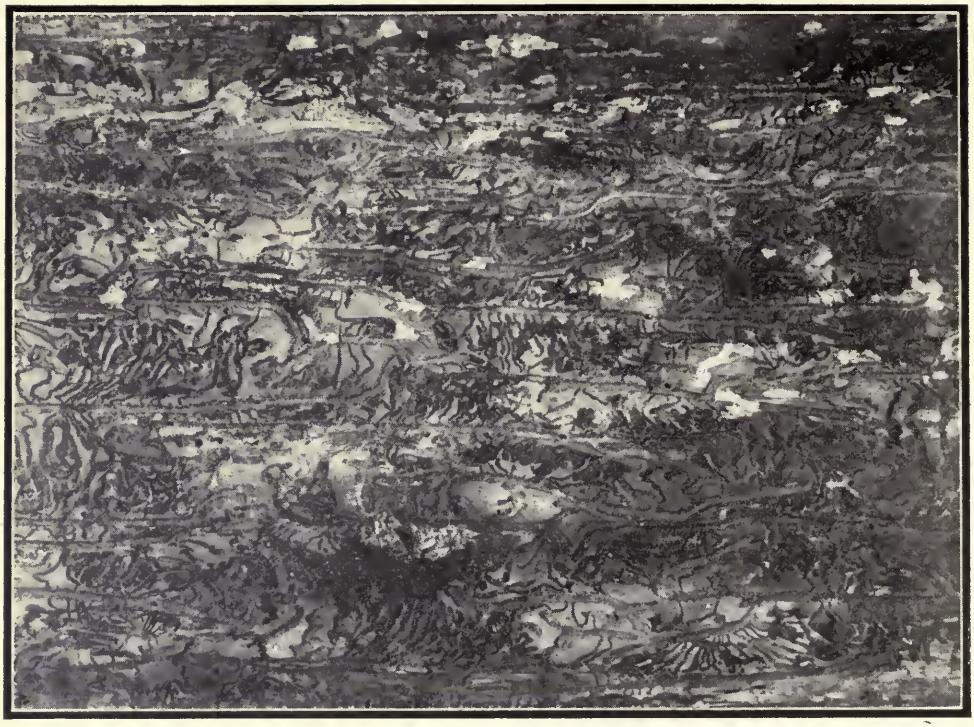
Artificial Conditions.

When we plant the trees in our parks or along our drives, each tree is given every possible opportunity to do its best. There is no struggle in which the weak are early eliminated so they remain an easy prey to the attacks of their enemies.

As soon as we enter the forest and begin work, we upset the balance that nature maintains there, and all sorts of untoward conditions may ensue. A fire may pass through a section, killing or weakening many of the trees, thus giving the enemies a chance to flourish unduly. Or some of the trees may be cut for lumber or wood, or the underbrush may be cleared away, and again conditions are changed, usually to the advantage of the insect enemies. Or we may take the young trees for planting, often taking with them their insect enemies, but not the parasite. Under such conditions, the pest may flourish until it has killed all the trees unless the parasite, too, finds its way to the new location or some artificial means are resorted to to check it. This, then, is why we find the Monterey Pine so afflicted with insect pests. We have taken it from its natural surroundings and placed it under conditions more or less favorable for its development and usually very favorable for the development of the pests.

What Can Be Done?

We can do little in the way of combating many of these pests, so must rely wholly on the parasites and other enemies for keeping them in check. Others, however, can be fought successfully by very simple means. The *Dendroctonus,* probably directly responsible for the death of more trees than any other one cause, may easily be held in check, if not entirely exterminated, in any locality. All the trees should be examined occasionally, and whenever masses of pitch are found mixed with whitish or brownish castings, the bark should be carefully removed and a search made for the beetles or larvae. Remove all the bark that is loosened from



CHANNELS AND MINES OF THE ENGRAVER BEETLE IN THE INNER SIDE OF THE BARK

the cambium layer in order that none of the insects may be left to continue the work. After the operation is finished, it is well to paint the wound with tar in order that other beetles may not be attracted by the odor of the fresh-cut wood.

The Engraver Beetle works principally on weak, dying or dead trees. If care is taken to cut and burn all trees as soon as they are dead, the breeding places of this and other beetles will be so restricted that they will not occur in such destructive numbers. Particular care should be taken to attend to this in the forest and in localities where there are several trees close together.

The leaf-feeding caterpillars can often be easily gathered and destroyed or the whole colony may be burned by a torch while they are still massed together.

A PLEA FOR CHEERFULNESS

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS

Be not cast down; take counsel of the birds,
The trees, the flowers and every teeming thing
From myst'ry sprung; O hear the wondrous words
Come trilling from the throats of these that sing:
Check not embr'onic hope with surly frown—
Lost lies the rose's perfume till unfurled;
Remember though the night sinks darkly down,
"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

THE NEW YORK TO PARIS RACE

AROUND THE WORLD

San Francisco and the bay cities are such ideal places for the use of the modern means of transportation that the automobile has come to be the most common mode of forwarding the human being from point to point. When San Francisco shall have at last perfected its splendid system of streets, when it shall have constructed new pavements everywhere, and the heavy traffic is restricted to Mission and other streets that are paved with Belgian blocks, when all heavy traffic is finally driven from Golden Gate avenue, as it should be if the law were observed, we will have an even and beautiful thoroughfare from the Ferry practically to the beach on which the disfiguring dray will not be seen, except as to delivery within the block next adjoining a Belgian block-paved thoroughfare. Chicago eliminates all heavy driving and hauling from her boulevards, and from such streets as are paved with bitumen. All civilized communities except San Francisco have had such laws for some time past. The fact that San Francisco is now one of the greatest automobile cities in the world is the reason why we will eventually have here the splendid thoroughfares that at present exist only on paper. The Camino Real is a State proposition, and it will be completed by private subscription and State help within the next few years. The continued and energetic action for good streets and roads is what has given to San Francisco and to California such prestige with the European and Eastern auto enthusiasts and the additional attraction of an unsurpassed climate, has brought to us many events in automobiling that have advertised California as nothing else ever has. San Francisco has been honored by being made the American end, except Alaska, of the New York to Paris race.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE SMALL map accompanying this article shows the route originally accepted as the official course for the New York to Paris race. Several modifications have occurred since this was decided upon, and many automobile experts believe that the Siberian route is an impossibility at this time of the year, or, for that matter, at any time of the year. These experts contend that the gasoline will freeze in the tanks and that there are no means to prevent this. They claim that if the weather is not so frigid as to freeze the gasoline, and this is likely to be the case at this season, the rivers will be in such a thawed and semi-frozen, mushy condition as to be out of the question for use by the contestants. It was the intention to follow



these rivers over the free field of ice or snow. An Eastern writer calls attention to this difficulty in the following words:

"The scheme contemplates crossing Bering Strait on the ice. Persons who are



THE START, PEKING TO PARIS.

PRINCE BORGHESE'S "ITALIA" CAR, WITH PRINCESS BORGHESE.

ONE OF THE FRENCH CARS. THE CHINESE CHARACTERS WERE PUT ON BY THE AUTHORITIES AS A PASSPORT. THEY ARE "PEKING TO PARIS."

familiar with Bering Strait say that the passage is never frozen over from side to side; that there is always clear water at some point between the shores, through which the tide rushes at high velocity. And when there is firm ice over a part of the distance, it is rarely smooth. It rises in great ridges that an automobile could not possibly get over without the aid of a derrick.

"There are practically no roads in the eastern part of Siberia. When the Siberian soil isn't frozen, it is as soft as muck."

Oil and gasoline will be supplied by the Nobel Company, which is the company that furnished supplies for the Peking-to-Paris race.

It is the district between East Cape (on Bering Sea opposite Cape Prince of Wales) and Irkutsk that is the most troublesome. It is absolutely barren of fuel or lubricating supplies. From Irkutsk, trains will be sent out. They will proceed north to Yakutsk and thence farther north along the line of the Lena River to Boulong, sending supplies by dog-train. The total time from Irkutsk for supplies to reach the farthest northern point will be about fifty-six or fifty-seven days.

The start was made from New York on February 15th. Ten cars had been entered up to January 22d, six of them being foreign made—three French, two Italian, and one German. The three French cars and one Italian left Paris on January 28th, and were to embark at Havre on Saturday, February 1st. Of the four men in command of the various cars, a despatch from Paris to the New York Times says that St. Chaffray is the proposer of the race, and has been its or-

ganizer in Paris, Godard was a competitor in the Peking-to-Paris race, driving a car which finished two weeks behind the victorious Itala, Scafoglio is an Italian journalist, while Pons was also a competitor in the Peking-to-Paris race, but failed to finish. Another article in The Times says in detail of the arrangements as to supply stations along the route:

"Sixty-seven stations have been marked out along the line. These stations are the more populous cities and towns which afford the best telegraphic facilities. There are eleven between New York and Chicago. West of Chicago they are at intervals especially short where the country is bad."

From the full list of these stations the following are selected, with the distances from New York appended:

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 74 miles; Albany, N. Y., 148; Utica, N. Y., 248; Syracuse, N. Y., 299; Rochester, N. Y., 390; Buffalo, N. Y., 471; Cleveland, Ohio, 667; Toledo, Ohio, 785; South Bend, Ind., 949: Chicago, Ill., 1043; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1262; Omaha, Neb., 1536; Grand Island, Neb., 1690; North Platt, Neb., 1827; Cheyenne, Wyo., 2032; Ogden, Utah, 2536: Tacoma, Nev., 2649; Carson City, Nev., 3,110; Rhodes, Nev., 3254; Goldfield, Nev., 3345; Silver Lake, Cal., 3590; Santa Barbara, Cal., 3925; San Luis Obispo, Cal., 4037; San Jose, Cal., 4239; San Francisco, Cal., 4290.

From San Francisco the cars will be transported by steamer to Valdez in Alaska, whence they will proceed to Nome and thence go down the Yukon river. The Times quotes John Riordan, who has been thirteen years in Alaska, as saying "he would be willing to sacrifice his



AUTOMOBILES MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE NEVADA MALAPAI.



THROUGH GERMANY AND A VISIT TO HISTORIC HEIDELBERG.

liberty if he could not cross Alaska on the route outlined with a car in less than a month's time." Riordan has been in every part of Alaska except along the Arctic coast. He is declared to have "no hesitancy in declaring that the Alaskan trip is difficult, but is absolutely certain it can be made readily enough." As to the Siberian country, he said:

"The Siberian country is unknown, but I think it will be easier than Alaska. I am going because I believe we can win with a good car, for I'll back an American to win over a foreigner at any time when ingenuity, endurance and determination are at stake."

The difficulties that have to be faced by the hardy chauffeurs is such that by many who have traveled in Siberia they are being deemed insurmountable. The probability is, that the old Paris-Peking route will be adopted by many of the contestants in preference to the route originally selected. The real race, it is said, will not begin until the good roads of Germany are reached, and then the worn and tired machines will be put to the final burst of speed necessary to land the winner in Paris ahead of all other contestants.

As the Overland goes to press, the American car is an easy winner of the race as far as the American continent is concerned. The wonderful race that the cars are making across the continent on their way from New York to Paris, in a contest that is thoroughly original, has opened the eyes of the skeptical to the great power and endurance of the modern automobile. Up to the present time, the Thomas, the great American car, is leading, which is doubly meritorious, from the fact that they are the pathfinders, as it were, cutting the trail for the others, who are following. There is no question but that when the cars enter the State of California the clubs and enthusiasts in general will turn out in force to welcome these drivers that have displayed such grit to the land of sunshine and flowers, which will be in marked contrast to the snow, sleet and slush through which they have

hitherto traveled. San Francisco will be the end of the journey through the United States, as it were, for from this port the cars will be shipped to Alaska, which is still under the stars and stripes, thence through Siberia, into Europe. The starters and their cars are as follows: De Dion, French, thirty horse-power, four-cylinder, shaft drive, weight six thousand six hundred pounds, tank capacity one hundred and sixty gallons of gasoline, seven tanks and three seats, driven by St. Chaffray, assisted by Austran and Captain Hansen. The Moto-Bloc, French, 24-30 horse-power, four-cylinder, chain drive, weight 6,325, seventy-two gallons in four reservoirs, driven by Charles Godard, assisted by Arthur Hue and Maurice Livier. The Sixaire-Naudin, French, 15 horse-power, one cylinder, shaft drive, weight 3,300 pounds, 34 gallons in three reservoirs. The Zust, Italian, 28-40 horse-power, four cylinder, weight 3,520 pounds, 110 gallons in three tanks, chain drive. Prostos, German, forty horse-power, four cylinder, shaft drive, tank capacity 178 gallons, six thousand pounds, six tanks. The Thomas, American, sixty horse-power, four cylinder, weight 3,600 pounds, three gasoline tanks, of 125 gallons, driven by Montague Roberts, assisted by Mr. Harold Brinker.

Charles Lorrimer, who is well beloved of all Overland readers, has given us a description of the start in the Paris-Peking race, and has furnished pictures, placed before the Overland readers in this number of the magazine.



ON A SIBERIAN MOUNTAIN ROAD.



AN ALPINE PASS THROUGH WHICH THE GOOD ROADS LEAD INTO FRANCE.

THE PEKING TO PARIS MOTOR RACE

THE START.

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

June 11, 1907.

On several previous occasions, daring spirits have traveled overland from Peking to Paris. Some crossed Siberia by tarentass, others on horseback, bringing wonderful accounts of their journey home—accounts which Jules Verne is said to have used for the descriptions in "Michael Strogoff."

Now the scientific adventurers of the twentieth century have started to cover the thousands of roadless miles in motor cars. This fantastic idea—which all the world laughed at when the Paris journal "Matin" first suggested it—has actually materialized. Five cars left Peking June 10th, to compete for the "Matin's" prize of one hundred thousand francs, and incidentally to earn fame and glory.

NATURALLY this most modern and latest attempt to travel between Peking and Paris has aroused world-wide interest. Competitors for the race began to arrive here early in June in considerable numbers, but when they became aware that the cost of the journey would be far more than they originally expected—fifteen hundred dollars alone was to be spent on hiring coolies to carry the cars over a nine-day stretch of impassable mountain track—several of them scratched—including the owner of a fine Italian "Fiat" car, much to the popular disgust and disappointment. There were the usual disagreements between the competitors who, owing to petty jealousies and misunderstandings, started not on speaking terms with one another.

The start was arranged to take place in the barracks of the French Guard in the fortified legation area at eight o'clock in the morning, but even long before this early hour a crowd had collected. It was a gala scene, flags everywhere, two bands—one a French military band specially ordered up from Tientsin, the other Sir Robert Hart's private band of Chinese musicians—and buglers playing gay fanfares. Comparatively few Chinese spec-

tators were present—perhaps because they are never encouraged to gather in crowds in the walled legation quarters—and, strange to say, not one official had sufficient curiosity to put in an appearance, though the various ministers of the boards and the Central Government were invited. Indeed, the only official notice taken of the whole affair was a frantic despatch sent in from the Foreign Office at the last moment begging Prince Borghese, the owner of the Italian car, not to proceed on his perilous journey, as the Chinese authorities could not take the responsibility for a *Wong-ye* or Prince. What if he should have his tires punctured by brigands or his head by Hunghutzes? In the present depleted condition of the country's finances, China positively could not afford to pay an indemnity for anything more expensive than a newspaper correspondent. To this imploring despatch, an immediate answer was sent, saying that the Prince would assume all his own responsibilities.

The few drops of rain which began to fall at 7:30 did not damp the enthusiasm of the spectators who gathered about the cars, eagerly watching the last preparations. The Dutch "Spyker," a very business-like looking motor, had a huge canvas awning over the tonneau, giving it the appearance of a half-inflated balloon. The motor tricycle, on the contrary, affected breadth rather than height. A tent, spare tires, tools and other impedimenta were hung on all around it like toys on a Christmas tree. The two big "Dion Boutons" each carried, in addition to the driver and a mechanic, a newspaper correspondent, one for the "Matin," the other for the "Secolo" of Milan. But by far the most attention was attracted by the "Itala" car. Prince Borghese, with his wife in a charming motor costume of khaki and leather beside him, were the admired center of a group laughing and offering congratulations and good wishes. Among the crowds of soldiers of the legation guards, bets were being freely made, and the Italian car was everybody's fancy.

Promptly at eight o'clock a pistol was



THE NARROW STREETS OF AUSTRIAN TO NS.



WHERE THE AUTOMOBILISTS WERE ENTERTAINED PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE ON THE PARIS-PEKING RACE.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS, WHERE THE AUTOS WILL CONGREGATE JUST BEFORE THE FINISH OF THE RACE.



THE AUTOS WILL SEE THE LAST OF THE TOTEMS ON THE AMERICAN SIDE OF BERING SEA.

fired, and the motors went slowly out in single file through the big gate, amid deafening cheers and all the enthusiasm that can be expressed in ten languages. The French military band preceded them through the city as far as the big gate in the Tartar wall. In spite of this guide, however, the motor tricycle, last of the line, contrived to get lost and travel as far as the Summer Palace—about eight miles in the wrong direction. There it was arrested as an uncanny monster. For a few hours the most acute diplomatic crisis threatened, till, finally, matters were explained and arranged, and the car ignominiously put on board the train next day to pick up its companions at Nankow, the first station of the projected line to Kalgan.

At Nankow, the motorists crossed the famous pass under the Great Wall of China. This stage of the journey was over a road of the most atrocious description, sometimes full of pointed stones, more often seared by deep ruts which generations of heavy freight carts with knobbed iron wheels have worn. But after the Great Wall and the narrow plain beyond it, even such roads as these became simply non-existent, and the enthusiastic sportsmen must cross this 120 miles on the humble, necessary ass, allowing their cars to be carried on the shoulders of coolies, 32 coolies to each car.

One week of this slow traveling, and then Kalgan, whence a flat run of 800 miles brings them to the Siberian frontier —800 miles through great Mongolian desert and steppe lands. Should the heavy summer rains come promptly, these desert sands will be packed as hard as a good beach, but should they loiter in the high hills, it is highly probable that the cars, like the Sphinx, will be half buried in sand. It is even possible that in generations to come, some enterprising scientist will be led to important excavations (from which to theorize on our extinct civilization) by a protruding headlight or the rim of a spare tire not yet submerged.

Camels loaded with petrol awaited the cars at various points on these deserts, and guides were engaged from village to village till Irkutsk was reached. After that city, the old Russian post road, running almost side by side with the Siberian railway, was followed.

Once Germany was reached, the endurance test was over, and the real race began. Though motors are the most adaptable machines, when they have crossed deserts in a melting sun, climbed mountains in a freezing cold, forded rivers, and traversed stone quarries, what can there be left of them to race. Notwithstanding, the competitors are hopeful, and heavy bets are being laid here in Peking, where the Italian car is a hot favorite.

UNCLE BION'S FIRST WHALE

A TRUE STORY

BY THEODORE A. CUTTING

I AM NOT certain of the year that Uncle Bion went to sea, although it was probably in 1834. The old family Bible, at any rate, records his birth in 1817, and father and Uncle Camden, from both of whom I have heard the stirring story, agree that he was seventeen at the time.

The ship was the brig Ella, probably of not more than three hundred tons, and bound from New Bedford to the Pacific for Northwest whales. Of the trip round the Horn I have heard no account, and so presume it to have been uneventful. However that may be, the fortieth parallel, north, was passed in June, and a lookout for whales stationed at the masthead.

Uncle Bion, by this time, was enough of a sailor to knot a clewline without calling forth the abuse of the mate for awkwardness, and could reef his end of a fore topsail in the manner of an experienced tar. It was knowledge, however, that came only by hard knocks.

Captain Adamson, my uncle greatly admired from the start. He was tall and straight, with a face possessing both strength and sternness, yet withal a man of kindly disposition.

But for Mayo, the mate, Uncle Bion harbored a dislike that originated upon his first appearance on deck. That officer had told him to "swab the forecastle." To Uncle Bion the command was Greek. This he indicated by his hesitancy, but the mate deigned neither explanation nor repetition of his order. Uncle Bion, therefore, started for a hatch on his search for enlightenment.

"From the poop!" yelled the mate, with a copious flow of oaths.

Uncle Bion paused in bewilderment, but the officer turned his back without further word or an enlightening gesture.

"Way aft," whispered one of the seamen, with a grin and an accommodating jerk of his thumb that immediately relieved the situation.

But other occasions arose when no one took the trouble, or was at hand, to intervene, and when Uncle Bion paid more heavily for his ignorance. At one time the mate sent him staggering against the capstan for not taking out his bar, and a few days later knocked him headlong into a coil of rope for being in the way of casting the log-line. My uncle took this treatment stoically, but none the less with a feeling of its injustice.

His grievances lessened as he gradually learned to understand and properly execute orders; and he was now, of all the crew, the most enthusiastic for the first encounter of the voyage. And upon the second day, only, after stationing the lookout, a call rang out from the masthead:

"Blow whale!"

"Where away!" shouted the captain.

"On the starboard beam, sir."

"Whale on the starboard beam; lower away the boats," ordered Captain Adamson.

The separate crews ran to the davits, each trying to get first away with its boat. Uncle Bion leaped into that chancing to be nearest—the mate's boat, as it proved—and caught up an oar.

"Out of there, you landlubber," shouted Mayo; "make place for a man."

My uncle's face fell. To catch whales was that for which he had come to sea. But well knowing the mate, he promptly quitted his seat. The only sign of hesitancy was upon sight of his superior's boot drawn back as though to assist him with its added momentum.

At this juncture, Captain Adamson

came to the rescue. "Take the boy along, Mr. Mayo. Might as well break him in first as last," said he.

Down into the sea with a splash dropped the whale-boat, and Uncle Bion, the happiest lad on the Pacific, took up the stroke with his companions. His was the bow oar closest to the harpooner, and at his feet lay the two hundred fathoms of coiled line. Hard he pulled to make his place a full count; and fast ahead shot the long, narrow boat, under the six pairs of blades.

But inasmuch as they had to make round the ship from her port side, both the second mate's boat and that from the starboard quarter were well in advance of them.

"It's not twice in a voyage that my boat hasn't struck the first harpoon, but what can be expected without men at the oars?" grumbled the mate, as he sat in the stern. "Pull, there, you little dog-fish, or I'll pitch you overboard."

Uncle Bion was already pulling, and at the distance of fifteen feet, he for once felt himself so safe that threats had no power to dampen his jubilant spirit.

Two things, at least, were in favor of the mate and his crew, in spite of their disadvantage in start. The officer had a glass with which to watch the course of the whale, and his craft was lighter of build than the others. From the last of these causes, and the additional fact that the quarter-boat had one less pair of oars, the rearmost of the adversaries was soon over-hauled.

"Spread a little more sail, lads," called Mr. Mayo, "and you'll be along in time to lance the carcass."

"What we need is more crew," rejoined the helmsman.

"Catch up, and we'll throw you the dog-fish," answered Mr. Mayo.

Soon there was a distance between the boats of a cable-length. The second mate, however, seemed not to be overtaken, as ten minutes showed no apparent gain. Mr. Mayo, after a careful look through his glass, gave a slight turn to his steering paddle, and the boat departed by a wide angle from the course of the craft ahead —and this, too, although the spoutings of the whale, which were now plainly enough visible to the unassisted eye, were not in the new direction.

At the next appearance of the cetacean, the other boat, likewise, altered its course, but only a third as much. The mate still kept his prow in a straight line, although the blowing was as before, far to starboard. What he had perceived through the lense was, that the whale, whether exceptionally big or not, was at any rate remarkably lively; that his speed was easily eight miles, and that his course was directly athwart theirs.

While, therefore, the second mate was altering his course, each ten or twelve minutes when the animal came up for air, the other cut off the distance in a straight line.

It thus came to pass that the second mate shortly found himself quite in the rear of the cetacean, rowing at full speed in pursuit; while Mr. Mayo, on the other hand, reached a spot in advance of the whale, and at about the place where he might next be supposed to appear. As it proved, this was even more nearly the case than he had hoped, for up came the great blunt head under their very stem.

"Back, back oars!" shouted the mate.

There was some confusion, blade clicked against blade, and one oar, at least—that of Uncle Bion—was loose from its oar-lock. But the vigorous back-strokes, helped by the big wave that rolled from the monster's body, checked the momentum, and the boat escaped.

To Uncle Bion, the great fellow seemed two hundred feet in length, and to rise as high from the sea as a masthead; but it was his first whale, and an extraordinarily near view. In truth, he was of ordinary size—of a length little more than sixty feet. The harpooner, without an instant's hesitation, raised his arm to hurl the weapon.

"Stop!" came the shout of the mate. "He'll smash us to chips; don't cast!"

Too late the warning—down drove the harpoon until its head and more than a foot of shaft were buried in the great broad back. For a half-second there was no move; then the expansive flat of the monster's tail smote the sea. Such was the power of the blow that the water beneath, even as the air above, reverberated with the sound.

Instead of then diving, he brought down his flukes a second time, and a third. An

agile whale he was, truly, and the dark surface of sea became white with foam—as white as a stormy surf with the sunshine striking upon it.

Nor did the boat escape from this chastisement. However, it was caught not by a down stroke, but from underneath. Had it been from above—but one does not care to think of that. Instead, up into the air flew mate and crew. The blow, tempered by the sea's density, and striking into the yielding air, brought none to death. Yet terrible was the force. The boat was splintered, the crew, the oars, the line, scattered and tangled. Mercifully, before striking again, the whale dived.

For Uncle Bion, however, a still worse experience was in store. In some easily accountable way, he was caught in a snarl of the two hundred fathoms of harpoon line and snatched from the air before he could fall. Down, he was jerked into the cold sea, down, and still down, until the water about him darkened to twilight. There were moving shadows, by which he sped, and here and there a phosphorescent gleam.

But with each second the liquid pressure—a force to which the flesh yielded, and by which the flow of blood was checked—increased with the depth. The skull alone withstood, and into the brain was driven the blood, until, crushing in upon the tender cells, it confused and deadened sensation. Then overcoming the strength of tissue, it broke through from nose and ears.

Still the cord held, drawing together Uncle Bion's ankles and extending its coils to encircle his body. Nor did these unwind nor loosen, but rather drew up like nooses, helping to shut off the vital currents and benumb his limbs.

How long would the whale descend, two minutes, two and a half, three? Might he then swallow of the salt water until he sank—sank never again to rise? Down, still, he dived, but now ever and ever more slowly, until who knows to what a depth? Perhaps it was sixty fathoms, perhaps seventy, possibly seventy-five. Then he turned, and the line slackened, and the coils, so many harmless strands of hemp, loosened. Uncle Bion was set free.

His lungs in all the descent had not become logged with water, and so, although assisted by no effort of his, he began to rise from the depth—slowly at first, but with an acceleration that amounted soon to some speed. Perhaps in those strange depths he was curiously regarded by the wolf-fish, perhaps hungrily, as he approached the surface, by a blue shark, or by the great white one.

However that may be, he came up with a velocity that projected him full length into the air. And it was luckily so, else he might not have been observed by the somewhat distant boats. But the second mate, who has already gathered up Mr. Mayo and the rest of the crew, now saw and rescued him also.

Here Uncle Bion's part in the capture of the whale may be said to end, for he was entirely unconscious when dragged inboard. The harpooner, too, was in a similar condition, and one of the others badly bruised. But all this did not deter those not disabled from attempting to complete the conquest.

The whale long remained below after Uncle Bion's appearance, but at last came up five or six cables away. He seemed in a state of great fatigue, and lay at the surface blowing until struck by a second harpoon. Upon feeling the point, he whipped the sea about him with as much seeming energy as before, and dived—this time before striking the more cautious boats.

Twice more he dived before he could be approached with the lances. For store of strength and agility, he was a record whale, and also, as afterward appeared, for toughness of baleen; but for yield of fat he was somewhat disappointing.

Uncle Bion did not come to himself until he was stretched out upon the Ella's deck, over which floated an odor that soon became familiar to him as attendant upon the trying out of blubber. It was with much effort that he succeeded in placing past events in proper relation to the present, but the sight of Mr. Mayo was presently a cogent stimulus.

"Waked up, have you?" said that officer. "Well, son, did you get all the whale you wanted for a first trip? I'd let go the line next time one takes the bait—whaling isn't trout-catching."

"A fellow hates to lose his hook," replied Uncle Bion, with a weak smile.

In a few days he was again on deck obeying orders in a strength-sapped fashion, but it was two weeks before he fully recovered from the pressure and strain to which he had been subjected. Meantime, he was not a little surprised to find that the mate's harshness toward him had come to a seeming end.

When upon the first day, he slipped in the deck-grease and spilled a bucket of tar, the mate not only did not strike him, but sent him below for the rest of the watch, bidding him take the work a little more easy until he was fully waked up.

Nor did the mate revert to his old severity, even when Uncle Bion was completely recovered. By the whole crew, in fact, he was now regarded as a fully initiated seaman—a jolly tar on his own sea-legs.

THE PILGRIM

BY JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

A GEM FROM THE OVERLAND MONTHLY OF MAY, 1890.

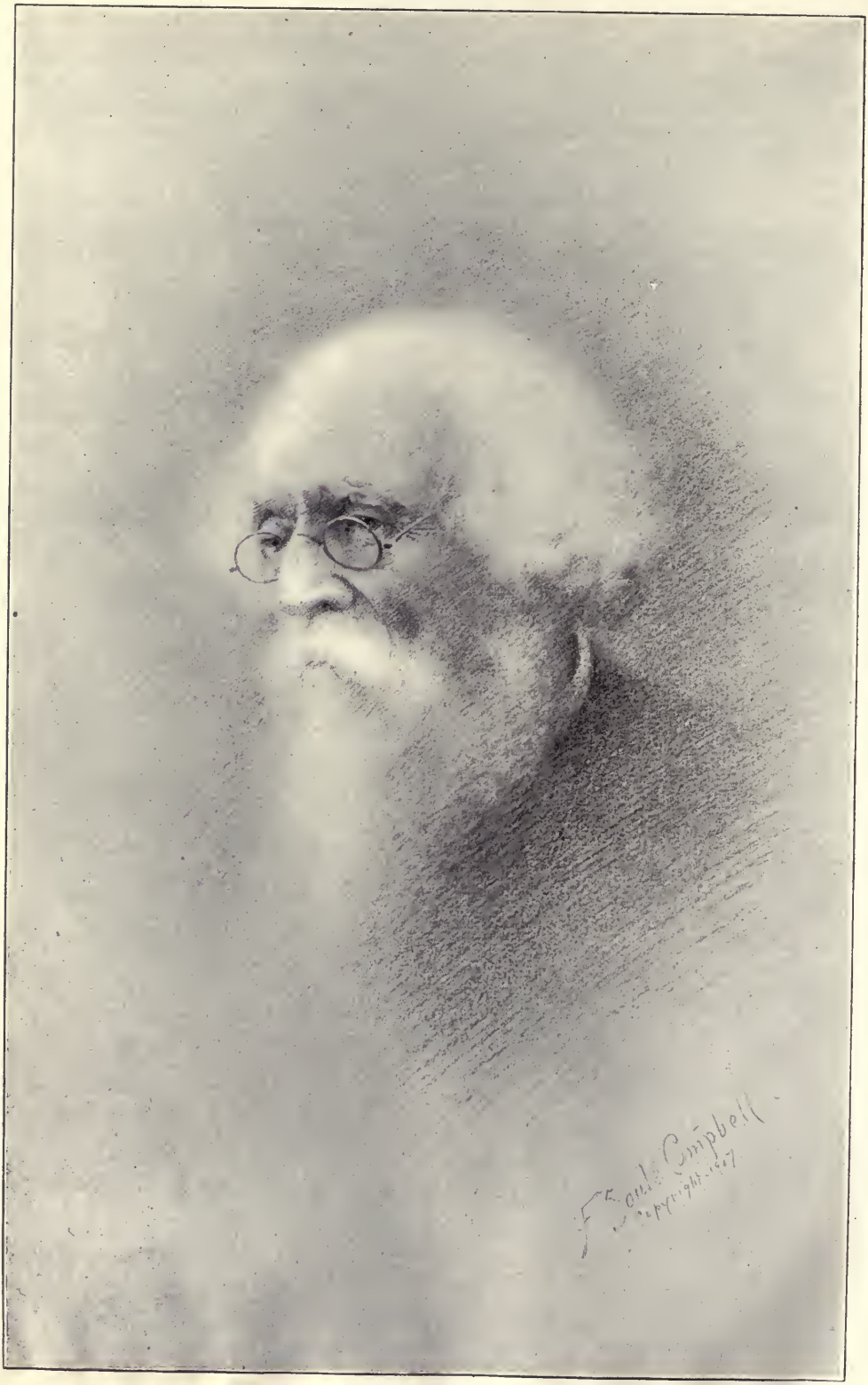
"A Wand'ring Echo of Forgotten Song."

I travel in wayworn shoon,
My doublet is torn and sere;
But hark that note
From yon wood-bird's throat,
O, the spring, the spring is here!

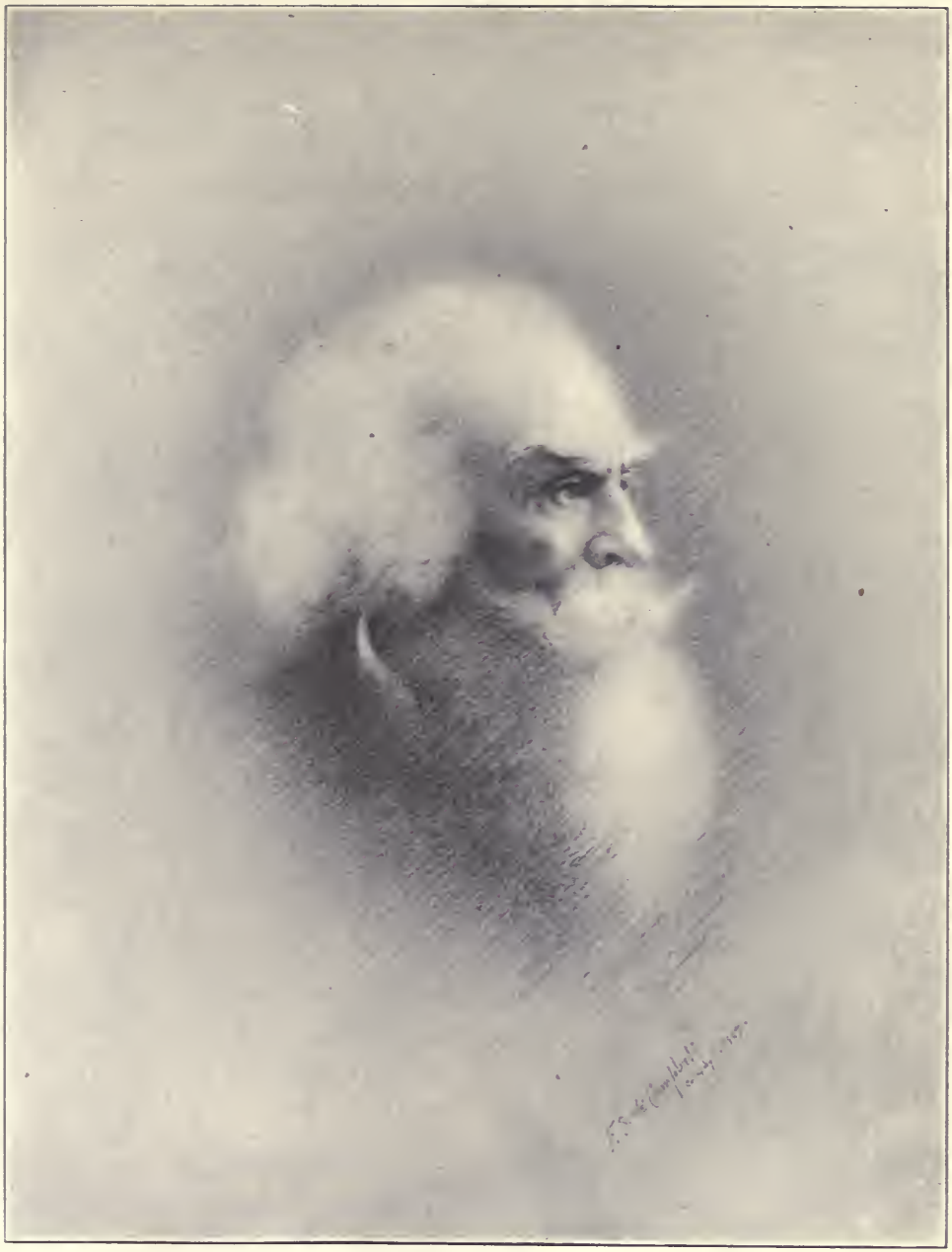
I fare in a rusty coat,
My scrip gapes wide for cheer;
Yet though I lack gold
My heart is bold,
O, the spring, the spring is here!

I dine on a mouldy crust,
With wine from the brooklet near:
But monarchs ye
Come envy me.
O, the spring, the spring is here!

I've nought but this staff and scrip.
Thus, Fortune, no frown I fear;
Though the road be long,
In my heart is a song—
O, the spring, the spring is here!



NOTED CALIFORNIANS SERIES.—PROFESSOR JOSEPH LE CONTE.
(Drawn by Miss F. Soule Campbell, Staff Artist Overland Monthly.)



NOTED CALIFORNIANS SERIES.—DR. JOHN LE CONTE.

(Drawn by Miss F. Soule Campbell, Staff artist Overland Monthly.)

Two men who have made an impress on California and its affairs that is undying. They will go down to posterity as the gentle pioneers of a great civilization, educators of men by their example rather than by their teachings, refining influences in the day of the builders of Empire.

SENOR PATRICK

BY RAYMOND W. HENDERSON



THE HACIENDA Del Virajo slumbered in the afternoon sunlight. Over beyond the vineyard the mules were treading out the grain, but they moved around the accustomed circle with one eye closed, and Jose, standing on the tree-stump in the center, had let the whip slip from his hand. All around the house was a languid stillness. On the front steps of the veranda, a big woolly white dog lay, with his paws crossed under his chin. The tangle of red and gold threads in Senorita Rubya's lap gleamed like a dying ember against the whiteness of her dress and the gray of the adobe wall behind. Her fingers had listlessly tangled themselves in the thread, and her eyes were looking into the distance—past the rose-bushes before the house, beyond the growing slopes of field to where the gray ribbon of road cut the brown summit of the ridge. She started; a feather of dust had shone above the ridge, then a figure clear against the sky line. Her fingers dropped among the threads. "No, only a white horse." There was a muffled patter of hoofs on the dusty road, and a rider on a white horse drew rein before the house. He dismounted and tied the reins to a ring in the hitching post. Rubya's fingers disentangled themselves from the threads and took up the needle. The Senor came up the steps of the veranda. Rubya was working busily:

"A pleasant day, Senor Philippe! I beg you will excuse me from rising, for I should disturb my work."

"I should excuse anything you did, Senorita Rubya." And his gold-tipped spurs clinked as he stepped across the veranda and seated himself at her side. "You seem alone this afternoon."

"I am, for our people are all busy in the fields, and my father has ridden to Santa Cruz."

Rubya continued at her work, and they talked on. When the shadows of the rose bushes crept up to the edge of the veranda, Philippe spoke of the preparation that was making for the fiesta of Santa Theresa de la Rosa, and begged that Rubya might be present.

"My father always wishes me to go," she told him, "and I shall be there."

"Is it because of your father's wish that you will go, Senorita Rubya?"

"I have never disobeyed him."

"My gracious Senorita, once you have."

"I could not do otherwise; but, Senor Philippe, we will not speak of that."

"No, Senorita, for you know I will not hear of it; but, was I not to have my answer to-day? Did you yourself not tell me so the evening of the Governor's dance at Santa Cruz?"

"I did," pausing in her work, and a forefinger resting on the center of a golden flower she was broidering. "And you have come for your answer?"

"I have, if it pleases Senorita to be so kind."

"I have known no law but my father's wish," and her fingers entwined themselves in the colored threads.

"But, Senorita Mea, you do me wrong. I ask not your answer to your father's command, but to my suit."

"Then, though I honor you both, my answer is the same."

The Senor rose and bowed. "Senorita, I am ever obedient to your will." He put on his silver-belted sombrero. Then they were both aware of a cloud of dust approaching, and beneath it a black horse and a rider. In front of the veranda, the new-comer dropped the reins over the horse's head and dismounted.

As he came up the steps, he met Philippe, and bowing, said: "A pleasant day to you, Mr. Montallos."

The other said not a word, and his spurs clinked on the gravel as he strode to his horse.

Rubya sat with her eyes bent downward,

and both hands clenched over a ball of silken yarn.

"Good afternoon, Miss Virajo!"

"Oh, Senor Patrick, why do you come here?"

"Miss, for three days I have not seen you."

"But, Senor Patrick," she pushed her embroidery to one side, and, rising, held out her hand. "Since you are here, welcome; pray be seated. My father has gone to Santa Cruz."

"I did not know that or I should not have come. We have a saying in County Dair that what an O'Bryan will do in the bogs he'll do in Dublin town, which means, Miss, that we never hide our actions."

"Had it not been for Senor Montallos, no one would have seen you, for the people are all in the fields."

"Mighty little do I care for Montallos. He is—but I beg your pardon, Miss, for you told me you have known him long."

"So I have, but he was very impolite to you. You must excuse Senor Philippe, for I have put him in an ill humor."

"I thought so. When I last spoke to the Senor, your father, he told me of Montallas, and besides, I saw your answer in your eyes. What should you say, Miss Virajo, if I should ask the question he has just asked?"

She reached for a pink rose, broke it from the vine, and began plucking its petals one by one. "Senor Patrick, you are so quick to see things. You remember the night my horse fell in crossing the river. How cold the water was. Ah, how strong you were! Now, help me again. How should I know what to do?" Then, all of a sudden, her face went all crimson, and both hands clutched the remnant of the rose.

"Miss Rubya, my country's cold, and it makes men strong; and there all learn to swim. I cannot help you now. What do you say?"

Now her face was quite pale, but still her hands clutched the tattered flower. "This is so strange. I never thought you would."

"I know you didn't. Miss Rubya, if I did ride after cattle for your father, and if I haven't little save a few acres many miles away, the O'Bryans are as good a family as you'll find in the three counties."

"But, Senor, you startle me."

"But, when I first saw you, when I first looked into those midnight eyes and saw your maiden soul as one sees stars on the Lake of Killarney, I was startled, too; and I have been startled ever since."

"But my father!"

"I don't want to marry your father; human nature's against it. I want your answer, and I want you."

She held out her hands. "Then you must take me."

"God helping me, I will, and this very night," and he stepped forward and took her in both arms.

"Oh, Senor Patrick!"

"No, no, call me Pat."

"Then, Pat, I will be ready when you say. After nine of the clock, the house is quiet."

"Rubya, I shall be here by ten. We must be in Santa Cruz by sunrise, where good Padre Fernandez shall marry us."

She watched him as he rode away, till the last speck of dust had vanished over the summit of the ridge.

* * * *

The night wind came through the San Juarez gap, and fanned the sleeping little valley. In the corral, the cattle sighed the contented sigh of sleeping kine; and the sheep lay in groups on the brown hillsides. Even the dogs seemed sleeping at their posts. Almost an hour had gone by since the guitars and the dancing had ceased in the Indians' quarters.

Down by the house, the tremulous sound of a guitar seemed rather to increase the silence. The full, harmonious chords rose and fell; then a soft, but rich, voice began to sing. It was one of the serenades of old Castile, at first slow and soft, but rising till it seemed a veritable outpouring of passion, ardent, yet pure, plaintive yet joyous. Within the Senorita's room a light burned dimly.

"Mr. Montallos," and Philippe ceased singing and turned.

"Mr. Montallos, I am Mr. O'Brien—Mr. Patrick O'Brien, sir, at your service. This afternoon you refused to speak to me, and at present you and your singing are interfering with my business."

"Sir. you are interfering with my pleas-

ure. Begone, or your insolence will force me to pluck that red beard from your face. What do you mean, sir, by disturbing a gentleman when he pays court to the lady of his heart?"

"Look here, Mr. Montallos, I am not just in the humor for fighting, but I must do so unless you depart."

"Draw," said the Senor, reaching for his stiletto, but ere he could draw it, Patrick smote him so violently that he fell to earth, with Patrick's knee on his chest.

"For the Virgin's sake, hold," and the voice of Senorita Rubya thrilled with horror. She was standing near them, and they rose, Philippe's face all white in the starlight.

"Senorita, this insolent knave has insulted me. Depart while I settle with him."

"Rubya, Mr. Montallos, not content with singing a farewell song under your window, is interfering with my business."

"Senors, peace! Philippe, I gave you your answer this afternoon. I ask you to depart!"

"But this insolent foreigner, what does he here? I will stand his insolence no longer." His face twitched, and his hand tightened on his stiletto, half-drawing it from its sheath. His lips moved, but no words would come.

"Philippe," the Senorita spoke rapidly, "to-night I leave my father's roof. Senor Patrick O'Bryan and I will be married to-morrow in Santa Cruz. The time passes."

While she spoke, Philippe's hand loosened its hold and dropped limply to his side.

"Rubya, Rubya!"

"Philippe, we have been friends from childhood. Must we part in anger?"

"The saints forbid! Senorita Rubya, you cannot make my life happy; I will not ruin yours."

She held out her hand, and he took it, and raised it to his lips. "I am yours to command."

"Time presses. We should be on the mission road before moon-rise. Beneath my window are the few things I take with me."

Philippe took up the bundle and followed Patrick and Rubya. When they came to the road some distance from the house, Patrick stopped and said: "Rubya, you will wait here. The horse I brought for you fell and cannot travel so far. I must get yours from the stable."

"Oh, Pat, you can't, for Jose watches the stable, and you must not hurt dear old Jose."

"If that is all," and Philippe's throat sounded very dry, "my Don Juan is tied beneath yonder willow." Quickly he brought Don Juan and the saddle and sur-single were changed on the horses.

As the three stood ready to mount, Patrick turned. "Mr. Montallos, you are as true a gentleman as if you had been born in the three counties. Will you take the hand of the son of the turf?"

Philippe took the proffered hand. "Permit me, Senorita Rubya," and he helped her to her horse, held her hand an instant, and gathered up the reins of the horse he himself was to ride.

Thus, in silence, they parted.

At the summit of the ridge, Rubya reined in her horse and turned. In the clear sky light, the dark olive groves stood out against the brown of the encircling fields and pasture lands.

"Oh, Pat," and she leaned over and took his hand, "I am leaving so much. I have never known anything but this little valley. Its rim of hills have seemed to keep from me all that is cold and hard, even as they keep out the bitter north wind."

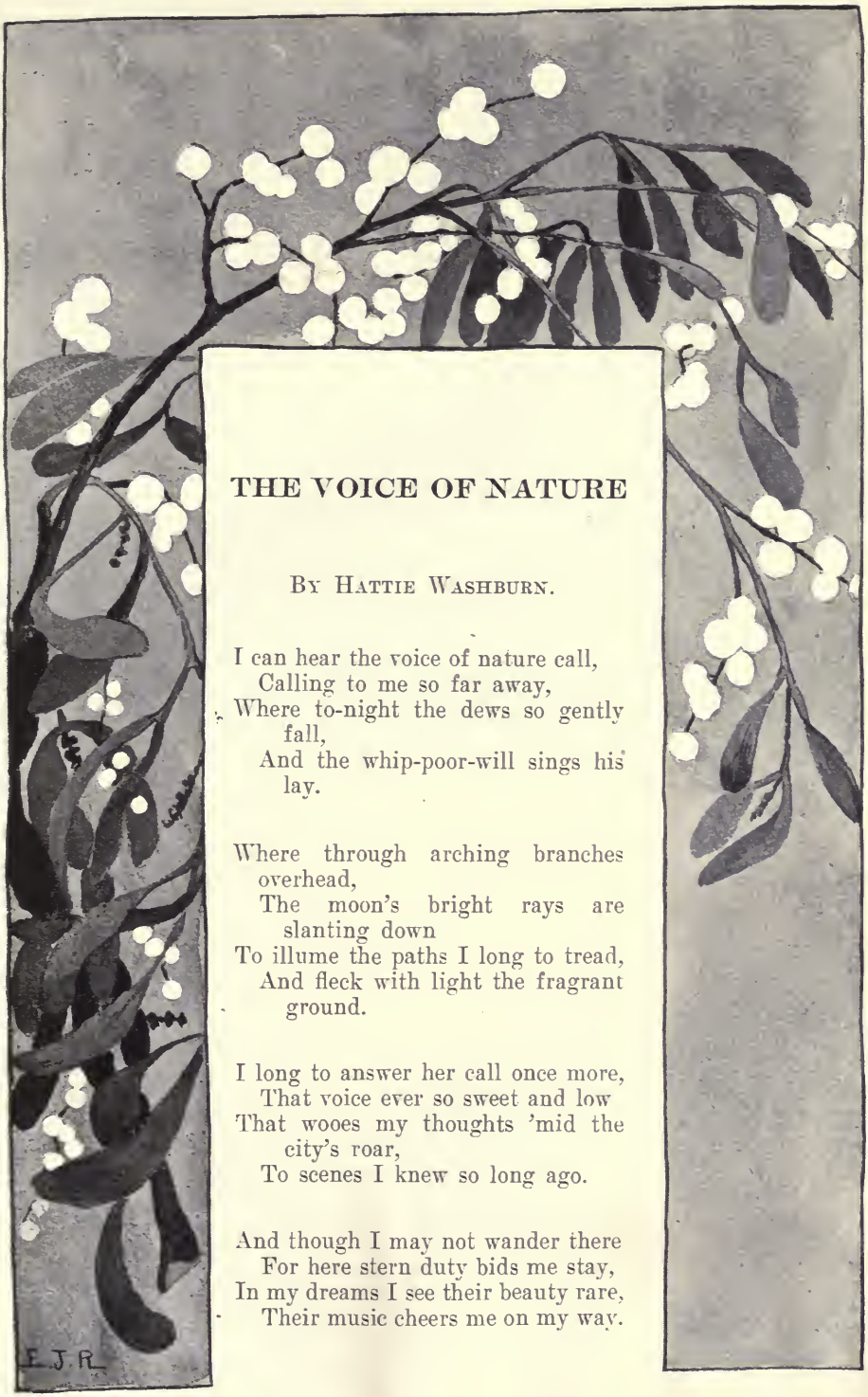
He drew his horse closer to hers, and reached an arm about her.

"We sons of Erin are hot-headed and hasty, but it is not too late to turn back."

She partly drew herself from his arms.

"No, if that's the way you talk." Then leaning towards him again, "Never, never, I can't look any more." As they turned their horses' heads toward Santa Cruz, a tear trembled on her lashes.

Meanwhile, Philippe had watched them out of sight. When the last hoof-beat had died away, he said, as he sprang to the saddle: "What will Senor Virajo say? How he does hate the Gringos!"



THE VOICE OF NATURE

By Hattie Washburn.

I can hear the voice of nature call,
Calling to me so far away,
Where to-night the dews so gently fall,
And the whip-poor-will sings his lay.

Where through arching branches overhead,
The moon's bright rays are slanting down
To illume the paths I long to tread,
And fleck with light the fragrant ground.

I long to answer her call once more,
That voice ever so sweet and low
That wooes my thoughts 'mid the city's roar,
To scenes I knew so long ago.

And though I may not wander there
For here stern duty bids me stay,
In my dreams I see their beauty rare,
Their music cheers me on my way.



SHELLING THE TRENCHES.
SUBSTANTIAL BUILDING IN HONG-KONG.

BRAVE "SNIPERS" CLEARING THE TRAIL FOR THE ADVANCE.
THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

GLIMPSES OF THE ORIENT

Perhaps the most horrible and tragic battle of recent years was the massacre at Dajo Hill, Island of Jolo, on March 6th to 9th, 1906. Between one thousand and twelve hundred Philippine Mohammedans were slain by the American forces under General Leonard Wood, the immediate command of the battle being undertaken by the gallant Colonel J. W. Duncan, now in command of the Presidio, San Francisco. About seven hundred American troops surrounded a tall but extinct volcano which towered 1200 feet above the plains of Sulu Island. Four hundred Americans actually participated in the battle, with a loss of 23 of the American troops killed and about 150 wounded. The Moro bandits had fortified themselves in the cup-like crater of Dajo Hill, and in order to reach the Moros, who refused to surrender and were constantly raiding the surrounding country from their eerie, the American forces were obliged to haul field artillery by block and tackle up the sometimes almost perpendicular outside flanks of the mountain. The photographs presented were taken for the Overland.

The horrors of this fight are to-day duplicated in the battles between the French and the Moors.

The other photograph shows one of King Edward's Sikh policemen in Hong-Kong. The magnificent Sikhs are a race from the north of India; they make excellent soldiers and police, and as they bear Aryan blood in their veins, they are naturally ready to fall in line with the ideas of the Westerner.

THE LONG WHITE ROAD

BY BOB FOOTE

"The Long White Road" is the best sketch of the life in the Great Outdoors of California that has come into the editor's hands for a long time. Mr. Foote is a disciple of John Muir, and he must, at some time, have imbibed most thoroughly Muir's sentiments: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees! The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." The Californian lives in the open, he loves ardently his brown hills and blue mountains, his lakes and his long line of ocean washed shores. Mr. Foote will find in Overland readers many who will sympathize with his mood, and who will be glad to wander in his company out in the Lands of Delightful Retrospection.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

"I think heroic deeds were all conceived
in the open air and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do
miracles,
I think whatever I shall meet on the road
I shall like, and whoever beholds me
shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy."

WALT WHITMAN.



HERE IS a fine old romantic flavor to that word "tramp" which is missing in its picturesque modern synonym, "hobo." To understand the latter, one must be an American of the Americans. To the initiated, it brings visions of miles upon miles of shining steel ribbons stretching ever on in a monotonous straight line across the world; it recalls undecipherable hieroglyphics cut deep in the timbers of lonely water-tanks and odorous stews in the camp under the willows on the creek banks.

But the term "tramp" is as comprehensible now as when it was first derisively applied by the outside passenger on the "limited" stage coach of other days to the happy vagabond adventuring along the hedge-guarded roads of mellow old England. To-day there is, or should be, a distinction between our friend the "tramp" and our curiosity, the "hobo." A certain class chose the latter name for themselves, —let them keep it. He is a picturesque character, but when one throws about him the glamor of romance there arises ever the sickening consciousness that his last "boil out" was many a weary mile behind.

The long white road is for the true "tramp," be it man or woman, youth or age, day-farer or life-traveler; for him is the charm of the long white road that ever and anon starts across another hill or leads around another headland, that winds through the village and the waste places, with always the same enchantment of something new—new scenes, new friends, new thoughts—just beyond that enticing curve in the road.

The long white road in California, many and diverse are its windings, as diverse as the people along its way or as the vagabonds who travel its dusty miles. Among the sticky grease-wood and stout "nigger heads" of the deserts, winding through groves of golden fruit and huge vineyards, over miles and miles of waving grain field, by the side of the ever-singing sea, up sheltered canyons and over snowy mountain ranges, through cities and villages and cross-roads, past the settlements of many a strange people; ever and ever

the long white road of California lures on and on. The blue sky is above, the road-runner glides silently along ahead, and the sweet fragrance of "outdoors" is in your nostrils.

Men follow the long white road in many fashions; without burdens, trusting fervently in the town ahead; with packs upon their backs, at home whereever night overtakes them; with horses and conveyances, bartering their way as they go. But all are "tramps" at heart, the road holds something in store for them, if it be nothing more than the ecstacy of being still a tramp upon the morrow.

But your genuine vagabond need not be only he who follows the road all the days of his existence. What matter if he fare forth but one day in thirty, if he go with the proper spirit, if "strong and content I travel the open road," he is what it pleases me to call a true "tramp."

Most real musicians, practically all painters and all free and vigorous writers are lovers of the open road and find ever new delight in the joys it holds for them. Who shall say it is not the charm of California's long white road which brings them in such numbers toward the sunset; or the revelations of that enticing way which has developed many a genius in this glorious region?

The sea road, it calls many, the white lace collar of the lady in blue holds a charm that few can resist. There are fishermen's huts where one can always find a welcome and a pot of coffee, to be paid for in the morning with a helping hand upon the seine.

Many there are who follow the trail of the ripening fruit; to the north as the days lengthen and back to the oranges as the year dies. A little work they do, enough to keep their self-respect, but not enough to imbue them with the money madness.

And what of he who follows the mountain trail. He talks much of the "lure of gold," and of some time "striking it rich," but in his heart he is a "tramp." He will tell you of claims from the slopes of Shasta to the gem country of San Diego —any one of which might have proved his fortune had he stopped to see. No, the call of the road is in his blood, and he must push on; he feels ashamed to admit it, but if ever he has made one "strike," he cares little for another. Better, when he can no longer follow his burros over the sunny ridge, to settle down in a little cabin on the edge of his vast domain and dream away the last days in the drowsy content he has learned in his companionship with the mother range.

Who are the friends of our tramp of the open road? They are like himself—men of the highest education; for I hold the highest education to be that which teaches one the greatest joy of the world—contentment. They are those who have discovered, without that trial which breaks the man, that fame and riches are but empty names, and he who really lives is he who has little of either. The lonely bee-rancher upon the mesa, the old mountaineer in his log house under the pines, the Jack of each little village, happy-go-lucky and never-do-well, other vagabonds as care free as he, these are the tramps friends. The people of many nations he comes to know, wanderers from the ends of the earth. The Chinese truck gardener driving to market offers him a "lide;" the soft-spoken Mexican murmurs a deferent "Buenos Dias;" the Italian vineyardist invites him to enjoy a glass of wine at the table under the oak; the Greek fisherman waxes eloquent to him over the sins of the Turk; and the smiling Jap hands him the "makings" of a cigarette. All recognize in him a friendly soul who will treat their advances as bread cast upon the waters.

So the long white road lures on and on, the peaceful Californian sunshine everywhere, the haze on yonder hills, the quail calling softly in the chapparal, and the dove sending forth his plaintive cry from the dead sycamore in the wash; do you wonder he follows it? Who would not be a tramp!

Let Stevenson say it for me—Robert Louis, the Prince of the Vagabonds:

"Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the by-way nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever."

JOHN AND JOSEPH LE CONTE

(See illustrations on pages 380-381.)

ALL THE later life of Joseph Le Conte is an open and well remembered book to the many who have known and honored him. The life was so broad, and he so lately came and went among us, that there is no forgetting the familiar and much loved story.

But of the earlier life, when he and his brother John were working hand to hand and heart to heart in the first years of the founding and nourishing of the University of California, and when for a while the older brother held among men the leadership in influence and reputation, which, even while he lived, passed to the younger brother, less is known. John was older by about four years.

The home environment and the inherited tendencies were all such as would surely foretell the quality of men the brothers were to be. The descent was from the Huguenots of 1685. The father was a scholar and scientist of exceptional ability. The mother was passionately fond of art, and of music.

Plantation work at their home in Georgia was the best sort of a technical school —as with the labor of two hundred negroes, these brothers learned much of industrial pursuits; rice and cotton culture, tanning, shoe making, carpentering and blacksmithing, and all was gained that the free country could give of hunting and camping, boating and swimming. Joseph became an athlete, and could give marvelous exhibitions of skill and strength, apostles of the Great Outdoors. The father assisted in preparing them for entrance into college.

Their home church was Puritan-Congregationalist, and Joseph carried through life a marked religious development gained there.

The brothers studied medicine in Georgia and New York, and graduated with honor. Yet both discovered that their tastes were far more scientific than practical. The acquaintance with Audubon, whose residence was on the Hudson river, and later with Agassiz, professor of Geology and Zoology in Harvard University, proved a great incentive to pursue scientific study. Joseph decided to go to Cambridge, Mass., to study under Agassiz. He thus entered upon a path which, continually widening and ascending step by step, led to the high places of renown and influence which he finally held among thinkers and educators of our own and of foreign lands. Both brothers had held professorships in Georgia, which gave them experience.

The scenes of the Civil War changed the course of the lives of these distinguished men. They were needed in California, where they removed in 1869.

John came a little earlier than Joseph, and under his guidance, the University was organized, and he served, at first, as acting president, until such time as the Board of Regents should elect the permanent incumbent.

The University opened in Oakland, September 20, 1869, with an enrollment of about thirty-eight students. Eleven of these were received from the College of California, which has disincorporated and transferred its property to the new university. A part of the inheritance from the college was a magnificent tract of land some five miles to the northward. This was to be the site of the permanent home of the university. It was christened Berkeley. John served as President from 1871 till 1881. He died in 1891. Joseph lived till 1901.



BY F. MARION GALLEGHER

The Frozen Lady.

"Virginie," by Ernest Oldmeadow.

Suppose somebody were to send you a present of a beautiful young lady very immaterially draped and nicely cased in ice, with specific directions how to restore animation to the frozen goddess, but with no hint as to who she is, whence she came or whither she is to go—what would you do about it, assuming that you are a fairly mature and solitary bachelor?

Such, practically, is the problem that faces Lionel Barrison in Mr. Oldmeadow's latest novel—a problem the unraveling of which takes up the entire book and holds the reader's interest in a way difficult to imagine and impossible to describe. The frozen lady, when thawed out, proves to be a winsome and educated French girl, whose wrongs have been righted in the most unconventional way conceivable. Secondary characters are an unimaginative English washerwoman, a remarkable Man Friday and an Italian villain who turns out to be neither a sunny son nor villainous. Then there is an automobile that is kept chuck-chucking overtime, the frequent glint of stilettos and pistols, the occasional display of handcuffs and anesthetics, and a sweet little romance quite delightful enough to make a book all in itself. Buy this book if you want a bargain; you will get far more than your money's worth.

"Virginie" is an exceptionally well-written novel. Mr. Oldmeadow shows both restraint and skill in the use of words, and from first to last revels with a very un-English delight in the realm of the unexpected. His humor, even when bordering on the farcical, is ever convincing and contagious. Despite its startling beginning, "Virginie" is a book that will soothe your troubled spirit. And you may safely read it aloud.

(The McClure Company, New York. $1.50.)

Oppenheim—That's All.

"The Great Secret," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

E. Phillips Oppenheim is a talented writer of shilling shockers that retail for one fifty. Once this fundamental and perfectly obvious fact is consistently realized, you are in a position to understand the prolific Englishman and to enjoy his books. The present volume is neither noticeably better nor noticeably worse than his preceding novels and possesses all of their interest and all of their improbability.

(Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.50.)

A Theory of Optimism.

"Optimism: A Real Remedy," by Horace Fletcher.

"To many people," writes William Dana Orcutt in a foreword to the volume under consideration, "the name of Horace Fletcher has become associated with the further promulgation of the Gladstonian doctrine of excessive chewing. 'Fletcherizing' has become an accepted word freed from any personality, but it is understood to signify simply thorough mastication.

"This association is a natural one, but it falls far short of the whole truth. Horace Fletcher's scheme is the broadest imaginable, and thorough mastication is only a spoke in the wheel—or, more properly speaking, is the hub into which the other spokes are being fitted. This scheme is

nothing less than a cultivation and demonstration of progressive human efficiency, and the word 'demonstration' is used advisedly."

The substance of the little volume seems to be this: Absolute health is the basis of human happiness and advancement, but absolute health is dependent on the judicious selection and thorough mastication of food. Here is the author's definition of optimism: "More physiologic-thinking, permitted by more physiologic-eating, assisted by physiologic-mastication, stimulated by physiologic-enjoyment, and appreciated by truer and fuller physiologic-enlightenment." That's all.

(A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Reviews in Brief.

"The Hemlock Avenue Mystery," by Roman Doubleday.

It is safe to predict that even the blase reader of detective stories will tighten his grip on this book before he is through its fifth chapter, and read it eagerly to the very end. The plot is something different, which is the best thing that can be said for a detective story in these post-Sherlockian days. As for character drawing and setting and style, they do not seriously count—in a detective story they don't need to.

(Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

The Common Life.

"American Communities and Co-operative Colonies," by William Alfred Hinds, Ph. B.

Here we have the second revision of a book that attracted favorable notice some six years ago. The author in his initial chapter discusses "Communism in American Colonies," and then takes up in detail such representative types of community life as the Ephrata Community, Brook Farm, the Roycrofters and the Helicon Home Colony. Appended to the book are two essays: "Advantages of Community Life," by C. Nordhoff, and "A Century of Social Progress," by Alfred R. Wallace. The author's viewpoint is indicated in the following passage: "While the author's experiences and observations have given him an abiding faith in communism as the ultimate basis of human society, they have also given him a lively appreciation of the losses and miseries resulting from ill-considered and ill-conducted social experiments; and he would cry 'Halt!' to every one proposing to found or join a communistic, semi-communistic or co-operative colony without the fullest consideration."

(Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

"The Flying Death," by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Mr. Adams has dropped his fight for pure medicine to give us a little pure fiction, and he proves himself as redoubtable a quill wielder as he did in the not distant days when he poured the vials of his wrath and ink on the heads of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham and the compounders of Pink Pills for Pale People. "The Flying Death" is a well conceived and well-told story of certain unusual and mysterious happenings at Montauk Point, where upwards of a score of persons were slain before the awful mystery was probed. The characters are clear-cut and consistently drawn—something that cannot generally be said of the folks in novels of adventure.

(The McClure Co., New York.)

"More: A Study of Financial Conditions Now Prevalent," by George Otis Draper.

A careful reading of this book convinces us that it would make an excellent running mate for Chancellor Day's "Raid on Prosperity," reviewed in the March Overland Monthly. Dr. Draper, however, succeeds in discussing such topics as "The Remedy of Regulation" and "Partition of Profits" with comparative calm, and thereby secures a decided advantage over the gentleman from Syracuse.

(Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.00.)



I have a story to tell the dear reader of a big tempest in the editorial sanctum. The editor was leaning back in his chair the other day, enjoying a smoke, when I sent him a copy of the San Francisco Call, previously carefully blue-penciled. Placidly, and with the usual contempt for the publishers' remarks, the editor tilted his hat over his bald head and scanned each page before turning it over. Suddenly he let his cigar hang limply in his lips and fixed his gaze upon the upper left hand corner of the editorial page of the issue of March 6th, and this is what he saw:

Even the Names Left Unchanged.

Who is Kenneth Walker? I don't happen to recall Kenneth, but I've been looking over the February Overland and find a story, "A Cloudburst on the Mountain," credited to him. The story is also featured by the editors, who call it "one of the best Western stories we have ever published."

Well they may. It is a bold, bald steal of Mary Hallock Foote's "A Cloud on the Mountain," published in the Century of November, 1885. Perhaps Kenneth thought he was safe in San Francisco, where all the back files, the editors' "morgues," etc., went up in the grand conflagration. The odd thing about this very marked theft is that the author of the Overland story did not even change the names of Mrs. Foote's characters. He left out the last few paragraphs—that's all.

For a few minutes the air was blue in the editorial room. Then there was demand for all data, letters, old magazines, etc., and a few choice swear words, that would have been an improvement on the English language of the days of Bret Harte, broke through the door!

The Call of March 10th had the following as a reply to the item mentioned above:

"I am in receipt of a letter from the editor of the Overland Monthly, which shows conclusively that he was the innocent victim in the case of Kenneth Walker's bald steal of Mary Hallock Foote's story, "A Cloud on the Mountain." The letter inclosed a copy of a letter which the Overland editor had sent to Walker, containing a red hot roast of the plagiarist. The entire correspondence is given herewith:

" 'Editor Call: I notice in your issue of March 6th the exposure of one Kenneth Walker, pretended author of a story, 'A Cloudburst on the Mountain.' That you may know my ideas on this subject and on the subject of plagiarists generally, I am inclosing a copy of my letter to the said Walker, under date of March 7th.

" 'Thanking the 'Insider' for the favor done the literary world and the Overland in particular, I am, yours very truly,

" 'P. N. Beringer,

" 'Editor Overland Monthly.'

" 'Kenneth Walker, care No-Match Gas Lighter Company, Covington, Ky.

" 'Dear Sir: I am sending you a clipping from the San Francisco Call of March 6, to which I invite an explanation.

" 'Your effrontery is monumental. You are absolutely the most unmitigated scoundrel and plagiarist it has ever been my pleasure to roast. The man who steals another man's brains is a despicable cur indeed. But when a man stoops to the theft of a woman's work, he sinks even lower than a mangy dog, and still lower do you go in your most unusual infamy. You are not satisfied with stealing the work of others, but perforce by your letter

of February 8th you make strenuous demands to receive pay for same. I am not a believer in the workings of the sub-conscious mind, for in the cranium of such a degenerate as yourself there could not be room in the infinitely small space for anything more than one infinitessimally small and diseased perverted and contorted intellect (if such it may be called.)

"I shall take pleasure in publishing this letter in the forthcoming publishers' column of the Overland Monthly.

"'I trust this is a satisfactory reply for your demand for pay under the date of February 8th for the stolen work of Mary Hallock Foote, appropriated for exploitation by your unclean hands.

"'P. N. BERINGER,

"'Editor Overland Monthly.'"

The editor, you know, is a most self-sufficient and impudent sort of fellow, and when he is hurt he is hurt real hard, and that is why he flayed the Kentuckian. I tried to tell him that all this was good advertisement and a proof that Overland Monthly was read, not only by the editors of this country, but that, judging by the receipt of letters calling attention to the theft of Mary Hallock Foote's story, the people take a lively interest in the magazine. I am in receipt of letters from all over the United States calling attention to the theft.

The editor inherited this manuscript, in type, from his predecessor, and he had no chance at any time in the hurry of adapting himself again to Overland harness, to investigate the authenticity of authorship of stories in the magazine in question.

Here is Kenneth Walker's "explanation:"

"Editor Overland Monthly, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Your communication received, and in reply will say that I am very much surprised to receive such a letter. There certainly is a misunderstanding on your part, also on my own, in regard to the story I sent you.

In explanation, will say, I certainly did not mean at all that you should think I made up that story myself. I willingly admit that I did take the story from an old magazine, among others, that I have had at my home since they were published. When I told you I wrote the story, I did not mean at all I made it up, because how could I expect to keep some one from reading it, if they had read it before; for instance, some of the relatives of the lady who wrote it in the first place.

Also, in explanation, will say the way I came to write the story and send it to you was in this way. At the time I came across the story and read it, I showed it to a friend, who is a newspaper correspondent, and I asked him if I would be allowed to copy and send it to some magazine and be paid for it. He said I would, as it did not say in the magazine that the story should not be published again without permission. It is the same way with the other story I told you I had for your magazine.

But I see my mistake now, and I apologize to you a thousand times for doing same, and I beg you not to think I had any intentions of trying to make you believe I made up the story myself, as I certainly did not. I know this places me in a bad light, and I do not blame you for thinking the way you do, but as I did not know I had no right to do such a thing, I trust you will understand me, and look at it in the right way.

Just as soon as I received your letter, I immediately went and showed it to him, and will say he was just as much surprised as I was. He fully apologized for telling me I could do such a thing, and said he would write to you at once and explain the matter to you, but I would not let him do that, because I do not care to draw him into something I had done, and which I ought to have seen in the first place I should not do. He told me newspaper correspondents send news that had been published, and that is the reason he thought a story could be done the same way.

Now, if you can tell me the gentlemen who published that piece in the paper, I will immediately write and fully apologize to him for writing the story, and send it to you for publication, as I see my mistake now, and will try and remedy it, if possible. At the time I wrote the story I sent you, and the one I told you I still have, I was not busy with my work, and

of course I, no more than any one else, do not object to making a little money on the side, if I have the opportunity and time.

Trusting you will give this matter your full consideration, considering my lack of knowledge about the rules on writing stories, and hoping to hear from you by return mail, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

KENNETH WALKER.

P. S.—This is a lesson I will not forget, and will know in the future to be absolutely sure about a thing instead of taking some one's advice.

P. S.—I beg you not to publish in your magazine that I intentionally tried to make people believe I made up the story myself, as you may place me in a bad position, when I am absolutely innocent of trying to do anything wrong. Think if you were ever in a position of this kind. Would you want some one to publish you were guilty of a wrong doing, when in fact you were, but you did not know it.

If I were there to talk to you personally I could no doubt make you understand me better than I can by writing; that I did not do this thing, knowing at the same time that I was doing wrong.

K. WALKER.

The editor is still "as mad as mad can be." Listen to him!

"This man is not a plagiarist; a plagiarist is a man who steals one's brains, the product that an author may sell once, a flower that blooms and dies! No! Kenneth Walker is no plagiarist; he is no thief of thoughts. He is not a disciple of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Jack London! I therefore beg his pardon for my severe denunciation of what I supposed was the act of a thief; an act requiring a certain amount of intelligence and finesse!

Mr. Kenneth Walker is just a plain, ordinary idiot, a fool, the animated quinessence of assininity in breeches! I am sorry I called him a thief and I apologize to the Ancient Order of Pilferers!"

March 19, 1908.

The publisher of the Overland takes us into his confidence in the most engaging manner. He tempts one to talk back.

First, then: The Overland for March presents in most readable form a greater variety of topics of interest than any other magazine of its class upon our review table. Devoted to Coast interests primarily, it does not confine itself too closely to beaten trails.

The publisher wants his readers to be honest with his editor. Too much California in our periodical has not the force of just enough. To quote from "A Confidential Chat": "He," the publisher, must be careful that he does not, by the most infinitessimal shade, give the idea of fostering any individual or any particular policy."

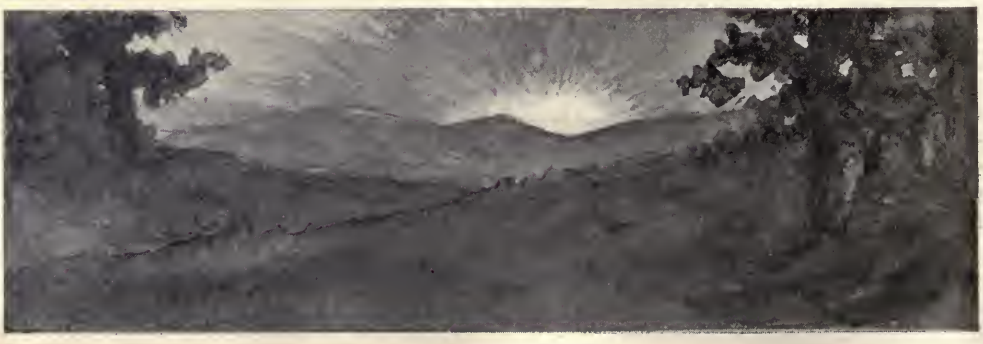
Must he?

This cannot mean that writers of signed articles must be so "careful" as never to be positive—so "optimistic" as to shun a truth that ought to be told, or venture an opinion that *may* conflict?

All depends upon an editor's persuasiveness and equanimity of temper.

E. C. TOMPKINS,

218 Lake St., San Francisco.



TO THE FLEET

BY STANTON ELLIOT

Onward flanks the fortress-fleet,
Sweeping the Pacific's brine;
Outward through the "Gate" we greet
The squadron of the battle-line.

Couriers of the sea's estate!
The fealty of East and West.
The praise of ev'ry Union-State,
Crowns thine Argonautic quest.

Defenders of this land of grace,
Bulwarks of a far-famed shield,
Giants of a monster-race,
A Nation's pride and trust we wield.

Lion-brood of Martian-spirit,
Steel-scaled dragons of the sea,
Course thy country's shore, and sphere it!
Mainstay of the Stars, the free!

Titan-offspring of our Nation,
Cruisers of a mighty Host,
Welcome! fraught with faith's libation,
To our Californian coast.

May thy guns be never needed,
Long thy guardianship in white;
May thy might be superseded
Only by Time's endless light.

Wrath divine, though fashioned mortal,
Argus-eyed to ev'ry door,
Soon shall Culebra's conquered portal
League the East with Western shore.

One united, now and ever,
From the Maine to Puget's coast—
"Honor, peace and freedom," never
Cease to be thy law and toast.



ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

San Francisco and California will have to be content with an attempt at lessening the pain of a sick bed to Admiral Evans when its citizens would like to enthusiastically acclaim his appearance at the head of the forces of the great fleet in sea and land parades. Admiral Evans is a man of achievement. and it is fitting that he should have rounded a career of devotion to his country by bringing the great white squadron through Magellan's straits, into the Balboan Sea, and to a safe anchorage in San Francisco's bay. An entire country prays for his complete victory over physical ills, and none in that country more than the Californian.

LIBRARY
MAY 2 - 1908
DECATUR, ILL.

MAY, 1908

No. 5 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

OUR MARITIME OUTLOOK

BY JOHN F. GREATHEAD

Within the last month, the Congress of the United States has to a limited measure accepted the inevitable, and has extended its system of subsidizing to the Oceanic S. S. Company, plying vessels from the Antipodes, via Honolulu, to San Francisco, and vice versa. Overland Monthly is not friendly to the idea of subsidizing any particular industry by tariff or bonus, but the editorial policy will be that, as other nations indulge in the dangerous practice, it is the duty of this Government to follow suit and to make its subsidies so great that the subsidy idea will, as a result, be killed for all time. There is no other nation as wealthy as the United States, and therefore no other nation can, under liberal subsidies, meet the ocean going vessels of the United States, and compete successfully with them. A liberal policy of subsidizing our commerce would result in the building up of an immense maritime trade. It would utterly cripple every other nation and incidentally would ruin some of them. A return to the non-subsidy basis after our supremacy is established, would leave us still masters of the seas.

There should be a subsidy system in force that would, in the first place, give every owner of vessels a cash bonus on every vessel placed in commission. Secondly: Every shipyard should receive a cash bonus for every vessel turned over to the owner. Third: Every charterer should receive a bonus on every cargo secured at a foreign port for a foreign port, and on every cargo carried from a foreign port to an American port or vice versa. These bonuses should be liberal in the extreme, and the subsidy game should be entered into by the Government of the United States with the idea of playing it for all it is worth, and incidentally killing it off. Surely it would only take about a decade to spread our trade everywhere, and to smother the subsidy system. There is no country on earth that can stand such a warfare, such a bombardment with dollars, and the outcome, while disastrous to England, Japan and France, would give us the mastery of the seas forever.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

FOR SO many years has the interest and genius of Americans been fixed upon the internal development of their nation that little concern has been felt for the steady decline of our high-sea power during the last century. When our very existence as colonies depended upon our ties with old England, and, later, when every merchantman was a well-paying investment, Yankee shipping was equaled by but one power on earth. However, our energies have been turned to the more important duty of binding a continent together with bands of steel rail, and in developing our agricultural, mineral and manufacturing possibilities. Foreign nations, which had al-

ready finished that internal work, and which saw in the merchant marine and in colonization their field of future endeavor, encouraged their sea-faring sons with heavy bonuses and privileges.

Our shipping, unable to compete with subsidized rivals, more especially as our laws were the most expensive to trade under in the world, was slowly but surely forced from the seas, and, if the owners remained solvent at all, took to coast traffic, where no such ruinous competition exists. To-day we actually have a smaller tonnage in our foreign trade, by some 100,000 tons, than we had in 1810. We are in the embarrassing situation of being a great maritime nation without a semblance of maritime power, about to construct an isthmian canal, with an absurd number of ships able to use it, and with the crews in our existing marine and navy in a great degree foreign.

Lately, however, we have begun to feel the drain of a 200 million dollar annual freight bill from the foreign lines which carry 90 per cent of our over-sea commerce and to hearken to the plaints of patriotic travelers who have failed to see a single vessel flying the stars and stripes abroad, except, perhaps, here a millionaire's yacht or there an armored cruiser.

There are weighty reasons why we need an immense merchant marine. No nation can be independent while it depends upon foreign aid to do its transporting. War and lesser complications are at any time liable to cripple our foreign commerce. For national defense we need a reserve of merchant vessels, and especially of trained sailors, to fill depletions in the navy in time of war. Again, the only form of "protection" we can give to-day to our manufacturers, whose products are every year far in excess of domestic needs, is the creation, development and retention of a great export trade. This involves a merchant service of our own, for so long as our goods must pass through foreign clearing houses and depend for swift and cheap delivery upon foreign discretion, we will be practically barred from the trade of whole continents. We want a shipping which will extend our influence and prestige over seas and oceans at present strangers to the sight of our flag. We want to persuade our young men to turn their adaptive genius to a sea-faring life, and to re-incarnate the roving, dauntless spirit which animated the peerless Yankee clippers of early days.

Quite essential to the life of a merchant marine is the development of the commerce which it is to carry. There has been much enthusiasm aroused over the fact that the United States leads in the list of exporting nations, although by a narrow margin. But, aside from the fact that one-fifth of a billion dollars should be subtracted from this showing for freight, every real American believes down in his heart that we ought to measure our progress by that of combined Europe. Quite an ambitious yard-stick, perhaps, but every one understands that sooner or later we will be confronted by a commercial alliance of the nations across the water, who are alarmed at our progress and power.

Just now we export but one-fourth as much as Europe, and not only have we covered but a limited field, but we have not studied the possibilities of even that. For example, we do what seems to be a large trade with China, especially in cotton. But really only a small fraction of the Celestial Kingdom has ever been reached by a foreign market, and the item of cotton alone could probably be raised to $25,000,000 a year, within ten years. Of what cotton the South does send, she only bothers to manufacture one-third, so that she receives but six cents, instead of twenty, a pound for two-thirds of her bales. Infinitely worse is the state of our commerce with South America, Africa and the rest of Asia; there we have but a ghost of a trade.

Without going into details, it is evident that to build up a great commercial system like that of the Germans or British, we must attend to the following points:

1. We need a great banking system, with powerful branches in such cities as Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Manila, Cape Town, Buenos Ayres, Melbourne, Calcutta, etc.

2. We want to put our present political Consular Service, by which a man is liable to be recalled soon after he has mastered the language and needs of a country, under Civil Service regulations.

3. We need, and soon will have, an isth-



THE MISSOURI, ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST BATTLESHIPS.

Copyright 1908 Keystone View Co.

mian canal.

4. We need a more extensive American cable system.

5. We want to exhibit our goods at every local fair or exposition in the world; and to establish permanent exhibits of our own in important foreign ports.

6. Retaining consciousness of our duty and rights as a civilizing power, we should stand uncompromisingly for the open-door policy.

7. Every manufacturer should study closely the petty fancies, as well as the more solid needs, of his customers abroad. He should put up his French goods in metre lengths, and remember that a neat Chinese motto stamped on an article helps wonderfully to sell it in the Far East. He should institute sweeping reforms in the present notoriously inadequate attention paid to packing goods for their long journey.

It is the policy of a wise nation to attempt to establish only such trade as shall be for mutual advantage. Any kind of commerce whereby one side gains greater advantage can never be permanent. The United States earnestly wishes to meet the expanding commerce of other countries on a basis of reciprocity, and to join hands with them in the development of their resources.

The reason why we lost our merchant marine in foreign trade were three-fold. First, the initial cost of a vessel was 30 to 50 per cent greater in this country than abroad, due chiefly to the high wages of labor here. Congress requires, however, that every vessel which expects to sail under our flag shall be built in an American yard. Second, the cost of operation was much greater under American laws than those of any other great nation. We require the vessel to be officered by Americans, and the food schedule is of unexampled quality. Third, every nation but our own directly or indirectly subsidized its shipping, so that the profits of the latter were secured in advance, and it was enabled to underbid our marine in freight and passenger rates.

The remedy for the first handicap is industrial rather than legislative. The price of steel in the United States has already fallen below that in Europe. While there is no likelihood of the cost of labor diminishing in this country, our intelligent workmen know how to employ steam, electricity and compressed air to great advantage, and just as soon as we have enough orders for ships to enable us to standardize and specialize in building them, there is not the shadow of a doubt that our methods will prove as economical here as they have in every other line of manufacturing.

In regard to the second handicap, no one wants European marine standards of comfort or wages introduced in this country. Swedish wages, for example, are often from one-third to one-half of what American steamships pay, and other countries show discrepancies almost as great. It is probable that the cost of labor will always be highest on American vessels. But, after all, that expense is but a fraction of the total cost of operating a line, and I am indulging in no air-castles when I prophesy that economics will show themselves in the machinery, fuel and general efficiency of the service which will more than wipe out this item.

Since the prevention of the third difficulty is manifestly impossible, our duty lies in finding a remedy for it. Every feasible suggestion which has ever been made has been, basically, a method of Government aid, an extension of the "protection" principle to our merchant marine. In the good old days of the early republic, when nobody thought of doubting the motives of their legislature, Government aid under every conceivable form was extended to our shipping. Since then, however, we have learned to think twice before cheering the most inoffensive looking bill on its way; and, so far, every move which has been made at Washington in this direction has met with powerful opposition. The same hard-headed man who will willingly vote money to promote local railroads and other transportation facilities, will hold up his hands in horror at the suggestion of "offering inducements" to a struggling steamship line, however important. If our domestic market is the greatest in the world to-day, it has only been made possible by the immense extension of our railroad system. The Government was always prompt to see the advantage of directly helping an ambitious road through the dark days of construction and early operation; and then the cities and townships vied with one another in attracting the line to their vicinity, by voting bonds to be exchanged for stock, or by guaranteeing the railroad bonds. There have been land grants and special privileges of all kinds given to particular railroad companies. Now that railroads are not so essential, laws relating to them are being framed more conservatively. But there is a crying need for a merchant marine; we are the happy possessors of practically no means of carrying our goods on the high seas.

A few lines, by living up to speed and service specifications, are profiting by the very moderate extra compensation for carrying the mails allowed them by the ocean-mail act of 1891, but the amount is too small to induce new lines to be formed. It should be emphasized here that the United States is the only large nation which actually makes any profit out of the ocean mail service, the surplus being from two to three millions a year. Great Britain, for instance, devotes her entire ocean mail income, together with several million dollars more, to the encouragement of her steamship lines. Whence originate such painful sights as that of the five large Pacific liners which, on the Seattle-Orient route, endeavor to compete, on a



A NEAR VIEW OF BATTLESHIP INDIANA.

Copyright, Keystone View Co.

$5,000 allowance for the U. S. mail, with the British line from Vancouver, and a Japanese line from Puget Sound, receiving from their Governments $290,000 and $330,000 respectively. Similarly, our Pacific Mail steamers from San Francisco receive the munificent sum of $70,000 for mail, and yet will not give up the fight with a Japanese parallel line whose government aid amounts to $600,000.

The most direct and energetic way to prevent a swift collapse of the remainder of our registered fleet would undoubtedly be a system of subsidies or bounties to counteract those of our rivals—if such a bill could be passed. As a matter of fact, if our ship-yards and transports had to wait for relief until a majority of both houses favored such a law, they might as well go into the receiver's hands at once. Forgetting that every time the Government improves a harbor, or irrigates barren land, or builds levees, or engages in any other great work for the ultimate good of the country, it must necessarily and unavoidably "subsidize" those cities or persons most benefited, the average citizen classes "subsidy" with "monopoly," "graft" and unspeakable possibilities.

He takes far more kindly to the "differential tax" or "discriminating duty" idea, by which foreign vessels would have

to pay a duty on their goods which our vessels would not. This policy worked wonders in the days of Thomas Jefferson, but to return to it to-day, we would have to abrogate some thirty commercial treaties now in force, and certainly provoke retaliation. Again, about forty per cent of our imports are on the free list of the present tariff, and we would have to choose between offering no obstruction to foreign ships carrying them, and placing a duty on them if carried in foreign bottoms. The latter would, of course, raise the price of the commodities in this country, as for many years to come foreign vessels would still carry a big percentage of our imports.

Providentially, there has been thought out still a third way which really seems to be ideal, and to offer few grounds for opposition. In fact, the only important objection is that of moderate expense; but whenever one considers the quite respectable percentage of our wealth which annually passes into the hands of the very foreigners who are astutely trying to manœuvre us from the high seas, one is tempted to adapt the famous slogan of 1798—"Millions for defense—not one cent for tribute!"

The idea, in its barest outline, is to pay an annual subvention of, say, $5 per registered ton for every steam or sailing vessel engaged twelve months of the year, and a proportionate payment for a lesser period, in the foreign trade. The plan instantly commends itself for its simplicity and fairness. Its cost would always be a mere fraction of the hundred millions we would save. The probable and desirable result of such a law would be the launching of heavy-tonnage freighters, rather than "ocean greyhounds." Of course, provisos requiring the instruction of apprentices on ship-board, or additions to develop our deep-sea fisheries, could be added.

National sentiment has crystallized in favor of the early passage of such legislation. With our shipping once more a healthy, vital part of our national life, it does not require much insight to foretell the future. Geographically and industrially, we are in a position to become by far the greatest commercial nation in the world. The twentieth century will witness great strides in our economic development. We have made an initial step this month to reach commercial supremacy, pass it, and leave it far behind.

THE BOOK-KEEPER

BY W. Y. SHEPPARD

Measure the meed of his service
 By pen and paper and rule,
Bind him with chains that are fashioned
 Of blotters and desk and stool.

Pay him a paltry pittance,
 This slave of the black ink-well;
And class him along with the oxen,
 Making the most of his hell.

Then give to a college a million,
 Counting the pieces of gold;
Forgetting each separate penny
 Was the sigh of a stunted soul.

THE PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTION TO THE NAVY

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON,

LATE LIEUTENANT U. S. NAVY.

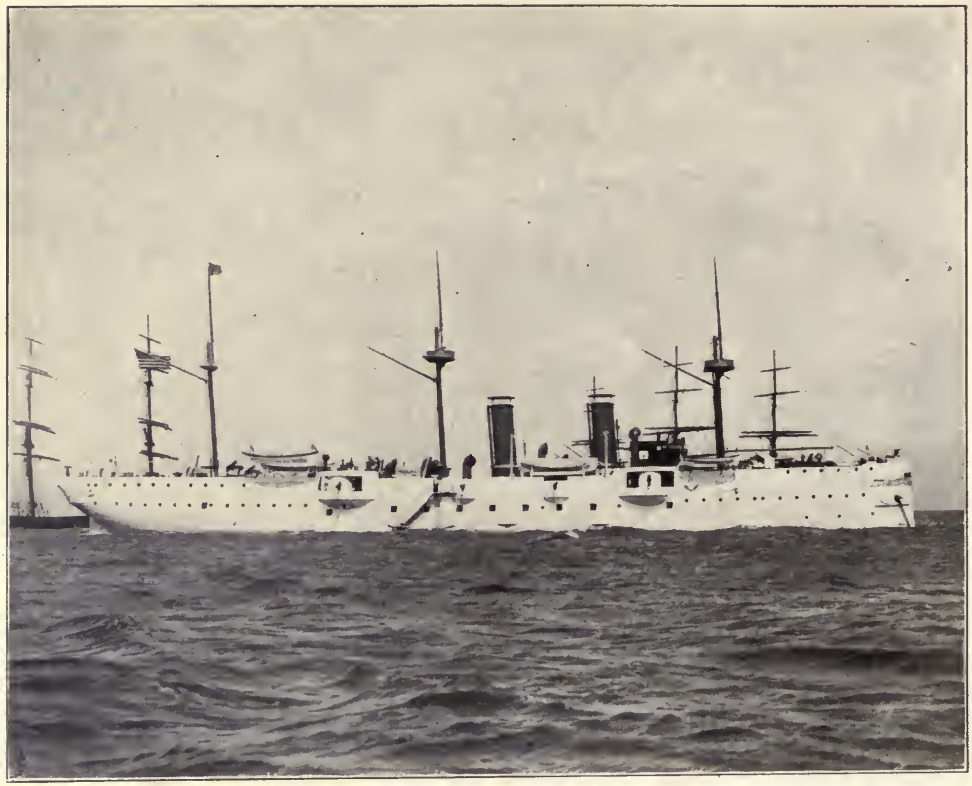
Mr. Arthur H. Dutton is, perhaps, the writer on the Pacific Coast who is the best equipped to write of matters in connection with the navy. He is an ex-Lieutenant of the Navy, and has served as a soldier or sailor of fortune under other flags. He thoroughly understands his subject, and as a regular contributor to Overland Monthly, is well known throughout the United States. His articles are read with great interest.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE TWO most notable ships of the modern American navy are products of the Pacific Coast. One is the battleship Oregon, which holds the same place in the public heart to-day as the gallant old frigate Constitution held nearly a century ago, and the other is the protected cruiser Olympia, which was Dewey's flagship in the epoch-making battle of Manila Bay.

Both of these were built at the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco. So were the battleship Wisconsin, which has earned distinction by winning the marksmanship record for practice with her great guns, and the destroyer Preble, which has recently earned the same championship for vessels of her class. Of the 35 torpedo boats in the United States navy, only five were built on the Pacific Coast, yet two of these were among the six which have reached the speed of 30 knots on trial. They are the Farragut, built by the Union Iron Works, and the Goldsborough, built by Wolff & Zwicker, in Portland, Oregon.

The Pacific Coast has contributed to the so-called "new" navy of the United States four first-class battleships, two armored cruisers, three coast defense monitors, five protected cruisers, two gunboats, three destroyers, five torpedo-boats and two submarines. This contribution, it is true, is a relatively small proportion of the vessels in the whole navy, much smaller than Westerners would wish, but it may be said without undue boastfulness that it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Generally speaking, no better warships were ever built anywhere than those that have been furnished the United States navy by Pacific Coast shipyards. Their records support this claim. In desirable qualities, in endurance, in fulfillment of contract requirements and in maintenance of those requirements under the conditions of actual service, the ships of the Far West have won a place which is not to be questioned.

The battleships built on the Pacific Coast and now in service are the Oregon, the Wisconsin and the Ohio—all built by the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco. To these will shortly be added the Nebraska, accepted last November after trial, constructed by Moran Brothers, at Seattle, Wash. The armored cruisers are the California and the South Dakota, built at the Union Iron Works, and now about to be placed in commission. The coast defense monitors are the Monadnock, built partly by the Continental Iron Works, of Vallejo, Cal., and partly at the Mare Island navy yard; the Monterey and the



CRUISER SAN FRANCISCO.

Wyoming, from the Union Iron Works. The protected cruisers from this coast are the Olympia, the Milwaukee, the San Francisco, the Tacoma and the old Charleston, which was lost a few years ago on the north coast of Luzon—all built by the Union Iron Works, which likewise built the gunboats Marietta and Wheeling.

Ten torpedo craft have been built on the Pacific Coast. The destroyers Perry, Preble and Paul Jones, the torpedo boat Farragut and the submarines Grampus and Pike—all by the Union Iron Works; the torpedo-boats Goldsborough, Davis and Fox, by Wolff & Zwicker of Portland, Oregon, and the torpedo boat Roman by the Morans of Seattle.

That is the list, to which will shortly be added the training bark Intrepid and the collier Prometheus, now in course of construction at the Mare Island navy yard. Thus the Pacific Coast has contributed almost every class of warship, from battleship to gunboat, from torpedo boat to auxiliary, to the fine United States navy of the present day. This contribution of warships of varied types would in itself make a respectable navy for any save a first-class power. Many is the nation of South America, of Asia or even of Europe which would be glad to have such a fleet.

The first of the western-built ships of the "new" navy was the Monadnock, the reconstruction of which from an older hull was authorized by three separate acts of Congress, approved, respectively, on March 3, 1885, August 3, 1886, and March 3, 1887. She was closely followed by the Charleston, the San Francisco and the Monterey. The famous Olympia was authorized by act of Congress approved September 7, 1888. She was launched on November 5, 1892. She had her baptism of fire and won her fame within six years thereafter. The doughty Oregon was authorized, along with her Eastern built sister-ships, the Indiana and the Massachusetts, on June 30, 1890, and was launched on October 26, 1893. She was kept on the Pacific station until the spring of 1898, when she made her memorable run around South America to Jupiter Inlet, Fla.,

when her commanding officer, Captain Charles E. Clark, upon reporting his arrival, notified the Navy Department that he was ready for service as soon as he should receive coal. A few days after, he was on the blockade off Santiago de Cuba, and the rest of the Oregon's history is well known. The Oregon has always been known as a "lucky ship." Even when she drifted on a pinnacle rock in Chinese waters, during a dense fog, she sustained no material damage, and, after undergoing the overhauling now being given her at the Puget Sound naval station, she will be ready again to take her place in the line of battle, even if somewhat behind the times in her armament, protection and general type.

The Charleston—not the present Charleston, but the older one, the name of which has been perpetuated in the present flagship of the Pacific Squadron—had an eventful history. She was designed somewhat along the lines of the noted British-built Japanese protected cruiser Naniwa-Kan, which, in her time, about 20 years ago, was generally regarded as the highest type of a vessel of her class. By a somewhat strange coincidence, both the Naniwa-Kan and a sister ship were lost at sea, as was the American Charleston, patterned after them. It was the Charleston which, under command of Captain G. C. Remey, chased the Chilian filibuster Itata in the Chilian revolution of 1891, and stood prepared, if necessary, to have a set-to with the Chilian revolutionist cruiser Esmeralda, which, it was feared, would interfere with the Charleston in her mission of overtaking the Itata.

In the Spanish war, it was the Charleston, which, under command of Captain, now Rear-Admiral, Henry Glass, captured the island of Guam, in the Ladrone group. Her loss later was deeply regretted for sentimental as well as for purely practical reasons. It was in recognition of this regret that the new Charleston, a larger and more powerful protected cruiser, was so named.

Two of the most recent battleships of the navy—the Ohio and the Wisconsin—



THE CRUISER TACOMA.



BATTLESHIP "WISCONSIN."

were built in San Francisco. Both are well known. The Nebraska, the only battleship yet built at Seattle or anywhere else on the coast outside of San Francisco, is a sister-ship of the Georgia and the Virginia. It is expected that she will be in service within a few weeks.

When Congress, in May, 1898, authorized the building of four single-turret monitors, one of them was awarded to the Union Iron Works. She is the Wyoming, a sister ship of the Nevada, the Florida and the Arkansas.

The two most notable ships from the Pacific Coast of late years are the armored cruisers California and South Dakota, sister ships of the Colorado, Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Both of them were seriously delayed in completion by labor difficulties in San Francisco, a trouble which has done much to lessen the speed of construction of ships on the Pacific Coast since 1900.

Here is a complete list of the men-of-war built or building for the United States navy on the Pacific Coast since the beginning of the rehabilitation of the navy in the late eighties:

Armored Vessels.

Battleships Oregon, Wisconsin, Ohio and Nebraska; coast defense monitors Monadnock, Monterey and Wyoming; armored cruisers California and South Dakota.

Unarmored Vessels.

Protected cruisers Olympia, Charleston, San Francisco, Tacoma and Milwaukee; gunboat Marietta and Wheeling.

Torpedo Craft.

Destroyers Perry, Preble and Paul Jones; torpedo-boats Farragut, Goldsborough, Rowan, Davis and Fox; submarines Grampus and Pike.

Miscellaneous Vessels.

Training ship Intrepid; collier Prometheus.

The Pacific Coast possesses two large private yards where warships of the largest size may be built, namely, the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and the yard of the Moran Brothers, in Seattle. There are several other yards where smaller vessels

may and have been built, such as the Fulton and Risdon Iron Works, in San Francisco; the yard of Wolff & Zwicker, in Portland, Oregon, and others. At the Mare Island navy yard and at the Puget Sound naval station there are good shipbuilding and repair plants.

In the past there has been more or less difficulty in securing material for Pacific Coast shipbuilding, practically all that was used having been transported from the East, at considerable expense, for which the Government allowed a small margin in favor of Western firms bidding upon naval work. Now, however, there are enterprises on hand which promise to give to California a great steel plant, and perhaps two, readily accessible by both rail and water facilities for transportation. If the labor problem in the West could be adjusted satisfactorily, or even some assurance given of stability of wages for any reasonable length of time, the Pacific Coast would be better able than ever to build as fine men-of-war as there are in the world.

Pacific Coast men-of-war are now well distributed in the various waters of the globe. The Oregon and the Wisconsin, after extensive cruising in the Orient, are now back for an overhauling at the Puget Sound naval station; the Ohio was recently transferred from the Asiatic to the Atlantic fleet; the Monadnock and the Monterey are on the Asiatic station; the Tacoma and the Marietta are in the West Indies; the Olympia and the San Francisco are at the Norfolk navy yard. The destroyers, torpedo-boats and submarines built in the West are either attached to the Pacific squadron or laid up at the Mare Island or Puget Sound yards. The other vessels built on this coast are laid up at Mare Island.

The old Charleston is the only one of the Pacific Coast vessels of the navy which has been lost; in fact, the only one that has met with any serious mishap. During the Spanish war, a shell from the batteries of Havana struck the San Francisco, entering the captain's cabin and bursting within. As every one was on deck at that time, no one was hurt, and the blow left nothing but an honorable scar of battle, to be pointed to with pride.

The shipyards of the Pacific Coast can produce and have produced every type of warship—heavy, armored battleship and armored cruiser; protected cruiser; composite gunboat; monitor; destroyer; torpedo-boat; submarine; sailing training ship. They can easily continue to do so.



U. S. GUNBOAT "WHEELING."



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MARE ISLAND.



QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, 1854-1858.

MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD

BY FRED A. HUNT

Mr. Fred A. Hunt, the author of the article, "Mare Island Navy Yard," has been a frequent contributor to Overland Monthly in the past, and his deep knowledge on all subjects is manifest in all his writings. He knows the intricacies of army and navy life, and we feel safe in saying that our readers of the Fleet Number are under obligations to him for the following article. Mr. Hunt is well known as one of the successful wielders of graceful English on the coast, and he has given this article a close attention. He is one of the large number of special writers added to the regular staff of the Overland Monthly for this occasion in order to make the "Fleet Number" something that will be prized by its readers.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

ONE OF the Governmental institutions that is located within our borders, and one of which our citizens are justly proud, is the Mare Island Navy Yard, whose operations have been so effectual in the building and repair of our vessels in the National navy. An historical resume of this depot links many names honored in our country's annals, and is interesting both from an early and recent viewpoint.

At the yards at the present time there are some fifteen hundred people employed outside of the regular naval establishment, and the commandants who have been in charge of the yard are as designated in the following list:

1. Commander David Glasgow Farragut, September 16, 1854; detached July 16, 1858.

2. Captain R. B. Cunningham, July 16, 1858; died March 13, 1861.

3. Captain David McDougal, Captain Yard Commanding, March 13, 1861; relieved June 5, 1861.

4. Captain W. H. Gardner, June 5, 1861; detached May 28, 1862.

5. Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, May 28, 1862; detached October 17, 1864.

6. Captain D. McDougal, October 17, 1864; detached September 5, 1866.

7. Commodore Thomas T. Craven, September 5, 1866; detached August 1, 1868.

8. Commander James Alden, August 1, 1868; detached March 6, 1869.

9. Captain Reed Werden, commanding, March 16, 1869; relieved April 5, 1869.

10. Rear-Admiral Thomas T. Craven, April 15, 1869; detached January 1, 1870.

11. Commodore John R. Goldsborough, January 1, 1870; detached April 15, 1871.

12. Captain Charles H. Baldwin, commanding, April 15, 1871; relieved September 15, 1871.

13. Commodore E. G. Parrott, September 15, 1871; detached September 3, 1872.

14. Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, September 3, 1872; detached July 3, 1873.

15. Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, July 3, 1873; detached April 17, 1877.

16. Commodore E. R. Calhoun, April 17, 1877; detached January 15, 1881.

17. Commodore Thomas S. Phelps, January 15, 1881; detached March 15, 1883.

18. Captain John Irwin, Captain Yard Commanding, March 15, 1883; relieved November 8, 1883.

19. Commodore John H. Russell, November 8, 1883; detached May 31, 1886.

20. Captain F. V. McNair, commanding May 31, 1886; relieved June 15, 1886.

21. Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, June 15, 1886; detached March 9, 1889.

22. Commander Louis Kempff, commanding, March 9, 1889; relieved April 4, 1889.

23. Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, April 4, 1889; detached June 8, 1891.

24. Rear-Admiral John Irwin, June 8, 1891; detached May 6, 1893.

25. Captain Henry L. Howison, Captain Yard Commanding, May 6, 1893; relieved July 17, 1893.

26. Captain Henry L. Howison, July 17, 1893; detached June 1, 1896.

27. Rear-Admiral W. A. Kirkland, June 1, 1896; died August 12, 1898, 7 p. m.

28. Commander J. J. Brice, Captain Yard Commanding, August 12, 1898; relieved October 5, 1898.

29. Captain C. S. Cotton, Captain Yard Commanding, October 5, 1898; relieved October 8, 1898.

30. Commodore J. C. Watson, October 8, 1898; detached May 15, 1899.

31. Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, May 15, 1899; detached March 29, 1900.

32. Captain Merrill Miller, Captain Yard Commanding, March 29, 1900; relieved July 11, 1900.

33. Rear Admiral Merrill Miller, July 11, 1900; detached July 11, 1903.

34. Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, July 11, 1903.

Mare Island derived its name from the following incident. In early days, the only ferry boat on the waters near Vallejo and Benicia was a novel and somewhat crude one, made chiefly of oil barrels obtained from whaling vessels and propelled by sails.

These barrels were secured together by beams and planking, and the superstructure was divided into compartments for the accommodation of cattle, to the transportation whereof it was mainly devoted.

One day, while this boat was coming from Martinez to Benicia, a sudden squall broke over it, and the craft pitched desperately. The animals (chiefly horses) that were aboard became restive, and some of them were thrown with such force against the flimsy partition that they broke through it. The boat was upset, and its animated cargo dumped into the bay.





COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE, MARE ISLAND. DINING ROOM, QUARTERS OF ORDNANCE OFFICERS

Some of the livestock were drowned, and some managed to reach either shore by swimming.

One of the horses (an old white mare, owned and much prized by General Vallejo), succeeded in effecting a landing on the Island, and was rescued thence a few days afterward by the General, who thereupon christened the place "Isla de la Yegua," or Mare Island.

The acquisition of Mare Island by the United States Government had its inauguration in the following official procedure:

In Senate of U. S. xxxlld Congress, First Session. January 6, 1852. Ordered to be printed. Mr. Gwin submitted the following report (to accompany Senate Bill 15.)

The committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred the bill to establish a Navy Yard and Depot on the Bay of San Francisco, in California, report: * * *

The first attempt, under our present form of Government, to commence a naval establishment, appears to have been demanded by the necessity of defending our commerce and citizens from the piratical depredations of the Algerine Corsairs. An act was passed the 25th of March, 1794, authorizing the building and equipment of six frigates. The passing of this act, as stated by General Knox, then Secretary of War, and in charge of Naval Affairs, "created an anxious solicitude that this second commencement of a navy for the United States, should be worthy of their national character," and he stated that "the building of the ships has been directed in several ports of the union, in order, as well to distribute the advantages arising from the operation, as to ascertain at what places they can be executed to the greatest advantage." Thus, it appears that in the beginning, by way of experiment, if not from the necessity of the case, the public vessels of the Government were constructed in private yards, but this experiment proving ineffective, none of the vessels having been completed, a committee of the House of Representatives, on the 25th of January, 1797, recommended that a sum of money should be appropriated for the purpose of purchasing and fixing up a naval yard.

Another committee of the House, March 8, 1798, stated that they had not failed to observe the "apparently enormous expenses and unaccountable delays which have attended every attempt of this kind," and James McHenry, Secretary of War, communicated with a committee of the House of Representatives, said that "the great delay that has occurred in the present undertaking must always be more or less experienced when heavy ships of war are required to be suddenly built, and the Government not previously possessed of the necessary timber and materials. It is certainly an unfit time to look for them, and prepare a navy-yard, when the ships are required for actual service, etc.

And in a State paper from Benjamin Stoddard, first Secretary of the Navy, April 20, 1800, he decides that the building yards should be made "public property, and to commence them on a scale as if they were made to be permanent." In another communication, he says that "docks for repairing ships ought to be convenient to the sea, and yet not easily accessible to an enemy." And Mr. Humphreys, a gentleman of considerable science and experience in naval architecture, says that yards should be "in the vicinity of a commercial city, for the convenience of procuring able workmen," "where the harbor is secure from freshets and stormy weather, out of the reach of an enemy."

For these cogent and incontrovertible reasons, the committee decided that it was expedient to construct a navy yard and depot on the bay of San Francisco, in California * * * and because "should numerous and heavy fleets cut off and harass our cruisers from the Atlantic ports * * * we should then possess the means and ability to construct and fit out our war steamers and other vessels of war from the Bay of San Francisco, capable, with the aid of the whalers' crews (sic) to drive every hostile sail from that coast." And this should be established because—(and here the committee encouraged the eagle to scream quite vociferously)—"California * * * will have the honor of affording upon her territory a firm resting place for the fulcrum of the lever of that power of this great country, which is hereafter to maintain its maritime rights and peace upon the vast expanse of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

For all great national purposes, whether defensive or offensive, or in a state of war, or protection of our commerce and the rights of our citizens on the ocean in time of peace, if the right arm of our power is to be put forth from the Atlantic and Gulf Coast, the left hand of that power must necessarily be extended from the Pacific Coast."

The report states some data since the acquisition of California by the United States as follows: "The direct trade of California concentrating almost exclusively in the harbor of San Francisco, for the year ending June 30, 1851, as appears by an official statement from the Register of the Treasury, employed the number of vessels and amount of tonnage as follows: American vessels entered, 379 of 115,779 tons; cleared, 815 vessels of 293,435 tons; foreign vessels entered, 482 of 142,349 tons; cleared 515 vessels of 136,735 tons."

The committee therefore report the bill to the Senate with an amendment providing for these objects, and recommend its passage with the amendment.

Thereupon the following official letter was sent:

Navy Dept., Jan. 15, 1852.

Sir: You will be pleased to name three naval officers and one engineer to compose a commission to choose a site for the California dock.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obd't sevrt.,

WILL A. GRAHAM,

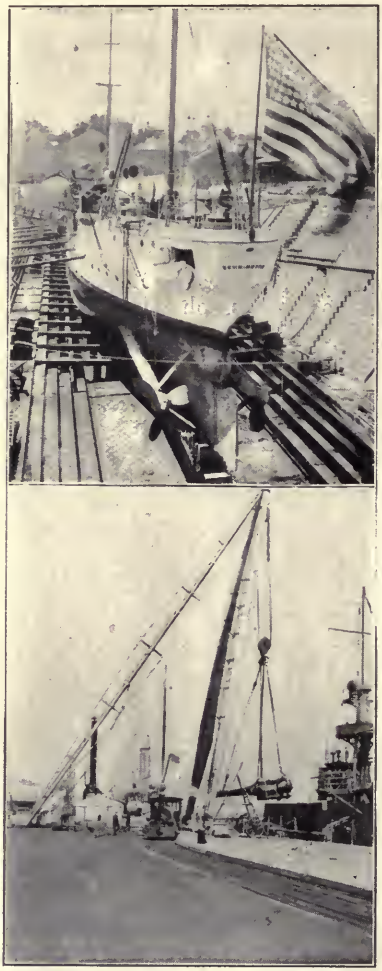
Secretary of the Navy.

Commodore Joseph Smith, Chief of Bureau, of Navy Yards and Docks.



RUSSIAN CRUISER "LENA."

Thereupon, on January 16, 1852, J. D. Smith nominated Commodore John D. Sloat (of "Bear Flag" fame), Commander C. Ringgold, Lieutenant Simon F. Blunt and Engineer William P. S. Sanger. This committee received instructions—from July 1st to December 30, 1852—to examine and select a site "for the purpose of selecting a site for a Navy Yard and Depot, including a Naval Hospital, and Marine Barracks," with especial reference to: "1st—Its security from attacks by an



U. S. S. BENNINGTON IN DRY-DOCK.
LIFTING 12-INCH GUNS FROM MONITOR WYOMING.

enemy, and its facilities and economy for defense. 2d. Its security from violent winds and sea, and the accommodation for safe anchorage in its adjacent waters. 3d. Its adaptation to the construction of a permanent Stone Dock, and for the making of a sectional Floating Dry Dock, in connection with a Basin and Railway, if a Basin and Rail Way be practicable in those waters. 4th. The facilities for procuring and the accommodations for boarding mechanics, and workmen of various classes. 5th. The facilities afforded for procuring most readily materials, supplies and stores of all kinds." Also, the fitness and adaptability for the construction of piers, wharves, launching ships and building ways, storehouses, etc., and an investigation was to be made anent the marine worm, and that the instructions were particularly confidential.

Before arriving at any decision, the commission was to ask *Captain Henry W. Halleck for advice as to its advantages and practicability for its military defense.

On July 13, 1852, John D. Sloat, the senior officer of the Board, reported to William A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, from his vessel, the U. S. brig Eastland, Mare Island Straits, that "Mare Island is by far the most eligible location," and that the island is held in eighty shares by five persons.

December 13, 1852, John P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, asked for a report concerning Mare Island, lately surveyed by the commission, and under that date Commander W. S. Ogden, U. S. N., is designated as a member of the commission and Commander C. Ringgold is omitted. And on this date, John D. Sloat, William S. Ogden, Simon Fraser Blunt and W. P. S. Sanger report the sum as expedient for its purchase $100,000 for the island, including the tule opposite Vallejo, containing about nine hundred acres, in addition to a large tract of tule extending towards Napa and Sonoma, there is ample space for all the buildings required for a Navy Yard, with good anchorage for ships of war, and, as stated in our report of the 6th ult., we consider it the most eligible location near San Francisco."

At the First Session of the xxxii Congress, an act was passed "making appropriations for the Naval Service, for the year ending the thirtieth of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three." Approved August 31, 1852. Section 3 of this act specifies that the Secretary of the

*Captain Henry Wager Halleck served on the lower California coast during the Mexican war, and from 1847 to 1849 was secretary of the State of California under the military government of Generals Kearney, Mason and Riley. In 1849 he was a member of the convention to form and draft the constitution of the State, in 1853 was promoted captain of engineers, and retired in 1854. He practiced law in San Francisco, and in 1861 was commissioned major-general of the U. S. army, August 19.

Navy shall select a site for a Navy Yard and Naval Depot in the Bay of San Francisco, in California, or neighboring waters and appropriates for its purchase $100,000. The land and improvements are now reasonably valued at $5,770,365. The United States lost about 4,500 acres of tule land by the operation of State law relative to submerged or partially submerged lands, hence Mare Island now contains about 3,000 acres, having a circumference of about ten miles, being some two and a quarter miles long, with an average width of one-third of a mile.

In 1854 the Government of the United States took possession of Mare Island by Commander David G. Farragut, who came here with a single war vessel, and commenced operations. Under his supervision, rows of buildings were projected and erected, the plans being drawn and the yard laid out by W. P. Sanger, civil engineer of the Navy Department, and a real beginning was had.

Since that time, the facilities on the island for the varied purposes wherefor it was acquired have been enormously augmented, until now the Navy Yard at Mare Island is one of the most efficacious and thorough in its equipment and work in the country, and assuredly one of the most beautiful, with its luxuriance of blossoms and foliage and its varied but handsome architecture.

One of the antiquities of the yard is situated just at the corner of the Administration Building, and is an old Spanish sun dial with a double gnomon, and upon its face the legend "Como la sombre hoye la hora" (as the shadow tells the hour.) In front of the Administration Building, in the little park, are a number of most interesting trophies and mementoes, among which are a number that were captured by Admiral McCalla while in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war. There are also the forward and after 11-inch pivot guns that were carried by the "Kearsarge" when she sank the Confederate privateer Alabama off Cherbourg, France, on June 19, 1864; the stern post of the "Hartford," Farragut's flagship during the Civil War, 1861-5, and two guns from the same ship; the figurehead of the "Independence," of 1814, and the propeller of the "Nipsic," that was



THE OLD SPANISH SUN DIAL, MARE ISLAND, CAL.
ST. PETER'S CHAPEL AT MARE ISLAND.
REAR-ADMIRAL B. H. McCALLA, COMMANDANT U. S. NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND.

wrecked by the tidal wave at Apia, Samoa, on March 16, 1889.

Unquestionably, however, the most interesting reminiscence of the past that is now at the island is the old battleship "Independence." The vessel is the second of the name, the first having been a sloop that belonged to the Colonial navy, and which was destroyed in 1777 in the Delaware river to prevent her capture by the British.

In 1812 the "Independence" was laid down at Boston, and was launched in 1814, and in January, 1815 sailed on her maiden cruise for the Mediterranean Sea, bearing the flag of Commodore William Bainbridge, and with Midshipman David G. Farragut as one of her officers. She sailed in company with the frigates "United States" and "Congress," the sloop-of-war "Erie," the brigs "Boxer," "Chifferna," "Firefly" and "Saranac," and several smaller craft.

When the vessels reached Gibraltar, there was found the squadron of Commodore Stephen Decatur, comprising the frigates "Guerriere," "Macedonian" and "Constellation," as well as several ships of war, brigs and schooners.

This was the most imposing and formidable fleet ever assembled in foreign waters by our Government up to that time, and coming, or soon after the termination of the hostilities with England, was the cause of considerable chagrin to the British officers, who had circulated the report that the Americans were not permitted to build ships-of-the-line, to which report the massive and handsome proportions of the "Independence" were a decisive refutation.

War had been declared against Algeria, and the "Independence" took part with the other vessels of our navy in the activities that ensued. It is a matter of history how the Americans took the initiative in the compulsory measures against Algeria, and attacked and defeated the Algerine fleet off Carthagena on June 20, 1815, at the same time blockading the enemy's ports. These measures compelled the Dey to acknowledge the inviolability of the American flag and brought the war to a successful termination.

Of all the ships which so gallantly defended and so proudly flew the Stars and Stripes, beneath the towering heights of Gibraltar, during that naval campaign ninety-one years ago, the only ones afloat to-day are the "Independence" and the "Constellation," the latter being used as a training ship at Newport.

Upon her return to the United States, the "Independence" was used as a guard ship and flew his flag until 1819.

In 1836 the "Independence" was razed, being cut down from three to two decks, with an armament of 54 guns, and shortly sailed for Europe as the flagship of Commodore Somerville Nicholson, being commanded by Lieut. Alexander Slidell, and her log manifests that "she sails well and is a good boat. She has logged ten knots on a wind and thirteen knots free."

In 1837 she carried the Hon. George Dallas to Russia as minister from the United States, and established the record for speed during the



PANORAMA OF MARE ISLAND STRAIT FROM VALLEJO.

passage from New York to Cronstadt.

In 1846 she was sent to the Pacific as the flagship of Commodore Shubrick, and after three years' service in these waters, during which time she participated in the capture of Guaymas and Mazatlan, she returned to the Atlantic, and later, for several years, was the flagship of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean—the scene of her earlier triumphs.

In 1854 the "Independence" was refitted at New York and sent to the Pacific for the last time as Station Flagship, and shortly afterward became guard ship at San Francisco, California, lying off Third street.

In 1858 she was converted into a receiving ship for Mare Island Navy Yard, and to-day the "Independence" is the last of our old-line battle ships, and the oldest ship in our navy preserving her original timbers, which, despite the fact that they are nearly one hundred years old, were found impossible to bore for electric wiring, and turned the edge of every bit used on them.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON



APTAIN Richard Wainwright, soon to be Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy, and said to be slated to succeed in regular rotation to supreme command of the great battle fleet, is the beau ideal of the American naval officer. Born of a military family, which has produced many distinguished officers, of both army and navy, he combines coolness with daring, a thorough knowledge of the theory of maritime warfare, with the ability to put it into practice with consummate skill.

Every one knows the brilliant part he took in the battle of Santiago, where, in command of the little auxiliary gunboat Gloucester, formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht "Corsair," he headed at full speed straight at the two Spanish destroyers Furor and Pluton, and sank them both in short order, before they had a chance to attack any of the large American warships. This exploit is a matter of history and was characteristic of the man.

When Wainwright has a duty to perform he performs it thoroughly and without hesitation. His coolness was well-demonstrated when he was executive officer of the old battleship Maine when that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor in February, 1898.

It was my good fortune to serve under Wainwright for a short time during the Spanish war, on board the Gloucester, which sailed for Santiago the day after I joined her in Key West, Fla. Wainwright was the typical captain, tall, spare, with piercing, clear eyes and commanding demeanor, he inspired all, forward and aft, with confidence which, as later events showed, was not misplaced.

We were all novices at war at that time. Not an officer on the ship, and probably not a man, had ever been under fire. Our second day out, while Wainwright and the other officers were seated at luncheon in the ward-room, for we all ate together, a messenger from the officer of the deck reported "smoke on the horizon." We were then off the north coast of Cuba, in the Bahama Channel, where a Spanish gunboat or cruiser might be expected at any moment.

"Very good. Tell the officer of the deck to head straight for it," answered the captain.

He continued eating his fruit, and then, as calmly as ever, he said to George McElroy, the chief engineer.

"Forced draft, chief."

The rest of us were decidedly interested—in a few minutes we might be in action, possibly with a stronger enemy.

"The other vessel is putting on forced draft and coming toward us," again reported the messenger.

"Very good. Gentlemen, finish your coffee."

We finished quickly, and then, at Wainwright's orders to the executive officer, Lieutenant H. P. Huse, went to our stations for battle. The other vessel was seen at once to be a man-of-war much larger

than the Gloucester. But Wainwright, with a quiet smile on his face, went straight for her. One shot was fired, but then the supposed enemy was recognized as the Mayflower, bringing news of Hobson's exploit a couple of days before at Santiago.

Early the next morning, Wainwright having orders to communicate with the Cuban insurgents near Banes, instead of lying off the mouth of the river leading to that place, he took the Gloucester up a long, narrow, tortuous stream, right through a country swarming with Spanish troops. All the guns were manned, but we were not attacked, the enemy possibly being completely astounded at Wainwright's boldness. A day and a night were spent in this perilous place.

Off Santiago, the Gloucester had a position in what was known as the "inside line" of the blackade, right under the Morro, and the batteries to the eastward of the entrance.

The main line of the blockade was held by the big battleships and armored cruisers, which usually lay about five or six miles off the harbor mouth by day, closing in to a couple of miles by night, sometimes even closer. The "inside line" was formed of small auxiliary gunboats like the Gloucester, the Vixen, the Suwanee, the Eagle and the Hornet. These, whose day position was about three miles off the entrance, closed in to a mile or even nearer by night, and it was their duty to rush at the Spanish destroyers, regardless of the risk to themselves, should the enemy attemp to leave the harbor. If the little vessels of the "inside line" were sunk, it made small difference. Their work was to protect the big ships, at whatever cost, from torpedo attack. How well the Gloucester performed this work was shown on the day of the big battle.

The morning we arrived off Santiago and took our station on the "inside line," Wainwright addressed the watch officers in his quiet way:

"Gentlemen," said he, "the moment you see a Spanish destroyer coming out, go for her full speed, man the guns and report to me instantly. We are here to destroy the destroyers."

Night after night, Wainwright kept the Gloucester so close in that the spectral Morro loomed above us, and the breakers on the rocks below were plainly visible and audible. Sometimes we were almost within pistol shot of the Spanish sentries.

One night, Daniel Delehanty, commanding the Suwanee, steamed close by us.

"Come in closer," shouted Delehanty through his megaphone. "Follow me—I'll show you where."

With a modest smile, Wainwright directed the Gloucester's officer of the deck to follow the Suwanee. The latter stood in very close.

"About here is a good place," cried Delehanty, as the Suwanee headed around again.

"Thank you. I guess I'll go in a little closer yet," replied Wainwright. And he did, lying right in the mouth of the harbor, and the Suwanee farther out.

When Shafter's army appeared in the big fleet of transports, Wainwright, with the Gloucester, shelled the Spanish batteries at Aguadores and Siboney so vigorously that the landing of the troops was made with little resistance from the enemy.

The first foothold in Porto Rico was secured by Wainwright. Taking the Gloucester, which carried no heavier gun than a six-pounder, to Guanica, a small port on the southern coast of the island, he opened fire, landed a force of about 50 men, and took the town, opening the way to Ponce, where a larger force went later and thence invaded the island.

Wainwright's boldness is one of his most marked characteristics, but he is, unlike most dashing men, likewise a keen strategist and possessed of the highest professional mental attainments. He knows the science of war, the "grand tactics," as well as he knows how to handle a single ship.

He is a strict disciplinarian, without being a martinet. His ships have always been crack ships, and he has been not only respected but beloved by all those below him, both officers and men. Governed by a high sense of duty himself, he requires absolute attention to duty from all others.

Perhaps the most eloquent testimonial to him, as officer and man, was rendered by one of his former shipmates, who said:

"If I ever go into battle, Wainwright is the man I want in command."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U. S. A., COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA.

THREE MEN AND THREE DESTINIES



REAT CRISES bring out great men, or at least men who are great enough to rise to the heights which the occasion demands, and this was the case in San Francisco, two years ago this month, where earthquake and fire found General Frederick Funston ready to step in to ameliorate the conditions that they created.

Funston amply proved himself the man of the hour as he has done on previous occasions. His heroic work was the best news that came from the doomed city; and if he had not really won his stars before, as many claimed, he clinched his right to them in a few fateful April days. Here was a little man, not up to the standard of height required for enlistment in the army to-day, who used such tact as to not only avoid all semblance of friction between the military and civil authorities, but who wholly merited and unqualifiedly received the commendations and the gratitude of the regularly constituted rulers of the city and the State. Times have changed since the Chicago fire, and a broader spirit of understanding has come over the land, but that cannot wholly explain the great differences between the cordial relations between Funston and Governor Pardee of California, and the distressing squabbles and conflicts between General Sheridan and Governor Palmer of Illinois. It is something of a feat to have commandeered supplies, to have assumed a military dictatorship, and to have made the citizens subject to the soldiery at a time when turbulence was to be most expected.

Funston is generally considered a Kansas product, for, although born in Ohio, he was taken to the Sunflower State when he was only two years old, and that was less than forty years ago. His "higher education" commenced at the Kansas University, where he had as college mates three lively young men of about his own age, all of whom, although their training was dissimilar, went into journalism; the particular trio, three musketeers of the pad and pencil being William Allen White, now editor of the Emporia Gazette, who has consistently held to his profession of journalism; Vernon L. Kellogg, professor of entomology at Stanford University, who also had earthquake experiences; and Frederick Funston, now Brigadier-General United States army. A fourth member of this comradeship was Will Snow, son of the Chancellor Snow, of Kansas University, the school that all attended. Singularly enough, all were naturalists at heart, and in their training a fine tribute to the influence of the president of their college, who was an enthusiastic biologist, with especial leaning toward entomology and ornithology. Kellogg has followed consistently in his footsteps, and even when he was on the Kansas City Star his nickname was "Birdie," because if there was space to fill he could always supply at short notice, on the call of "copy," extremely interesting matter on the Kansas bird life. Young Snow was also an entomologist, and was associated with Kellogg at Stanford, until the excitements and adventures of reporting proved too strong for him, and he went back to the newspaper life, serving on the San Francisco Chronicle until he lost his life "in line of duty" a half dozen years ago, being washed overboard from a launch in San Francisco bay while on a dangerous mission for his paper.

These men were all spirited young Americans. White and Funston have taken no small part in the affairs of the nation. Kellogg is small, wiry, alert, every inch an athlete, an excellent author and scientist, and a most wholesome influence on all the young men with whom he comes in contact. These things are mentioned to show the environment and companionships that influenced the hero of San Francisco.

General Funston is again in San Francisco at this time, in command of the Land Forces of the United States assembled to welcome the great American armada, two years after his memorable services at the time of the big fire.



PRESENTED WITH FLEET NUMBER OF OVERLAND MONTHLY, MAY, 1908.

erry



erry Building. Zellerbach & Sons' Building. New C

VIEV



oms House. Appraisers' Building. Alaska Commercial Buildi

OF NEW SAN FRANCISCO FROM TELEGRAPH HIL



ıg. Montgomery Street. Merchants' Exchange. Kohl Building. Union Trust Building.

L, TWO YEARS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE. RECORI



rocker Building. Chronicle and Call Buildings. Humboldt Bank Bldg. Whittell
Mutual Savings Bank Building. Ru

NG THE ENERGY OF AN INDOMITABLE PEOPLE.



ilding.
Building.

Flood Building.



Fairmont Hotel.

THE GUARDIAN OF OUR NATION'S HEALTH

BY JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

For two reasons the article, "The Guardian of Our Nation's Health," by Mrs. Nicholls Kyle should be of great interest to the American public at this time. Recent exaggerated reports of plague at San Francisco is the first of these reasons. The Marine Hospital Service has had the campaign for the suppression of plague in hand, and it is due to the efforts of this branch of our national health service that plague has not become endemic at San Francisco, and that, at this writing, warm weather having come on and the fleas having resumed their customary summer activity, the number of cases have not materially increased.

The second reason for a more than passing public concern in this article is to be found in the wonderful work done in Cuba, Porto Rico, in the Canal zone and in the Philippines by the Marine Hospital Service. The army and navy, but especially the naval corps, is responsible for the fact that such disease centers as Havana and Manila have been rendered as agreeable and as safe residence locations as many an American mainland city.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



E ARE a Public Health Service now," remarked Dr. Walter Wyman, leaning back in his chair with a smile, when questioned recently concerning the present work of the Marine Hospital Service. Yes, even the name of this important Bureau of the Treasury Department has been changed to suit its growing responsibilities, its relation to the Public Health being given precedence in the title. It is with just pride that Dr. Wyman contemplates what has been achieved by the service during the past seventeen years since his appointment to the position of its Supervising Surgeon General. The small institution originating as a national charity to relieve the sick and disabled of the merchant marine has developed into an establishment of magnificent proportions. In 1798, more than a hundred years ago, a bill was slowly engineered through Congress providing a refuge in case of illness for that class of seamen who in the interest of commerce are forced to lead a homeless and improvident life. To defray the expenses of the new institution, a tax of twenty cents a month was placed upon the pay of every seaman employed upon vessels of the United States engaged in foreign or domestic trade. The benevolent enterprise began its operations at Boston, but the fund at its command in its embryo state was so limited that it could only be applied as an auxiliary to other existing charities. Its patients were cared for at local hospitals by a physician specially appointed to look after their welfare. All chronic, incurable cases were necessarily excluded, four months being the longest period that accommodation could be extended to any individual.

During the ensuing decade, Congress made several appropriations to assist the Marine Hospital Service in the purchase and erection of buildings. It was accomplishing a good work and attracting attention throughout the country. One port after another along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts appealed to the General Government, representing their urgent need for just such aid as a marine hospital offered. New Orleans drew heart-rending pictures of the sufferings of the Mississippi boatmen who, during the long river

trip on their flat-bottomed boats, were exposed to numerous hardships and sudden climatic changes. New Orleans was filled with fever-stricken patients, mostly Western farmers, unable to comprehend the language of their Spanish or French physicians. The opening of a marine hospital under the direction of an English-speaking surgeon was a source of inestimable comfort to these unfortunate strangers. The pioneer settlements along our Western rivers next clamored for attention. A large number of passengers on the steamboats ascending the Mississippi were boatmen returning home after disposing of their cargoes, who falling sick during the journey, were left at the river towns whose one rude law of existence was the survival of the fittest, and affording no refuge for weaklings. The terrible epidemic of cholera in 1832 accelerated the movements of the Government's hospital charity. The whole nation had been emotionally roused by frequent reports of boatmen ill with the cholera mixed promiscuously with others suffering from different diseases, stranded at warehouses on the river wharves, or at wretched almshouses, equally helpless and hopeless, the dying beside the dead. Donations of personal property were poured into the Marine Hospital Service who sent its surgeons to the scene of these irresponsible crimes. Their advent was almost like that of missionaries in a God-forsaken land. At the same time, Congress appropriated for the erection of a hospital at each of the then small towns of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Evansville.

In 1871, a complete reorganization of the Service was effected, placing it upon a military basis. All applicants for admission were required to pass a satisfactory examination before a board of marine hospital surgeons, a law which greatly increased the professional standard of its medical corps. A supervision surgeon-general was appointed to take charge of the bureau, Dr. John M. Woodworth being the first incumbent of this office. The tax upon the wages of seamen was increased to forty cents a month, but a more important reform was in the methods of cleanliness and ventilation adopted. All of the buildings belonging to the Service had been used as military hospitals dur-



FACADE HYGIENIC LABORATORY, U. S. P. H. AND M. H. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.



GENERAL WALTER WYMAN.

ing the Civil War, and many had acquired a bad reputation, exhibiting the invariable complication of erysipelas in all surgical cases. It was suggested that the style of architecture might be in fault, the old block hospitals being laid off in the shape of the letter H, excluded too much both air and sunshine. A new type of building known as the pavilion hospital was first constructed at San Francisco, in 1875, and is still in operation. It consists of a main office connected by narrow passageways with long wings, corridor shaped, with windows on both sides to insure a free access of air and sunlight and arranged so as to completely isolate the different wards. This class of building is more expensive in construction, and surgeons who have had experience in both kinds of hospitals declare that as good results can be obtained in one as in the other by strictly observing the laws of sanitation and hygiene.



THE TENT SANATORIUM, FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO.

It was due to the exertions of Dr. Woodworth that the Government took its first step towards assuming control of quarantine matters. In an address delivered before the International Medical Congress, at Philadelphia, the supervising Surgeon General called attention so forcibly to the lax manner in which State Quarantine regulations were being observed that a national quarantine was established and placed under the direction of the Marine Hospital Service; so the once purely charitable institution entered upon its new duties as guardian of the public health. Upon the death of Dr. Woodworth, in 1879, Surgeon John B. Hamilton, who was appointed to fill the vacancy, prosecuted the war against the importation of foreign epidemics with no less vigor than his energetic predecessor.

All national quarantine stations were made permanent and more fully equipped and the first one on the Pacific Coast was established on Angel Island. In 1884, the hospital tax was abolished, and the tonnage tax received from foreign vessels was made available to defray the expenses of the Service. In addition to the medical charities dispensed, its duties were multifarious and ever-increasing. Marine Hospital surgeons were detailed to physically examine both officers and men of the Revenue Cutter Service (the little fleet belonging to the Treasury Department), also to inspect annually the crews of all life-saving stations to certify that the surfmen were physically sound and able-bodied, and to instruct them in methods for resuscitating persons apparently drowned. Next, in the interest of commerce, they must inspect all applicants for a pilot's license to prevent the employment of men afflicted with color blindness, and above all, they must be sent to our immigrant stations for the medical inspection of new-

ly arrived aliens prior to their admission to our ports. When we contemplate the appalling statement that more than a million foreigners were received by our nation during the past year it is not surprising to learn that it requires fifteen medical officers at the big Ellis Island immigrant station of New York to handle these human cargoes.

In 1891, Dr. Hamilton resigned his position, and was succeeded by Dr. Walter Wyman. Grave responsibilities confronted the new Supervising Surgeon General shortly after his appointment. Preparations were in progress for the World's Fair in which all nations were invited to participate, when a terrible visitor intimated its intention to cross the Atlantic and come to America, a visitor whose grim approach would have created consternation among all other guests and effectually put an end to the cosmopolitan exhibit. This dread enemy of mankind was the cholera. It was raging in Hamburg, yet through criminal carelessness, ships were being forwarded without restraint to the United States, several vessels became floating pest houses, as many as fifty deaths occurring on board. It was imperative to find some indirect means of suspending immigration without resorting to a formal proclamation. Dr. Wyman proposed enforcing a twenty-days quarantine on board vessels. The President's circular embodying this idea created a perfect howl of complaint, but accomplished the desired result—an almost complete cessation of immigration for that season. Meanwhile, Congress took strenuous measures for the protection of the public health. Authority was vested in the Secretary of the Treasury to send officers from his medical corps to serve in connection with the consulates at foreign ports and report upon the sanitary condition of vessels, cargoes, crews and passengers about to depart for the United States. To have the ordinary consular bill of health certified by a responsible



U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHICAGO.

physician was an innovation which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. At the Sanitary Convention held in Paris a few years afterwards, the superior quarantine system of the United States was cited as an example to other nations.

The experiment of sending medical officers to foreign ports on inspection duty resulted so satisfactorily that it has become a permanent feature of our quarantine administration. Surgeons detailed from the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service are now stationed at Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Calcutta, Bombay, Naples and in Canada. A fruit port inspection has been recently added to our system, by which medical officers are sent to the principal ports of Central and South America to insure such care in the sanitation of vessels as may warrant their admission to our Southern ports without detention which would destroy the fruit.

Ten years ago there were eleven national quarantine stations in the United States; to-day there are forty-three. Appreciating the power of the Federal Government to cope with the exigencies of quarantine affairs most effectively, one State after another has vielded up the control of its stations until the nation has practically entire jurisdiction. The people who enjoy this vigilant guardianship know but little about quarantine stations, their perfect equipment and the scientific management with which they are conducted. One of the finest in the possession of the United States is situated upon Angel Island, guarding the port of San Francisco. It is an isolated maritime village with its hospitals, detention barracks, disinfecting plants, boarding steamers and the quarters furnished the resident physician and his staff of assistants. Dr. W. C. Hobdy, the surgeon in charge at present, exercises the absolute control of an autocrat, the highest training in medicine and surgery, as well as administrative ability being required for his appointment to so important a responsibility. In order that commerce may be hampered as little as possible, each ship is boarded immediately upon arrival and subjected to a careful scrutiny. Every case of contagious disease is removed to the hospital, and all suspected persons are detained in the quarantine inclosure for the period necessary to develop the disease, where every accommodation is provided to make the prisoners comfortable. A yellow flag is hoisted to the foremast of the vessel, and she is conducted to anchorage beside the pier where the disinfecting plant is located. Here she is subjected to a cleansing process consisting of driving the fumes of burning sulphur throughout her interior by means of a steam fan and engine. She is next washed out with antiseptic solutions, a pump and hose connected with large tanks filled with these fluids being used for the purpose.

Only a decade ago, Dr. Wyman, in one of his public addresses, sounded a note of warning to the nation upon the subject of the bubonic plague, enjoining special precautions lest this fearful scourge get its clutches upon our land. The study of destructive epidemics has been a specialty with the Surgeon General, and he confidently asserts that not one of these dread scourges is indigenous to our soil, and it is not necessary for us to bear the punishment of other people's filth and indolence. In spite of his timely advice, that most insidious disease, the bubonic plague, crept past our quarantine outposts, and made its appearance in San Francisco in 1903, and it required three years' hard work to eradicate it from the city. Again, in May, 1907, a fatal case of plague was reported in old Chinatown along the wharves of San Francisco. Subsequently it was not confined to any section. Ninety-six cases occurred, with sixty deaths. The State and local authorities were active in their measures to suppress the contagion, assisted by officers of the Marine Hospital Service, but on September 4th the Mayor telegraphed a request to the President that the Federal Government take the work in charge. In response, Surgeon Rupert Blue was detached from his duty as sanitary director of the Jamestown Exposition and sent to San Francisco with eight commissioned officers and authority to appoint six acting assistant surgeons from among the local physicians, also a force of other employees and laborers. The work is being pushed forward with vigor, it having been found to consist chiefly in the correction of unsanitary conditions and the destruction of rats. The epidemic is



U. S. QUARANTINE STATION, ANGEL ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO. STEAM LAUNCH "BACILLUS."



U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. "TENT WARD." FOUR TENTS, END TO END, CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING TWENTY-FOUR PATIENTS. FEB., 1890.

diminishing, but time will be required to stamp it out, by reason of the fact that it prevails among rodents and is transmitted from one rat to another by fleas, and consequently thence to human beings. Measures have also been taken to prevent the spread by vessels to any other port, domestic or foreign, by establishing a fumigation service in order to destroy rats on board of all vessels leaving San Francisco harbor.

"The white man's burden," which the United States has assumed in our insular possessions has created violent political dispute and criticism, but there is one unqualified blessing which the unfortunate Filipinos have derived from their change of masters—a sanitary condition never dreamed of before. Seven national quarantine stations are maintained in the archipelago, by means of which and other sanitary regulations the scourge of small pox has been almost eliminated from their midst to the wonder and applause of all outside spectators. Cuba also owes a debt of gratitude to the United States as great as that for ridding her of the yoke of Spain. She has been taught to clean and disinfect her cities, to drain her marshes and exterminate mosquitoes, till the menace from yellow fever has been actually minimized. The Hawaiian Islands are protected from foreign inroads of disease by seven quarantine stations conducted by our Marine Hospital surgeons, and earnest efforts are being made to hasten forward the erection of buildings on the Island of Molokai for the purpose of investigating leprosy. This work has been greatly delayed on account of the isolated location and the difficulty of employing laborers. Most people have a natural but unnecessary fear of leprosy, for the disease, though a terrible infliction, and as far as known incurable, is in fact but moderately contagious. A panic could be excited very readily in any assembly by the mere statement that there was a leper in their midst, yet the same persons would feel but slight apprehension on learning that one-fourth of their number were afflicted with the great white plague, tuberculosis. Our public Health Bureau gives the latter disease much more serious consideration. It has established a sanitorium for tuberculosis patients at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. Obtaining possession of the abandoned army post with its reservation of fifty-six square miles, it has repaired the buildings, fitted them up with every modern convenience and beautified the spot in various ways to make it attractive. It is a little

oasis of civilization in a remote district, seven miles from the railroad terminus. The patients are sent thither from marine hospitals all over the country. They live in tents, are supplied with the best of food, and already show the good effects of the climate and the treatment. During the past year a hundred patients were discharged as cured or with the disease arrested.

A few years ago, an unnatural physical debility was observed among a certain class of laborers in the Southern States, especially children working in the mills. This anaemic condition was attributed to malaria; but a medical zoologist sent by the Public Health Bureau to probe the cause of the malady found that it was due to the existence of the hook worm disease. Exertions are now being made to effectually eradicate this parasite, which is sapping the young life of our poorer citizens. It has been found to be readily curable, and the conditions responsible for its propagation (chiefly soil pollution) can be remedied. The report published by the Bureau on this subject attracted the attention of the Government of Porto Rico, whose citizens are afflicted in a similar manner. Steps have been taken to rid the island of this pest. It is gratifying to observe that the example set by the United States is being imitated by our Porto Rican neighbors. Our eight national quarantine stations maintained along their shores has doubtless taught them something about sanitary precautions.

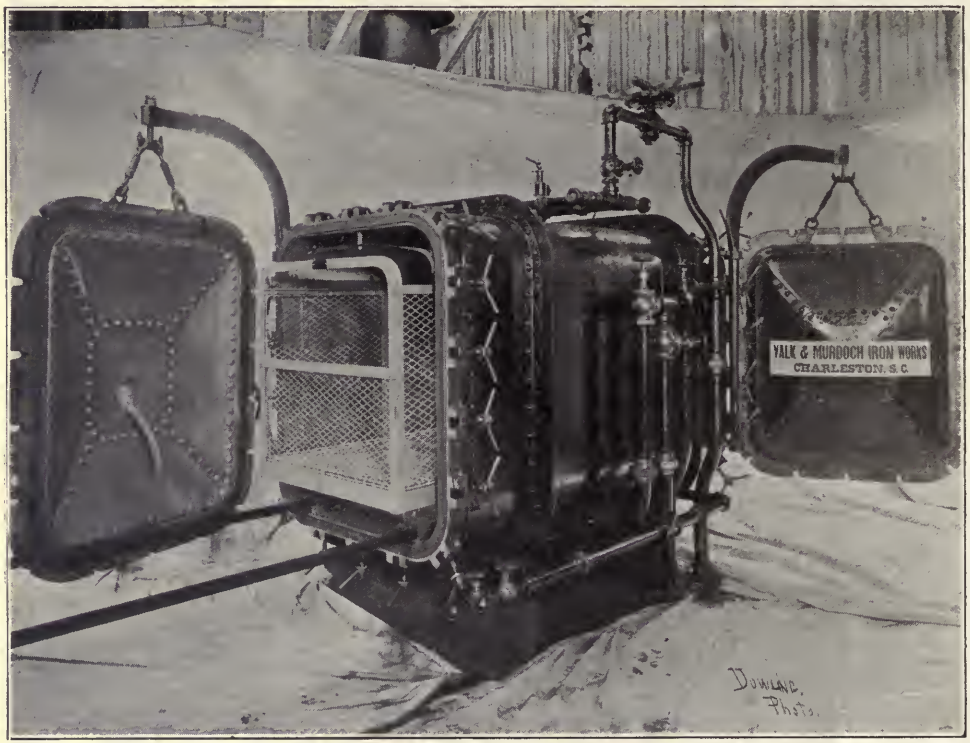
With one exception, the South has not been visited by a serious epidemic of yellow fever for many years. Once its advent was anticipated as surely as the coming of summer, and the first frost was looked forward to with anxious longing to put a stop to its death-dealing reign. Is the country aware that the cessation of these periods of illness and bereavement has been brought about solely through the intervention of the Marine Hospital Service? Concealment of the first presence of the disease was a prime factor in its disastrous results, and more than once the contagion reached such gigantic proportions that the Federal Government was besought to assume charge of the infected district.

The flexibility in emergencies of the medical corps of the Public Health Service was illustrated, in 1905, when experienced officers were ordered to New Orleans to take charge of the yellow fever situation



INTERIOR OF WARD, U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE.

at the urgent request of the Governor of Louisiana, their ordinary posts being filled by temporary appointments. The epidemic was of a virulent type, and there were more than three thousand cases with four hundred and fifty-two deaths. Surgeon J. H. White, with a staff of twenty-one commissioned officers, grappled with the enemy inside the city after dividing it off into sixteen wards, while a train of inspection service was quickly inaugurated and detention camps were opened to permit the egress of persons after they had been held under observation for six days answered by a circular containing most comprehensive instructions for the killing of mosquitoes. These circulars, which were sent to every postmaster in Louisiana and Mississippi for distribution, directed, as an initial act, the destruction of the breeding places of mosquitoes and the free use of coal oil on all gutters, ditches and other standing water that could not be drained; that wells and cisterns should be screened with a fine wire netting; that the watering troughs for stock should have gold fish or minnows placed in them; that houses should be cleared by burning sul-



THE DISINFECTING APPARATUS.

to demonstrate their freedom from infection. At the beginning of the outbreak, it was evident that the doctrine of the spread of fever through a certain species of mosquito was not popularly accepted, even in some instances by those in authority, and it was found necessary to inculcate this doctrine in the most authoritative manner. Meanwhile, localities liable to become infected wrote to the Bureau at Washington, asking what preventive measures should be adopted. They were phur, and above all, that the sick should be carefully covered with mosquito bars. Although local physicians have always pronounced it futile to attempt to stamp out yellow fever before the arrival of cold weather, the Service scored a triumph in the name of science, when on October 26, long before the coming of frost (December 4th that year), the epidemic was declared to be at an end.

A handsome new building has been erected at Washington, for the accommo-



FORT STANTON SANATORIU'M—PARADE GROUND.

dation of the Hygienic Laboratory maintained by the Bureau of Public Health at its headquarters. Twelve scientists are here engaged in conducting experiments in regard to the origin, pathology and therapy of epidemic diseases. Other subjects under consideration are the water supply of the District of Columbia, in connection with recent outbreaks of typhoid fever, also the milk industry from farm to consumer with the diseases it carries. Supervision is also held over all vaccine virus, serums and toxines, to ensure their purity and potency, by sending experts to inspect the establishments where they are prepared, in this country, in Germany and in England. Report upon the equipment and professional methods of these establishments must be made before license can be issued to them by the Secretary of the Treasury to sell their products in the United States. Public health bulletins are issued weekly by the Bureau for the use of quarantine officers, consuls and sanitariums, at home and abroad, which contain timely information regarding diseases throughout the world. Numerous other medical publications are being widely disseminated, among them one upon trachoma, of peculiar interest to inspectors on the Pacific Coast, who daily arrest aliens afflicted with this contagious disease of the eye. Annual conferences of the State boards of health with the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service are now required by law, and have been found of great mutual benefit. There has been a marked progress in the march of sanitation during the past five years. A combined effort to eliminate yellow fever from the Western hemisphere was evidenced by simultaneous action on the part of all nations possessing infected ports. International congresses also discussed the management of epidemic diseases, but their agreements related almost exclusively to quarantine matters. At the third International Conference of American States, held in Rio Janeiro, in 1906, Dr. Wyman submitted the proposition "that the subject of quarantine be put aside as having been duly considered and acted upon, and an advance made in international deliberations by the consideration of hygiene and sanitation. In other words, that the deliberations of international sanitarians should be transferred from ships to the shore." If the old adage be true that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then the clearing away of the slums of our cities should tend to minimize crime and advance the cause of universal peace; and a consequent general prosperity.

RECOGNITION

BY H. C. N.

The business world stretched forth alluring hands,
And She, ambitious, answered to the Call,
Thought by her work to rise above the sphere
Of wives and mothers who had sacrificed their all,
Whose talents shown through a reflected light
Of glory come to husband or to kin,
And so she scoffed at Love and took her place
Amidst the City's bustle, strife and din.

She worked unceasingly and sought to gain
Advancement and the Glory which she prized,
But neither came, and she was forced to learn
In Man alone is Merit recognized.
Then yielding to the failure which she met
She bowed her head beneath its crushing weight,
Found consolation in a strong man's love
And thanked her God she could reciprocate.



CABIN U. S. R. S. "INDEPENDENCE." CABIN IN U. S. R. S. "INDEPENDENCE."

THE LOG OF AN ANCHORED FRIGATE

BY FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE

How few people know anything at all about the life on a receiving ship? The story of the first steps taken by the man who enlists as a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy is told in captivating manner by Mr. Fred Gilbert Blakeslee, in the article, "The Log of An Anchored Frigate." As this issue of the Overland Monthly is being printed, the greatest armada the United States has ever gathered together for an all-around-the-world cruise has entered San Francisco bay, and is being viewed by the admiring thousands along its picturesque shores. The receiving ship is the apprentice shop for the sailor man, and from receiving ships at various points men are now being trained to man the ships, in assembly at San Francisco, to go to the Orient with the message of peace, enforced by might and justice—a warning to the whole world that the United States flag is to be respected, and that the citizen under its protection is in the position of a strong and self-reliant man asking no favors and exercising no tyranny.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE AVERAGE citizen has very little idea of the life led by the sailors in his country's service, and knows almost nothing of the years of patient toil that it takes to make the finished product known as the "man behind the gun." It is not the intention of the writer to give, in this article, the full details of the process by which this is accomplished, but rather to deal with the life of a sailor aboard a United States receiving ship, where the newly enlisted tar receives his first lesson in seamanship and naval discipline.

Sailors are rated in the navy under three classes, landsmen, ordinary seamen, and seamen. Above them comes the petty officers, of which there are four grades, and above these the warrant officers (boatswains, gunners, sailmakers and carpenters.) This is practically as high as an enlisted man can rise, officers being appointed almost entirely from among the

graduates of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Enlistments are usually made at the various navy yards, and after the applicant has successfully passed the rigid physical examination, and has been duly sworn in, he is at once sent aboard the nearest receiving ship to be trained for service at sea. He is rated as a landsman, and Uncle Sam pays him for his valuable services the sum of sixteen dollars per month, out of which he has to furnish all his own clothing and equipment. A complete outfit costs about fifty dollars, and unless a man is able to pay cash for it, he receives no pay until this account is settled.

The discipline of the navy is of a nature which impresses a new man as being something awful. He is forbidden to sit on a gun, or in a port, to whistle, sing or cheer, and to do numerous other things which seem to him to be only natural and proper. For being late at quarters, sitting down while on watch, emptying anything out of a port, or expectorating upon the deck, he may get two or three nights of extra watch duty, or be deprived of his shore liberty for a week or two, while if he is ever drunk or disorderly, or in the slightest degree mutinous, he is apt to spend from five to ten days in the brig. All this seems rather hard to a man fresh from civil life, but if he is wise, he accepts the iron discipline without a murmur, and tries to get accustomed to it as soon as possible.

After a little, with a knowledge born of numerous corrections, he begins to master the sea language which was at first so troublesome. He no longer says downstairs for below, upstairs for on deck, and right and left for starboard and port. He learns that he must not go "abaft the mizzen," except in the performance of specific duties, and gradually the different parts of the ship become fixed in his mind, and he feels that at last he is really making progress towards becoming a sailor.

A receiving ship is usually an old frigate, a relic of the days of wooden walls and smooth-bore guns, that has been dismantled and roofed over until she is merely a floating hulk. Most of them have



THE ANCHORED FRIGATE "INDEPENDENCE."

three decks, beside forward and after orlops. The first or upper deck is the spar deck, and this is divided into three parts by imaginary lines. From the bowsprit to the foremast is the forecastle, from the foremast to the mizzenmast is the waist, and from the mizzenmast to the stern is the quarterdeck.

The quarterdeck is the exclusive territory of the officers; the forecastle and the waist are the haunts of the men. Below the spar deck is the gun deck, and it was here that the main battery of the ship was originally mounted, and from here mighty broadsides thundered, while gallant sailors naked to the waist ran in and out by hand the cumbersome guns that were once considered so powerful. On many of the receiving ships some parts of these old batteries still remain, and are used to teach new men the rudiments of gun drill. A few modern rapid-fire guns are also a part of the armament of most receiving ships.

The gun deck is the living place of the men. Here they eat, and on most ships sleep, and here is located the galley, where all the food is cooked. Under this deck is the berth deck, originally the sleeping place of the men, and sometimes still used for that purpose, but generally divided into various store rooms.

The wardroom where the officers live is in the after part of the gun deck. Warrant and chief petty officers occupy what is known as steerage country on the berth deck, a set of cabins having nothing in common with the word ordinarily used in this connection.

The crew is divided into starboard and port watches, the whole forming what is known as the ship's company. These watches are sub-divided into squads of from four to eight men under the command of a petty officer, and while standing watch these squads relieve each other at regular intervals.

Standing watch is one of the most important of the multitudinous duties of a sailor, and while in the performance of this duty, he takes orders only from the captain, the officer of the deck, and the petty officer of the watch.

The officer of the deck, during his tour of duty, is practically in command of the ship. He is responsible for everything that takes place on board, and makes a careful record of all events in the log, which, when signed by him, becomes the official record of the day's happenings. Under him, and directly responsible to him for the vigilance of his men, comes the petty officer of the watch, who has specific charge of the gangways, and who sees that no unauthorized person is admitted to or leaves the ship. He also keeps the liberty list, and when the men come over the side on their return from shore leave, marks against their names the mystic letters, "c and s" (clean and sober), or "d and d" (drunk and disorderly), as their condition seems to warrant. At night, he is practically in charge of the deck, and must make an inspection every half hour to see that all is safe and secure. All articles brought on board must pass under his watchful eye, to make sure that there is nothing contraband in them, and he must inform the officer of the deck whenever officers are about to come over the side, in order that they may be received with the courtesies due their rank.

The men on watch are posted according to the strength of the crew, which on receiving ships is always fluctuating. Usually there is a sentry at the gangway, one or two messengers and a sentry on both the gun and berth decks. When there are prisoners in the brig, an additional sentry (a marine if there be any aboard ship) is posted over them to make sure that they communicate with no one.

As regards food, men on a receiving ship generally live better than do those at sea, because they are in touch with the home market. Thirty cents per day is allowed each man, and a judicious use of this sum will go a surprisingly long way in providing nourishing rations. One of the officers usually caters for the crew, but the men can draw their ration money and provide for themselves, if they prefer to do so. Corned beef, fresh pork, beefs' liver, sausage, mush and molasses, potatoes, bread and coffee are the usual articles of diet, with an occasional steak, chop, or cutlet by way of variety. Sunday brings plum duff for dinner, with perhaps broiled chicken or some such luxury.

The men are arranged in messes of fourteen, one of whom, acting as mess cook, sets the swinging table, brings the food

from the galley, and washes the dishes when the meal is ended. Mess cooks are termed idlers, and are not required to stand watch or to turn to in the morning.

Everything in the navy is done upon certain set rules, and woe to the man who breaks them. A schedule of the day's duties is posted in some conspicuous place, and the fulfillment of these duties leaves the "jackie" not overburdened with spare time. Captains differ in the amount of work they require of their men, but the day's tour of duty on the "Minnesota," on which the writer served, may be taken as a fair sample of all. This was as follows:

Reveille	5:30 a. m.
Turn to	6:00 a. m.
Breakfast	7:30 a.m.
Drill	9:00 to 11:00
Dinner	12:30 p. m.
Supper	6:30
Colors	7:30
Hammocks piped	9:00
Taps	9:30

No loud talking, clapping, singing or other undue noise is allowed until after colors, cheering and whistling being at all times strictly prohibited. Smoking is permitted only while the smoking lamp burns. When that is extinguished, pipes must be put away.

The day's work begins when the ship's bugler announces through his brazen throat that manifest lie: "I can't get um up; I can't get um up; I can't get um up in the morning." This may apply to the "dirty, dirty doughboy," but it certainly doesn't to his web-footed comrade. Before the last note has died away, every man is on his feet, jumping into his clothes and lashing up his hammock like mad. The last man to get his hammock up receives extra work as a reward for his tardiness, and none of the jackies are striving for that honor. Perhaps in his hurry the sailor only makes six turns around his hammock with his lashing, instead of the seven prescribed by the regulations; the eagle-eyed stower is almost certain to throw it back at him and make him relash it, and the time so lost rarely fails to give him the uncoveted labor.

Promptly at four bells, the bosun's pipe warns all hands to turn to, and the general housecleaning of the day commences. Details under the charge of petty officers are formed and assigned to specific duties by the boatswain's mate in charge. Some with buckets and hand swabs go over the paint work; others polish the guns and brasses, some bail out and clean the cutters, while still others in bare feet, with brooms, mops and hose engage in that delightful occupation known as "washing down the decks."

Breakfast takes the men from their toil, and no wonder the "salt horse" and coffee disappear at an astonishing rate.

Nine o'clock finds the bugler again making brazen melody, and all hands fall in at the guns for a two hours' drill. Quickly the captains of crews muster their crews and report "such and such a gun's crew present or accounted for." When all have reported, the division officers take their stations, and the men strip for action, or in naval parlance, "cast loose and provide," and then for two hours they "run in," "sponge," "load," "prime" and "fire." Notwithstanding its tediousness, gun drill is well liked by the men, and this fact accounts in a large measure for the wonderful accuracy of our gunners, as exhibited in our naval victories during our late war with Spain.

Boat drill is another thing to which great attention is paid in our navy, the new men especially getting a good deal of this excellent exercise.

After dinner a man's time is his own until three o'clock, and then he has another drill (perhaps on shore) until five, to fill up his afternoon for him. Whenever he is not engaged in the discharge of any specific duty, a man is at all times liable to be "broke out" by the boatswain's mate to load on supplies, clean out officers' cabins, or do other things to prevent time from hanging heavily on his hands.

After colors is Jack's only time of relaxation, and he makes the most of it. Almost any night an interested ring of men can be found near one of the big swinging lanterns, watching with eager eyes a set-to with gloves or single sticks, while from the other parts of the vessel comes the sound of twanging banjoes and the sailor songs of the lads that "go down to the sea in ships."

One day each week is usually appointed

as wash-day, but washing is going on at odd moments from one week's end to the other. Washing one's clothes, to a man who has never had any further concern about them than to see that they were sent to the laundry, is a novel and not always enjoyable experience. In the first place his ignorance on such matters is generally profound, and then he has none of the fixings which a laundress considers so essential. Blueing, starch, wash-boards and flat irons are unknown in the navy, and a man is in luck if he gets hot water. A bucket of salt or fresh water, a bar of soap, a scrubbing brush, and plenty of muscle are the only requisites for naval washing. Having these, with his bundle of dirty clothes, the jackie seeks out some place where he can cleanse his soiled raiment. If he can get into the wash room, so much the better, for there he will have a shelf to work on and plenty of water near at hand; but if he is not fortunate enough to secure standing room in this desirable location, he must content himself with a bit of the deck. In either case the process is the same. The garment is first soaked with water, then spread out flat and rubbed over thoroughly with soap; then the scrubbing brush is seized and muscle does the rest. A rinse off in clean water and the clothes are ready to be hung up to dry. Very simple it seems, but it is not always as easy as it looks.

Sunday is a day of rest, only necessary work being done and all drills being omitted. On this day, all the men dress in their very best blues, and the captain makes a most careful inspection of the ship and crew, and woe to the man who appears in aught but the most spic and span condition. Once in each month a general muster is held. The men, dressed in their best, form on the port side of the quarterdeck, the officers in full uniform and wearing their side arms, take position facing them, the paymaster with his muster roll standing near the captain. When all is ready, the captain reads in an impressive voice the "Rules for the Government of the Navy," wherein the duties of officers and men are prescribed, and the lawful punishments which may be meted out to each for failure to perform satisfactorily said duties: the list of things for which one may suffer death or such other penalty as a court-martial may direct being surprisingly long. When the reading is finished, the roll is called, each man answering "Here, sir," when his name is called, touching his hat and passing around the capstan, down the deck in front of the line of critical officers and forward to his quarters.

Perhaps the most beautiful and impressive ceremony of all is evening colors. As the sun sinks in radiant glory in the West, the Quartermaster on watch takes his post at the halyards, the bugler goes to the quarterdeck, where the officers have assembled, and the petty officer of the watch passes the word along the line to "stand by for colors."

As the rim of the golden orb of day touches the horizon, the officer of the deck gives the word, and the beautiful strains of "colors" float out upon the air. At the first note every man springs to his feet, faces the flag and salutes. Slowly the emblem of our country descends, the officers and men standing uncovered while the band, if there be one aboard the ship, plays the "Star Spangled Banner." It is over in a moment, but in that moment a glimpse is given of what it is all for, and men realize what a glorious privilege it is to serve one's country and to uphold the honor of her flag.



WHAT ENDS WELL

BY BILLEE GLYNN

Mr. Billee Glynn, big-boned, much-haired and genial, writes the story of an Irish pair of lovers. There are some of us who may not relish his portrayals. It is fiction, however, and pretty good fiction. Mr. Glynn is a recent arrival in the United States, and calls Canada his home. Dialect prose or poetry is not in favor in the Overland sanctum, and the editor desires to apologize for this one infliction, with the promise he will not offend again.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IF NATURE had made the nose of Mickey O'Flannagan a little longer with a Roman arch to bridge his resolutions in place of the stubby, insignificant thing it was, it is altogether probable that instead of stroking it helplessly, as he did, and looking from his friend O'Brien with a hopeless expression to the adjacent backyard where Fanny Donovan was milking her father's cow, he would have been on the other side of the fence, too, in search of his heart and Fanny's—the former having taken to the fence many moons before. The trouble was that Mickey did not know on which side of the fence Fanny's heart really was—or fancied rather it was on her own side to stay.

Bogton (we'll call it that) is a village in the West, more Irish than Ireland itself, and the pair were on Mickey's verandah—or an open porch that passed for such—where O'Brien had been fabulizing New York—a city from which he had just returned after a visit long enough to expand his ideas without narrowing his brogue—when the pleasing spectacle of Fanny and her milk pail on the Donovan side had induced a lapse in the conversation and a sigh from Mickey. Mickey had sighed countless times in the same place on beholding the same tantalizing vision, and perhaps his sigh in company now was the result of habit. Perhaps he thought a man like O'Brien, who had viewed the magnificence of New York was also a fit person to whom to unfold the destitution of his heart. At any rate, the sympathetic twinkle in O'Brien's eye demanded an explanation, and Mickey having stroked his nasal organ as if with a desire to remodel it to the heroic type, let his hand point in Fanny's direction, and emphasized his first sigh.

"Look at her, Billy O'Brien," he said. "She's the woman o' me heart. If I iver marry, she'll be the wan; but I'll niver marry."

"An' why won't ye?" asked O'Brien, with evident surprise, turning an eye of approval on the pretty figure crouching by the cow in the opposite yard.

Mickey grasped his friend's sleeve, and lowered his voice awesomely.

"Because, Billy, me boy," he said, "she wudn' hev me."

"Wudn' hev ye! Did you ax her?"

Three months in New York had colored the natural slipshodness of O'Brien's mentality with a show of the practical. The notoriety of his trip had made him a favorite with the colleens in his native village, and given him a conceit of his powers.

His question, "Did you ax her?" seemed to prove the utmost depths of Mickey's soul. His voice was lachrymal.

"Arrah, an' that's the p'int of it, Billy, me boy," he said, "that's the p'int of it. If I could only bring myself to it, but I can't. I've thryed to for two years now, an' I'm lojkely to be thryin' for the next two at the rate I'm goin. I'm loike a yearlin' wantin' to jump a fence that's too high for him, and he knows he darsen't make the lape for fare iv breakin' his legs.

Billy, I'd break me heart if I thryed it. She'd refuse me. Whin I see her go down there in the avenings, a-swingin' her pail, and singin', "The Lass o' Killarney," or something akually swate, an' see her sit down by that cow and send the milk a-stramin' with fingers as white as itself, I'd give the worl' to be able to step over the fence an' say, 'Fanny, darlint, will ye hev me?' But I moight as well thry to cross the ocean on a bhroom-stick. It's somethin' in her head, Billy—the way she howlds it. It says I'll hev nuthin' to do wid ye before you ax her."

Mickey turned from the object of his affections, sitting beside the cow with her back toward them, to his friend with a look that demanded sympathy, but was surprised to find none in the blue orbs of that practical person.

"Mickey O'Flanagan," he said, "I'm ashamed iv ye—and you a gintleman iv propherty—that you wud be so aignorant."

"Aignorant, is it you're callin' me, Billy O'Brien?" exclaimed Mickey reproachfully.

"Yis, aignorant—no other word wud do ye. Didn' you know that a woman allus howlds her head loike that whin she's wantin' you to phropose to her. It's aisy seein', Mickey, ye hevn't had the exparience wid the craythurs that I hev."

O'Brien paused for an instant to gaze glowingly on a New York career of unlimited heart-lifting, and then resumed. "Faix, the colleen's been as good as axin' ye over the fence to phropose to her iver since ye've been watchin' her here, and you wor such an omadhaun that you didn't know it. Mickey O'Flanagan, it's ashamed o' ye I am."

"You don't say, Billy," ejaculated Mickey, with an expression of joy.

"Yis, I do say. It's ashamed o' ye I am, O'Flanagan, and nuthin' else. Ye've been lookin' an' sighin' on this side iv the fence avening after avening, an' her on the other side jist dyin' for ye to go over and ax her, and ye couldn't see it. Why, it's blind ye must be, man."

Mickey rubbed his eyes as if to correct their vision, in order to see Fanny in the perspective of his friend Billy, and though for a moment he succeeded in viewing her in the roseate light of responsive love, a sudden doubt crossed his face, perhaps from the slight toss which Fanny at that moment happened to give her head, as if her thoughts were of a tormenting nature.

"But how'd ye git to her, Billy?" he asked. "How'd ye approach the darlint?"

"Isn't there a houle in the fence, Mickey? What more wud you want?"

Mickey made no reply, but gazed from the breach in the fence to the woman, as if the plus of his wants lay there.

The cow switched her tail at this juncture, striking Fanny Donovan on the cheek, and she put up her hand with an expression of annoyance.

The incident caused O'Brien to lay his hand on his companion's shoulder, and smile wisely.

"Did ye see it," he whispered. "What betther raison would ye want than that to go over and spake to her, wid a houle in the fence as good as axin' you to come. Didn't you see the cow's tail sthrike her, man?"

"Troth, an' I of'en seen it," began Mickey, nonplussed, "but——"

"Of'en seen it," interposed O'Brien, "of'en seen it; and ye don't know what I'm dhrivin' at. Mickey O'Flanagan, I'm ashamed iv ye. Politeness ought to taich you. What betther excuse would ye want than to go over to howld the cow's tail to kape it from sthrikin' her?"

"It's afther foolin' me you are, Billy," returned Mickey, smiling incredulously.

"Foolin' you! Faix an' it's foolin yerself you are, Mickey O'Flanagan," affirmed O'Brien, seriously. "How could you expect the woman to loike you? You hev been standin' here night afther night watchin' the cow lambastin' her poor, tendher cheek with its tail, an' ye didn't hev the heart to go over and howld it for her. Mickey O'Flanagan, it's nuthin' less than cruelty and bad manners for ye."

"But wud she let me?"

"The cow is it you mane?"

"The woman."

"Let you! She'd be glad to hev you. Hevn't I towld you the way she howlds her head shows she's jist dyin' for ye. Mickey O'Flanagan, belave the word iv a friend, you're nuthin' less than a fool as far as undherstandin' a woman is consarned. It's in New York you ought to be to larn, me boy."

"An' wud you railly howld the baste's tail for her, Billy?" asked Mickey, still somewhat dubious.

"Yis, or its feet aythor if I loiked the woman. It's the aisiest thing in the worl'. I'll show ye for the sake iv the illusthration, Mickey."

Whereupon Mr. William O'Brien, late of New York, took off his hat, dinged the crown properly, dusted the sleeve of his coat where a spot or two showed, shook himself into an attitude of dignity, and with a parting wink of confidence at the incredulous Mickey, made his way through the breach in the fence to the Donovan side. An instant later Mickey saw him lift his hat with a flourish to the blushing Fanny, and shortly afterward beheld him in the pleasant and enviable occupation of holding the cow's tail, while he kept up a sprightly conversation with the girl, punctuated with short bits of laughter, which came to the ears of Mickey with a thrill of jealousy.

When Billy had returned, and, having dwelt on his knowledge of the fair sex to the now convinced and admiring Mickey, assured him that he was not in love with Fanny himself, and promised with all the condescension proper to his love-inspiring personality that he would thereafter pay her no attentions whatever to injure his friend's suit, Mickey feasted him, blessed the day that had brought Billy O'Brien back from New York, and finally, having orally exhausted the subject of Fanny, went to rest at a late hour and dreamed.

His dream was a dream of love, and a hero protecting a beautiful woman from the tail of a cow.

The dream had nothing whatever to do with the O'Heeley band, and yet the O'Heeley band has a great deal to do with the story. The O'Heeley band was a newly-organized body in the village of Bogton. It derived its name from the leader, O'Heeley, a retired soldier who had served in the Spanish war, and was drawing a pension. O'Heeley led it with a grace and variety of ornate gesticulation worthy leaders of more famous bands. It consisted of nine graded brass horns, with a strong pair of youthful Irish lungs behind each. The result was a musical brogue, which O'Heeley termed a "bit of the classical," an expression in no way illustrative of the volume of sound produced. The band officiated—or intended to officiate, when age gave it opportunity—on public occasions, weddings, holidays, etc. During its callow days, however, its specialty was charivariing, which O'Heeley designated with his usual euphemism as "serenading." The band had acquired, even in the babyhood of its career, such a reputation in this particular line that when a young fellow of Bogton thought of marrying, he always estimated in his unavoidable expenses the fee of the O'Heeley band for "serenading," an occurrence which inevitably took place a night or two after the nuptials. It was impossible for Tom Murphy in his newly-elected state of matrimony to escape the levying of this blackmail. The O'Heeley organization, two in a line, and four deep, with O'Heeley at their head, "The brass in his face batin' the brass in his horn," as had been said on one occasion, and as straight and stern as if he were again advancing against the Spanish over the hills of Cuba, were on their way the evening after the opening of the story to the cottage where Murphy had taken his young bride, situated next to the habitation where Mickey O'Flanagan, the lonely bachelor, sighed out his heart for that of Fanny Donovan. Arriving at the cottage and congratulating themselves upon not having so far been detected, in the gathering dusk, by Tom Murphy and his bride, who—had they but known it—had decamped an hour before to a neighbor's house in expectancy of their advent, the O'Heeleyians formed in a circle, and O'Heeley having nodded his head three times in his usual introductory manner, said: "Already, let her hev it, boys," and put his instrument to his lips.

Mickey O'Flanagan in the meantime was parading his back verandah impatiently awaiting the milking hour and Fanny Donovan. Fanny seemed later than usual. The fact was that Mickey was earlier in his expectations. He had looked forward to her appearance from the moment when, rubbing his eyes in the morning, he had rubbed aside dreams of her for hopes more practical. Nearing the crisis of action—for he had decided to follow the example set by his friend, O'Brien, the evening before—he was in a highly

wrought state of excitement—a nervous trepidation mingling hopes and doubts in a confused medley. In the early part of the day, Mickey had said to himself with a confident smile, "She loves me, that's sartain. All I hev to do is to ax her, an' I'll do that this very avenin'." "This very avenin'," Mickey was saying to himself, "will she hev me, if I ax her, an' will I ax her if she won't?" What further confusing doubts might have evolved from his mental agitation were precluded by the sudden appearance of Fanny, swinging her milk-pail with a grace that would have fired the heart of a less susceptible person than an Irishman. A moment later she was on her settle by the side of the cow, sending the milk into the pail in alternate streams, and the great opportunity of his life was knocking on the door of Mickey O'Flanagan. Mickey stood, his heart thumping under the magnitude of the moment. Drawing himself together at last, he made towards the breach in the fence. The girl's back was toward him, and pausing, he looked at her long—a look so love-lorn that it must have won the heart of Fanny if she could have seen it. But she did not see it, and her back was a back of indifference. Putting his head under the upper scantling to which the boards had been nailed, Mickey made as if to go through the hole, but in a sudden spasm of indecision drew back hurriedly. In doing so, he bumped his head, and almost stumbled. The noise attracted Fanny's attention, and she glanced around —Mickey had his hat off rubbing his head, his face scarlet. He saw the woman of his heart smile. There was but one thing to do now, and Mickey did it—did it desperately. He made a quick dive through the hole, and was on the Donovan side, approaching Fanny, his temperature rising at every step.

Her back was again toward him.

"A foine avening," said Mickey, pausing about three steps behind her.

The sound of the milk pattering in the pail apparently prevented Fanny hearing him.

"A foine avenin', Miss Donovan," reiterated Mickey, taking another step, and clearing his throat audibly.

Fanny glanced around. "How dye do, Mr. O'Flanagan," she said, in a brogue as sweet as her face was pretty.

Mickey lifted his hat with the flourish he had seen O'Brien indulge in the evening before. The friendliness of her greeting gave him courage. He advanced and stood close beside the girl and the cow, looking from the former to the tail of the latter as if waiting for inspiration or the tail. The tail was unaggressive. Mickey sought for the inspiration. He found it at last in the pail.

"What beautiful milk," he said. "An' wud ye look at the foam on it. Sure, an' it's the good milker you are, Miss Donovan."

Fanny made no reply. The trouble was perhaps that Mickey should have reversed his compliment, and called the woman beautiful and the cow a good milker.

Mickey again looked toward the tail. The tail was lashing the other side of the cow. Mickey turned helplessly to the woman.

"The flies are bad," he suggested, after a long interval of suspense.

"Yes, but Reddie don't mind thim much," rejoined the girl.

As if in refutation of this statement, the cow switched her tail around at this juncture, and hit her milker on the cheek.

Mickey seized the tail with avidity. A gleam of relief shot into his face.

"Bad cess to you for a mane brute to sthrike a leddy loike that," he exclaimed. "Did she hurt you, Miss Donovan?"

"Nuthin' to lave a mark."

"I'll howld it for you," said Mickey, heroically grasping the cow's tail with both hands.

There was a long, deep silence, during which the streams of milk falling into the pail kept time with the thumping of Mickey's heart.

"I've of'en watched ye from my side whin you'd be milkin' here in the avenin's," he said finally, his voice dropping into sentiment.

"Did ye," said Fanny. Her face was slightly flushed. It must be remembered that Mickey O'Flanagan, despite his gaucheness where the fair sex was concerned, was a man of no mean personal appearance, and was possessed of considerable wealth, as wealth goes in Bogton.

The blood in the girl's cheeks sent it to Mickey's heart, and renewed his courage.

"Yis. I've watched ye ivery avenin' for two years or more," he continued. The confession with the meaning in the tones left no room for doubt as to the lay of Mickey's heart and intentions. Like a true daughter of Eve, Fanny Donovan was prepared to give him trouble in expressing them.

"Indade," she suggested, slyly. "My back must have been intherestin'."

"Not so intherestin' as your face," rejoined Mickey with spirit, under her raillery.

"Then it's me face you should have been watchin'."

"An' it's your face I'd hev loiked to been watchin', but I'd had to been here thin, and——" Mickey's courage suddenly threw up its hands, and language failed him.

"Faix, I wasn't hinderin' you," put in the girl, with a teasing smile in her suitor's face.

The opening was so sudden and so large that Mickey, instead of making a prompt and tactful entrance, fell into it.

"Thin you don't moind me company," he suggested.

"It's betther than none," said Fanny in a tone of liberality.

Mickey sighed, crestfallen.

"But sure, ain't I howldin' the cow's tail so it won't sthrike you," he pleaded at length.

"Anybody could do that, or she could howld it herself," returned Fanny with another teasing smile.

Mickey sank under the rebuff. "Thin you don't want me?" he said.

"I'm not expressin' my wants; if I had thim I would." Her look challenged Mickey to express his.

Mickey gulped, opened his mouth, shut it again, and said nothing.

"I of'en felt," he resumed weakly, after a troubled silence, "whin I'd be sittin' on me back verandah in the avenin's, that I'd like a wife."

"Indade. did you ever think if your wife would loike you?"

"If she loikes me well enough to hev me, she——"

"Might kill you with the rollin'-pin aftherwards," interposed the relentless Fanny.

"She's too swate for that."

"Indade, thin you've sot your eye on her?"

Mickey's eyes were indeed "sot on her." Fanny, however, raised hers and met them with a glance of frank unconsciousness.

"Yis," assented Mickey meaningly, "I've sot me eye on her." He screwed up his right eye in an effort to make his companion understand, but in vain. Not a glimmer of understanding showed in the face of Fanny Donovan.

"Thin I'd ax her if I was you," she advised judiciously.

"But she don't know I want her," moaned Mickey.

"She'll never know if you don't tell her."

"Arrah, but she don't know it's her I mane."

"How could you expect her, till you say so?" argued the fair tormentor.

"Sure, an' I have been sayin' so," ejaculated Mickey, wrought to the last stage of desperation by the seeming impregnability of her misunderstanding.

"Thin she couldn't have heard you. You want to spake louder. Holler at her if she's so dafe."

The look on Mickey's face was that of a man staking his life on a last throw. He planted his feet firmly, and bending only slightly toward his companion, as if apprehending a rebuff, and with the tail of the cow to support him, opened his mouth convulsively. His face was drawn with suppressed feeling.

"Fanny Donovan," he yelled ardently, "you're the jewel iv my heart, will you hev me?"

A rich peal of laughter broke from the girl, but before she could reply——

Brr—rr—rr—rr—— (The first notes of the O'Heeley band.)

The cow gave a sudden jump, and Mickey nearly landed on his head. But he recovered gamely.

"Fanny Donovan," he reiterated desperately, looking back, and still clinging to the tail of the frightened cow as if it were a cable of love, "you're the jewel iv me heart, will you hev me?"

Brr—rr—rr—rr—— (The O'Heeley band scaling an octave.)

The cow gave another terrific jump.

"If ye howld the cow," said Fanny, the tears in her eyes from laughter.

But the cow apparently was not to be held. Burr—rr—rr—rr— The O'Heeley band was blowing its best at the "serenading" of Murphy. The Donovan cow had evidently no taste for O'Heeley's "bit of the classical." She bounded through the yard—Mickey, his strength redoubled with the hope of love, to the contrary notwithstanding—and out into the street. A few rods up, the famous musical organization of Bogton was fairly shaking the earth. The Donovan cow bellowed, lowered her horns and charged wildly, Mickey bringing up an execrating and unwilling rear.

The "bit of the classical" in execution broke suddenly to a discordant whine, ended in a stuttering gasp, and the bandsmen, one and all, with O'Heeley, the ex-soldier, leading the retreat, went flying up the road as fast as fear and their legs could carry them. "What sort of a baste was it? The devil will be shooting at us next," gasped O'Heeley to the man running at his side. He thought, in the dusk, that Murphy, the charivaried, was the author of the charge which had dispersed them. The cow plunging her foot into the end of the brass horn, which the player had dropped in the excitement, or left purposely, thinking it too heavy to carry in a flight so exigent, fell heavily, and Mickey went sprawling on top of her, still clinging gallantly to the tail. The animal tried to rise, but could not. Her foreleg had been broken in the fall. Mickey thinking it was his weight held her, retained his position on her back. Fanny, who had run after her wooer and the cow, was the first to arrive on the scene. Mickey hailed her with the glow of a hero and a lover.

"I've got her, darlint," he cried triumphantly. "Will you hev me now?"

Fanny blushed. After all, she was not a girl to disparage a man because he had made himself ridiculous, especially when it was for love of her; and, considering the fact that shyness in affairs of love is often mistaken for indifference, and that indifference is the way to many a lovely woman's heart, a suitor like Mickey, who could watch the lady of his fancy from his back verandah for two years without approaching her, is very apt to make considerable impression.

When old man Donovan came running up a moment later, Mickey was holding Fanny's hand and looking happy.

"I've wan the hand iv your daughter," he exclaimed joyfully to his prospective father-in-law.

"Bad cess to ye, an' ye've broken the leg iv me poor cow," returned Donovan, seeing at once the condition of the unfortunate animal.

Mickey was thunderstruck. He glanced ruefully from Fanny, who had also been startled by the intelligence, to the fated "Reddie" lying prostrate behind him. "It was the infidel O'Heeley an' his craythurs did it," he asseverated quickly. "But niver moind, I'll give ye me Jersey. I've got me threasure here." And he turned again to Fanny.

Old man Donovan was a practical person; he looked the two over.

"Faix," he said, "since ye've got the colleen, you kin go home and dhrive over the Jersey."

ACROSTIC

BY CHARLES ELMER JENNEY

*C*eylon, with its air spice-scented,
*A*rabian nights and their dreams,
*L*ebanon's cedars splendid,
*I*ce-born Himalayan streams;
*F*rance, with its rich wines flowing,
*O*phir's mines of the metal pure,
*R*oman plains, and the olives growing,
*N*ile, and the desert's lure;
*I*sles of the Blest, and the fair Arcady—
*A*ll, land that we love, are blended in thee.

PHILIPPINE RAILROAD PROGRESS

The story of the "Philippine Railroad Progress" is only told in part, in the paper published this month, and relates entirely to the railroad development in the islands of Cebu, Panay and Negros. In Luzon, rapid advance is being made in making a reality of the dream of railroad development brought to the United States by the present editor of the Overland, in 1899. Mr. P. N. Beringer, in association with John W. Wren, of San Francisco, Father McKinnon of Manila, George W. Bowman of New York, and L. Grothwell of San Francisco, associated themselves as a promotion company to secure the financing of the Manila Kasiguran Bay and Cagayan Valley R. R. Co. Although enlisting the active support of several Congressmen, among them Congressman Woods of California, the project died. Against it was hurled the combined energy of capitalists and politicians. It was said that the Government of the United States would never consent to guarantee three per cent on the fifty year gold bonds of the company.

After Mr. Beringer and his friends retired from the field, poor in purse and rich in experience, the project was taken up by English and American capitalists, and the various railroad improvements are being made in Luzon with but slight variation from the original maps drawn by Mr. Beringer and Captain Povey. The originators of the plan have the satisfaction of knowing that their ideas have been adopted, with but slight variation, and that the very politicians. Senators and Congressmen, who refused to entertain a three per cent guarantee legalized one of four per cent. This magazine will publish the story of railroad development in Luzon in some early issue of Overland.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HEN THE concession for building, equipping and operating the new system of railroads in the Philippine Islands, Panay, Negros and Cebu was consigned by the Government, in January, 1906, to a group of public-spirited American bankers, associated with Cornelius Vanderbilt, the first great problem that confronted J. G. White & Co., the engineering arm of the group, was the selection of the two chief respective engineering executives in the field for construction and operation. The second problem was that of labor, and the third, still in process of solution, was the standard of construction and nature of equipment best adapted to the conditions. It would be difficult to say upon which of these three major considerations the success of the whole enterprise was most dependent. They were all of vital moment, but probably the first mentioned was the most critical. After a careful review and comparison of the stata of the many leading railroad construction engineers kept on records, the contracting company selected as chief engineer of construction, Edward J. Beard, Principal Assistant Engineer of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. Later Mr. Wm. B. Poland, Chief Engineer of the Alaska Central Railway, was appointed the chief operating official with the title of Chief Engineer of the Philippine Railway Company.

Not until these officers had gone to the theatre of operations and completed close personal studies of the labor conditions in the archipelago generally and in the Visayan Islands in particular, was it felt safe to map out the labor policy, the sec-

ond cardinal problem. This involved primarily the question whether Filipinos should be employed or whether the Government should be asked to let down the bars temporarily and admit Chinese coolies for the work, under deportation bond. There was a strong feeling current among Government and business officials experienced in administering the affairs of the islands that because of the many expensive ventures recorded against them on road making and like work that the natives were not up to this greater job, and that Chinese labor must be the salvation of the whole project. Because of this trend of official opinion, it might have been possible to get Governmental permission to import Chinamen, but no attempt in that direction was ever made. The counsel of Mr. Beard and Mr. Poland, coupled with previous successful experience of the contractors in using natives on the Manila Street Railway and Power Plant and upon various harbor works, caused the die to be cast in favor of Filipino labor, at the inception of operations in the summer of 1906. Doubts as to the wisdom of this decision were quite freely expressed by not a few of the many interested and well-wishing close spectators of the enterprise, and indeed a severe tax was imposed upon the resolution of the organizers, until active experience should prove them right or wrong.

They were right, but before describing how the details of policy were formulated and how the whole programme has worked out in practice, it will be necessary to outline the successive steps in organization, aside from the labor, up to the point of breaking ground. It must be remembered first that this is the largest railroad project and probably the largest engineering development of any kind ever advanced by Americans overseas without the co-operation of foreigners, aside from being far larger than any industrial development of any kind previously carried out in the Philippines. Under its franchise is conceded to the Philippine Railway Company the privilege of building and operating perpetually between 300 and 400 miles of roads, almost equally divided between, in the Visayan Islands, Panay, Negros and Cebu, and the interest of the 30 year gold bonds of the company is guaranteed by the Government at four per cent. Only after the most exhaustive study of the resources and topography of these islands, through the federal records and through reconnoissance surveys by special representatives, was the syndicate finally organized and the resolution to bid for the work taken. These studies indicated potential wealth in the Visayas awaiting for development only on the supply of adequate and economical transportation, and resources that quite overshadowed difficulties of construction.

Throughout these islands the soil is exceedingly fertile, and the population varies from 130 per square mile on Negros to more than 300 on Cebu, which is the most thickly populated island of the whole Philippine archipelago. The great staple product is sugar, which in the lowlands gives way considerably to rice. In the year 1905, Negros, which is the best sugar producer, because of the volcanic ash in the soil, exported 80,000 tons of sugar in the face of a transportation cost of from $20 to $30 per ton in the dry season, and despite an entire lack of transportation in the wet season because of miserable roads. This sugar goes largely to China, the Chinese merchants buying it up right in the native markets. This island contains in the uplands also vast untouched forests of the best native hard and soft woods. Other products of the higher country throughout the Visayan group are coffee, cocoa and hemp, and other valuable vegetable fibres. Easily as these products are grown, they are produced only in small quantities, mostly for local consumption, there being no means of getting them out of the country in bulk. As far as at present discovered, the most valuable mineral resource is the coal, a fine grade of high carbon lignite, plentiful on Cebu, which the locomotives on the construction of the railroads are burning, having been designed for the purpose.

These facts of population and resources account for the readiness of the syndicate to accept the charge of building these roads, for the routes lie across tracts of rolling plains and low-lying hills, and no great problems of construction were presented other than were induced by the uncertainty of the labor factor.

The first active step after the selection of the Chief Engineer, was the organiza-

tion of the pioneer corps of locating engineers. This was carried out in New York by Mr. Beard, through his personal knowledge of railroad men. Successful experience in railroad locating in the tropics was a prime consideration in selecting men, and three of the five chiefs of the party chosen were so qualified, two, H. F. Howe and C. H. Farnham, having been with the Canton-Hankow Railroad in China, where they were respectively Principal Assistant Engineer and Division Engineer, and J. M. Robinson on the Guayaquil-Quito Railroad, in Ecuador, where he was division engineer. The other chiefs of party chosen were R. F. Ricker from the Virginia and C. C. R. R., and F. D. Nash from the C. B. & Q. R. R., both well known to the chief engineer.

The corps was mustered up to a complement of fifty men, and they all foregathered at Kansas City and made the trip to the Coast in special cars over the Northern Pacific Railroad. On April 26, 1906, they sailed from Seattle on the S. S. Minnesota. Thus the big step toward the fulfillment of the plan of the United States Government to relieve the greatest economic need of the Philippine Islands was conceived and executed. The five locating parties, two for Panay and one each for Negros and Cebu, were made up on the voyage out, and the Cebu party was first in the field, beginning work on June 14th, undaunted by the prospect of roughing it through the tropical rainy season before them. After arriving on their respective territories, the other parties lost no time in getting busy, and it became a race among the five to see which could make the best showing. Little will ever be known of the fortitude displayed by these little bands of surveyors working in an utterly strange country, toiling through leagues of tropical undergrowth oftentimes for days on and in water up to their waists, and not infrequently cut off from their base of supplies. At times bad trails made packing with animals quite impossible, and cargadores or native carriers were the only reliance of the field parties for supplies and transportation. Men accustomed to endure this kind of hardship are generally the last to talk about it, but occasional despatches briefly informing the New York office of the course of events by very terseness telling the tale. So and so pulled out for a bit of rest; supplies sent in ahead and cached to prevent running short again; and once in a long while the bare statement of a resignation, doubtless of some weaker brother unable to endure the strain. The actual test was bound to develop, here and there, weaknesses that even the searching examination at appointment failed to detect.

As a whole, the locating men were remarkably well qualified for the hardships encountered. In only one of the five parties, and that one working under the most rigorous conditions of all, was there ill-health sufficient to impede progress. On the other hand, all the parties succeeded in demonstrating markedly better routes than were supposed to exist. For example, on Panay between Passi and Dao, a distance of about twenty miles, it was supposed from reconnaissance that a two per cent line would be necessary. After a comparatively long silence, when the chief engineer had begun to wonder just what they were up to, the party assigned to that section emerged with the news that they had located a one per cent line requiring actually less work than had been anticipated using a two per cent grade. This is one instance of the character of the work done.

There was rapid progress, too, coupled, with this careful location, so that by November, 1906, less than five months from the time of landing, nearly all of the main surveys were completed and ground was broken on Cebu. Governor-General Smith turned the first shovel of soil on the fourth of that month. Construction on Panay Island was begun soon after, but small surveying parties continued in the field on all three islands some months longer, making tentative locations for possible extensions and branches of the main system.

With the history of the enterprise covered up to the point of construction, the processes may be followed by which the judgment of the management in relying on Filipino labor has been completely vindicated. To date there has been completed nearly sixty miles of grading on three sections, while it is expected that two of these sections will be ready for operation early in the fall, the track being nearly all laid at the present time. Dur-

ing the summer months the rapid rate of construction established in the spring has been impeded by unfavorable weather. Forty miles of the advanced construction is on Cebu, half north of Cebu, the chief town, to Danao, the northern terminus of the Cebu lines, and half south of Cebu City to Sangoi. The other twenty mile section is on Panay Island from Iloilo, the metropolis of the southern Philippines and the southern terminus of the Panay Railroad, to Pototan in the interior north.

Construction has been pushed on Cebu in advance of the other islands because the demand for transportation is most acute there, the population being the densest in the whole archipelago and conveying more than three hundred per square mile throughout all the territory for which the railroad will be accessible, exclusive of the larger towns. A construction force of about four thousand natives was organized and the stability and efficiency of this force was so rapidly established that within three months a monthly average rate of 90,000 cubic yards of earth and about 35,000 cubic yards of rock was secured, at a cost of only twelve and one-half cents per cubic yard. Nothing but hand tools and wheelbarrows and baskets are used, the comparatively low wages and the cost of transportation which would have to be reckoned both days, rendering the use of heavy railroad construction equipment impracticable in the Philippines in the present state of development.

The great majority of the natives engaged were perforce quite unaccustomed to the use of the white man's pick and shovel and wheel barrow and rock drills, before engaging on the railroad work, coming as they did from plantations where their own primitive tools were still largely in vogue. It is a native trait to use the hands and feet for working earth, and some patience was required to overcome the tendency to drop the new tools and resort to nature's implements when the foreman's back was turned. There was also a disposition to try to carry the wheelbarrows, after lading, upon the back, a most discouraging habit to be broken. These little idiosyncracies were gradually eliminated, so that in a very few weeks the men were able to use their implements effectively, throwing up embankments four feet high all through a nine hour shift without apparent fatigue.

The experiences encountered on Panay Island, where about 2,000 natives have been at work are practically a repetition of the above, though the island is not so densely populated, and some fears were at first entertained as to whether the labor supply would be adequate.

Altogether, the use of Filipino labor is proving markedly successful, and the experience thus far is summed up in the opinion of the Chief Engineer, recently stated, that his men were doing work not only better than could ever be achieved by white laborers in the tropics, but comparing favorably with the average rate of workmen on railroad work in temperate climates.

Naturally, the secret of this achievement lies largely in the administration which has wrought to develop the best qualities in the native character as well as to attract and hold the better element among the laboring populace. First there is the question of wages. Common labor is paid 50 centavos, or about 25 cents, gold per day of ten hours, with subsistence —while the foremen receive one peso, or 50 cents.

A scientifically proportioned diet of the most nourishing food is provided, costing the company about 25 centavos per day per man. This cost of 75 centavos per day for common labor is high for the Philippines, and was fixed only after the most exhaustive study of the experiences of the Government and others with Filipino labor. There were two vital considerations. The first was to fix a figure that would be considered fair by the Government and the Filipinos, thus enabling it to be maintained without disagreement throughout the period of construction. The second point was to determine the lowest figure that would assuredly attract the best working element among the natives in sufficient number to keep the large supervising organization fully occupied at all times.

Wages for common labor were found to vary almost incredibly in the archipelago, according to the supply and to the inclinations of employers. At the Mariveles quarries in Luzon, the rate was 90 centavos and subsistence. On the Toledo road

construction in Cebu only 30 centavos with subsistence was paid for nine hours' work. These were the extremes. In the former case, the work was more arduous than that in prospect on the railroads, while in the latter it was much less so, and was performed largely by boys and old men who would not do for railroad construction. From this it will be seen that the fixing of the wage scale was a delicate question, very seriously involving the whole success of the enterprise. Then came the question of subsistence. Many amply verified cases of systematic starving processes practiced by natives, when paid entirely in cash, determined the Chief Engineer to provide subsistence. The surgeons of the Philippine Railway Company, after due experiment, settled upon the proportions 60 per cent rice, 18 per cent beef, 10 per cent fish, 7 per cent onions, and 5 per cent vinegar, salt, lard, etc., as the most nourishing composition for the native doing severe physical labor, and this standard was adopted. It may be noted that this ration, served in ample quantities by a Chinese contract commissary, is much more sustaining than anything to which the average of the men had hitherto been accustomed.

The fortunate outcome of this policy, measured by general results, has been seen. A specific comparison of unit costs on the railroad up to date and on road making previously carried out in the Visayan Islands shows that the railway company is getting from 50 to 60 per cent more work for its money than has been returned before by native labor. An unprecedented stability of native labor forces has been attained. The constituency does not vary from day to day, as has nearly always been the case heretofore, but the same men are to be found constantly on the work day in and day out, month by month, so that there is growing up for the first time in the Philippines that personal touch between the foremen and their men which is so essential for efficient construction.

In connection with the question of wages the problem of the method of payment is met by an interesting solution. The expense of maintaining a properly bonded staff of paymasters to pay men at short, regular intervals would be heavy, and besides, there would be some physical difficulty connected with transporting by pack animals or cargadores and handling large quantities of money, weighing something like 150 pounds for every thousand dollars in the necessary cash. Therefore the men are paid daily in time checks, which are negotiable with certain leading merchants by arrangement and with Ah Gong, the commissary. The plan works to the complete satisfaction of all but the disreputable characters, who were accustomed to hover about the camps and separate the laborer from his wages as soon as he was paid. This undesirable condition has been greatly ameliorated if not entirely eliminated.

The benefits to the Philippine Islands of this use of native labor solely as compared with the probable results if imported Chinese labor had been used are numerous. Chinese labor would have assured the same first class railroad system at a total cost of possibly 5 per cent less, but the economic gain to the country would probably have ended there. Certainly most of the money paid out as wages would have found its way to the Celestial Kingdom, while now it will be put in circulation in the islands to mitigate the deficit of capital there. Furthermore an industrial army of twenty thousand men will have been trained in the principles of modern industry, and these will naturally be absorbed to very good advantage in the new industrial activity made possible by the railroads which they have built.

It has now been shown how two of the three most vital considerations in the building of this railroad system, cited at the head of this article have been met and substantially solved. To facilitate the working out of the third consideration, that of equipment and rolling stock, there is organized a so-called Technical Board, consisting of certain officials among the contractors, the Philippine Railway Company, two prominent consulting engineers and the engineering executives in the field. This technical board co-operates with the Philippine Commission for all decisions and purchases are subject to the approval of the latter body.

Nearly all the orders for the rolling stock and rails thus far placed have been described from time to time in the Railroad Gazette, and are as follows:

10 Mogul locomotives, wt. 50 tons; 3 construction locomotives; 90 20-ton flat cars; 50 changeable ballast cars; 40 10-ton box cars; 4 cabooses; 4000 tons No. 70 A. S. C. E. rails; 8000 tons No. 60 A. S. C. E. rails; 2000 tons steel bridges; 4 combination first and second class passenger cars; 4 combination mail, baggage and third class passenger cars; 15 third class passenger cars.

The design of the passenger cars is not yet fully decided, and is one of the principal questions now before the Technical Board. Lacking a basis of actual experience under the exact conditions obtaining in the field where the cars will be operated, studies are being made of the passenger rolling stock, new and old, on several leading railroads in the tropics, notably the Sudan Government Military Railways, the Great Indian Peninsula Railway and Le Chemin du Fer due Congo. The design of the Philippine railway passenger cars will be evolved from these studies modified by the judgment of the Board as to the probable effect of conditions of operation in the Philippines which have no parallel elsewhere.

In the matter of equipment a serious problem was presented in securing an adequate supply of timber suitable for ties, piles, etc. An order was placed for 150,000 ties of Jarah, an Australian hardwood. It was feared that this supply would not come to hand rapidly enough to keep pace with the influx of rails, and that the construction might be delayed. As was known to the Chief Engineer, some of the Philippine hard woods are eminently well-adapted for the above purposes, but heretofore there has appeared to be no way to get the timber out. This phase was given the most serious consideration, with the result that a special representative was sent down into the island of Mindanao, remote from the scene of the railways, to take up the question with the friendly Moro chiefs. Negotiations were successfully completed with the result that hundreds of Moro tribesmen are at work in their own forests with their native knives and a few saws supplied them, hewing trees and getting railroad ties out in finished shape. Indications are, that this plan will solve the problem of timber supply.

SAD LOVE STORY OF A COOK

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

He was a cook and he fell in love
With the waitress and her would toast,
But alas! they got into many a *broil*,
And she gave him many a *roast*.

Her sauce at times would his mind de*range*
Though he loved her fondly and true,
And then with anger they both would *boil*,
And get into a fearful *stew!*

Still he said without her he knew his life
Would certainly go to *pot*.
But with her it would *pan* out splendidly,
Good cooks liking ev'rything *hot!*

So he married the girl but now he thinks
That mostly *dough* is his *cake*,
She treats him so *foully* his *chops* oft fall,
And he grieves o'er his sad *mistake!*

THE PHANTOM PICTURE

BY ARTHUR S. EBBETS

Overland Monthly has always been noted for its fiction stories, and many of the tales told in its earlier issues are still preserved in volume form and referred to as gems. The everyday man and woman is not looking for literary gems, but is seeking to pass away a few moments in reading something that will take hold of the mind entirely, obliterating all other thoughts momentarily, gripping the heart and exciting the emotions. Mr. Arthur S. Ebbets has given us an interest-compelling narrative with an element of newness.

Alberti Rondi, the alchemist, and his strange fate, and the legacy he leaves behind him to wreak vengeance on his persecutors, is worthy of perusal by our readers.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

TOWARD THE end of the fifteenth century, the Renaissance had taken so strong a hold upon the people of Italy that almost every one, having the time and means, devoted himself to painting or sculpture. Among those pursuing the former vocation was an old count, Alberti Rondi by name.

In a room high up in his castle, the Count worked by night and by day, and alone. Wonderful were the products of his brush. Being an alchemist, as well as a painter, he mixed with his colors strange drugs, which gave to his works peculiar characteristics. His pictures were weird and uncanny, consisting usually of allegorical groups of men and animals. The peculiar feature of these pictures was that the eyes seemed to move and countenances change color, due to the light effect upon the chemicals mixed with the paints.

Naturally, it did not take long in that superstitious age for the people to fear the count, and accuse him of being in league with the devil.

Unmindful of the danger he ran, Alberti continued with his occupation. More and more horrible and fantastic were his paintings. The persecution he underwent aroused his retaliative spirit against those opposing him. An allegorical picture full of satire against his religious persecutors was his return blow, and at the same time his undoing. For this offense he was condemned to die by fire. However, he was to be allowed three days in which to prepare himself to meet his God.

Especially prominent in the persecution of Count Alberti was a knight living on an adjoining estate. This knight had three sons, who, equally with their father, had sought the Count's ruin.

Burning with a desire for revenge, Alberti determined to make this family the object of his vengeance. Horrible and successful was his scheme, as will be seen.

The Count, imprisoned in his own castle, would spend his last days on earth at his hobby.

Now for his revenge. Instead of taking a clean canvas, the Count selected one on which he had already painted a beautiful landscape. By the light of a lamp, all other light being excluded, the Count set to work to carry out his fiendish purpose. With a small picture of the Knight's wife, who had died a year before, as a copy, the Count proceeded to reproduce the same over the landscape. Instead of using his ordinary colors, the Count employed a secret preparation which made the portrait visible only in darkness.

The portrait of the deceased wife had been well executed, and particularly remarkable for the sad and beseeching expression put in the eyes. Across the

bosom the Count had traced these words:

"If you wish me peace, close my eyes."

On a card inserted in one corner of the painting was written:

"This picture I bequeath to the Honorable Knight, Sir Luigi Verona, as a reward for services rendered. Alberti Rondi."

One more touch and the Count would be through. Laying aside his pot of luminous paint and cleaning his brush, Alberti went to his cabinet and unlocked a drawer, from which he took a small vial containing a sparkling colorless liquid. Dipping his brush therein, the Count approached the painting and moistened each eye with the fluid; then, placing the bottle to his lips, he drank. In less than a minute, Alberti Rondi was dead.

* * * *

Seated around a table covered with an abundance of good things to eat and drink, was a merry crowd, consisting of the valiant Knight Luigi Verona and his three sons, also half a dozen comrades, who, returning to their neighboring homes, were enjoying a farewell dinner with their leader, the master of Castle Verona. A foreign war had taken the whole party away from home for the past year, and happy they were to be again in their native land.

The conversation indulged in by this jolly assemblage was very vivacious and entertaining. They talked of love and war. Each had some adventure to relate. The wine stimulated the memory and the imagination as well. One young man told how he had, single handed and on foot, slain five of his adversaries in rescuing a wounded comrade. Another youth related the manner in which he had scaled the wall of a Vizier's harem, and after spending a delightful hour amidst a dozen of the Turk's favorites, had been discovered, and in escaping had jumped from the turret window to the ground fifty feet below without injury, finally regaining his company without further mishap.

Later in the evening the conversation turned toward domestic affairs.

"So that old scoundrel, the crazy dauber Rondi, is dead, and has died a fitting death," remarked Luigi. "Yes, thanks to God, but have you seen the magnificent woodland scene he has bequeathed us?" "No." "Where is the picture now?" inquired Luigi.

"It has been hung in my bedroom near the window furthest away from my couch," replied Michael, "and zounds! it is quite unlike any of those other pictures of his which the devil has helped him paint."

Long after midnight, the guests having departed, the knight and his sons sought their several apartments for sleep.

Michael entered his room and hurried to disrobe; extinguishing the candle which a servant had placed upon a stool near the bed, he was soon under the covers and fast asleep.

However, this slumber did not last long. Michael's blood was on fire from the vast amount of wine he had drunk. His head felt ready to burst. Overcome by heat, he awoke, and, jumping from his bed, rushed to the window to get a breath of fresh air. Half way there he stopped, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell to the floor in a swoon. Michael had seen the spectre of his mother. The servants entered the room a few moments after with lights, and finding the unconscious man prone upon the floor, carried him to an open window, where they bathed his fevered temples with cold water, which soon brought him to.

On recovering consciousness, Michael talked incoherently about his mother, declaring that he had just seen her in that very room. Michael's father and brothers, who were then in the room, believing Michael to be still under the influence of liquor, chided him with being a child, afraid of a shadow. Not wishing to be further taunted, Michael dismissed everybody from his room, extinguished his light and started to get once more into bed. Turning his head toward the window, his eyes were again greeted by the image of his mother. This time Michael feared nothing, for the taunts of his family had made him ashamed of his former weakness, and without further hesitation, approached the glowing image. When within a few steps of it, he noticed that some words had been written across the breast. Michael took a few steps nearer, and was then able to read the writing. This is what he read:

"If you wish me peace, close my eyes."

The sad and beseeching expression in

his mother's eyes went to the son's heart. It was more than he could stand, so without more ado, he stepped up close to the picture, placed both hands over the eyes and held them there. Soon a burning sensation in his fingers caused him to withdraw them. Desiring to lessen his discomfiture, Michael placed his fingers in his mouth. A giddy and sickening feeling soon made itself felt throughout his frame, and feeling faint and tired, he returned to his bed to be found a corpse a few hours later that morning.

Among his family he was supposed to have died of drunkenness. Outsiders had been told that Michael's death was due to hardships endured in war.

During Lady Verona's life-time, she had been very much loved by her sons, and especially so by Victor, the youngest, who fairly worshiped her. In preference to the company of those of his own sex, Victor had, even after attaining manhood, preferred to while away his leisure hours in his mother's company. He loved dearly to sit at her feet and pour out to her his heart's longings. His mother's kisses were sweeter to him than any of the manly sports indulged in by his brothers, and the other young men of his age.

Lady Verona's death had been a particularly sad blow for Victor, and when an opportunity occurred to fight for his country, Victor did not hesitate to enlist. This war served to lessen the young man's grief, and to bring to the surface an immense amount of manly virtue that no one had suspected of having been there.

Upon the death of Michael, the room in which he had died had been closed up, and not again opened until about three months later, when all space available had been required to accommodate a party of pilgrims then passing through the country.

Victor's room had been turned over to two of the guests while he himself was to occupy Michael's room for the time being.

Victor had listened to stories told by the pilgrims until about an hour before midnight, at which time he said good night and entered his room, candle in hand. He felt lonely, for his thoughts turned towards his mother. He prayed that she might visit him that night in his visions.

Two hours past midnight Victor awoke, and to his surprise beheld a luminous image of his mother in the room, over near the window. He arose. His prayer had been answered. Going to the likeness of his beloved parent, he read the inscription thereon.

"Ah, mother dear," he said, "I will close thine eyes, which look upon me so lovingly, with my kisses."

This Victor did, first one eye, then the other. Suddenly a chill crept over him; then he felt as if hot irons were being thrust through his body. With an unearthly yell, Victor grasped the frame with both hands, and pulling the picture down upon himself, fell to the floor.

When the old knight and his remaining son reached the room, one more victim had been added to the count's score.

"That accursed painting of that double-dyed scoundrel Rondi is responsible for this tragedy," exclaimed the knight. "Let us destroy it at once," he added. Thereupon father and son fell upon the fatal picture, and with the fury of two demons tore it into shreds.

When the body of Victor Verona was buried, two other corpses were interred at the same time. On the name plate of one coffin one could read the name "Luigi Verona," and on the other, "Paul Verona."





NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES. III.—James Norris Gillett has been signally honored by California, and although not a Californian by birth, he is accounted a Californian, for it is in California that his honors have sought him. He is the present Governor of the Golden State.

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
DECATUR, ILL.



NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES. IV.—Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy, is the only representative of California in the President's Cabinet, and represents the chief executive in the exercises in San Francisco in honor of the arrival of the great American armada.

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
DECATUR, ILL.



NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES. V.—Brigadier General John A. Koster, Commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. C. General Koster will have charge of the State Naval and Military parade in reception to the big fleet and its officers. General Koster is an efficient officer and a patriotic citizen and is held in high esteem among the people, generally and particularly by the men in his command.

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
DECATUR, ILL.



NOTED CALIFORNIAN SERIES. VI.—Mayor Edward Robeson Taylor, of San Francisco, is one of the remarkable men of the age. He is a man of many parts. He has achieved more for the lasting good of his fellowman, in a long and an extraordinarily busy life than most men. His activities extend in many directions. He is a poet, a doctor, a politician, a statesman and a lawyer and professor of law.

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY.
DECATUR, ILL.

A GREATER AND A GREATEST SAN FRANCISCO

BY JOHN CHETWOOD



THE RECENT movement for a "Greater" San Francisco, must be familiar to most Californians. The project of a "Greatest" San Francisco and Los Angeles, however, has not been exploited; yet it is well under way. In fact, the directors of our next census have been asked to create, or one might better say recognize, such cities, the former having an estimated population of over 1,000,000. And instead of being chiefly a local matter, this California suggestion is one of general, not to say national, concern.

For it is proposed that in the census of 1910, and thereafter, all our large cities be treated as "population centers," since it is as such centers that they derive most of their influence and importance. These population centers, it has been urged, should include and be credited with the entire adjacent population, both urban and suburban. Because no attempt has been made to do this, our census method is in the case of large cities defective—in fact, out of date.

Half a century ago, before the development of rapid transit, nearly all suburbs were comparatively small and isolated. Census takers and map makers of that era were justified in regarding suburban communities as rather negligible quantities. But we all know the transformation wrought by steam and electricity. They have welded together city and suburbs, vastly increasing the area and population of the latter. It is to meet these changes that so many cities have expanded into so-called "greater" ones. This expanding process, however, instead of being unwarranted and excessive, as rival cities often claim, has really been partial and incomplete, seldom or never including *all* the suburbs, and differing so greatly in the area absorbed that it is impossible to fairly compare the populations of these various and varying greater cities.

Of course, this growing tendency toward the greater city, that is, toward actual annexation of part of the suburbs, is not only natural, but some of the benefits desired, such as lower taxation, improvement of transportation and public utilities, and extension of suffrage to the multitude of suburbanites whose business or money interests lie chiefly in the main city, can be only attained, or best attained, by actual annexation. But one aim of expansion, and a very natural and important one, is to advertise the size and enhance the prestige of the entire community. We should therefore be careful to include all the suburbs—and entirely disregard mere political, that is to say, mere artificial lines of division, bearing in mind that as already said, it is the whole locality or population center that really counts. Here the case of New York, or rather "Greater New York," at once suggests itself. In this instance population has always been computed strictly in accordance with political boundaries, especially that formed by the Hudson. But it follows from what has just been said, and from the wider viewpoint here advocated, that political lines, whether of county or State, are quite incidental and unimportant, and they can in no wise impair the essential unity that exists, and which in this case is as plain from a geographical as from a commercial standpoint. All artificial barriers should consequently be leveled, or rather ignored, in treating New York as a population center, or "Greatest" New York, as we might and perhaps should call her.

Now, as to the *area* to be assigned this

and all other population centers, the question naturally arising at this point is, whether there is any precedent to guide us? Has any other city expanded over a definite area, and so as to embrace all its suburbs? All these questions can be answered in the affirmative. London, the present world's metropolis, with an area of about 690 square miles, includes every important suburb—*and it is by including them that she gets the credit of her vast population.* By the census of 1901, London had approximately 6,581,000 people. According to that of 1900, New York had only about 3,500,000. By counting all her suburban population on both sides of the Hudson, and with the London area, New York comprised about 5,000,000. And since the American metropolis is growing about twice as fast as the English one, it is clear that as a population center, New York is already on the heels of London, and must in a few years supplant the latter as the world's metropolis!

Our great Atlantic seaport is cited merely by way of illustration. Results in various other cases would be almost as interesting and striking. Boston, which we are accustomed to speak, and therefore to think, of as a city of 600,000, would on the London scale be credited with probably 1,200,000, most of her suburbs being also both compact and contiguous. So what the next census should do for us is expand on a uniform scale all of our large cities, giving each the London area of, in round numbers, seven hundred square miles. Being merely a paper expansion, it will be a very cheap and a very harmless one, not apt to encounter any of the suburban opposition which usually hampers and delays for years all movements for actual annexation.

Indeed, it is hard to see how any suburb could object to such purely nominal, yet benevolent, assimilation. The suburbs included would merely appear on an outline census map or chart as parts of far greater and more important whole, and their appearance in such company would be an advertisement of much value to the smaller communities. It would indicate at a glance their accessibility to the many great advantages, commercial, educational, artistic, amusive, etc., which the great city alone can offer—and which account for the great city's growth. Consequently, by such maps, or as one might say by a few strokes of the pen, we add very appreciably to all our suburban property values.

Of course, in some cases, there would be many vacant or sparcely settled districts within the 700 square mile areas of the "greatest" cities. But this would, as a rule, be only temporary. For the growth of urban and especially suburban population is one of the striking phenomena of the time. Between 1890 and 1900 our total population increased only a trifle over a fifth, and the urban nearly two-fifths. And the proportion of urban to total, which is rapidly growing, had by 1900 exceeded 37 per cent. So, apparently, in a few years the majority of us will be leading city, or suburban, lives, which means that many of the 700 square mile areas must become densely populated.

The uniformity of this proposed area is another of its advantages. The "greater" cities differ so widely in this respect that, as already stated, comparison is hardly possible. San Francisco has, as yet, but 46 square miles, Los Angeles 43, Chicago 181, New York 309, London 690. While this disparity continues, comparative census returns will be of little or no value. The case of San Francisco is particularly misleading. Situated at the very end of a peninsula, with ocean on one side and a very large bay on the other, her real population is of course scattered all about the shores of that bay, but the city gets no credit for it. This fact partly accounts for the recent movement to include some of the nearer suburbs in a "Greater San Francisco," with an area of about 180 square miles and a population of some 800,000. But at best that expansion, or the one proposed for Los Angeles at the Legislature of 1906, cannot be brought about for a number of years, while the next census can, and should, show within the borders of "Greater San Francisco" considerably over a million. As for Greatest New York, if it maintains its recent rate of growth, it should in 1910 contain about 6,700,000 human beings!

In municipal affairs, as in industrial, the increasing tendency of the times is to combination or consolidation. In fact,

what many neighboring municipalities admittedly need to-day is to consider their civic interests as the same interests, or at least as closely related ones. If only the people within the 700 square mile areas of our large cities would adopt this view, and would pull together instead of pulling apart, some pressing municipal problems would be greatly simplified.

The formation of population centers would of itself stimulate the people concerned to think and act collectively and unitedly. And this habit, once formed, would ultimately lead to *actual* annexation, where that is feasible. In the meantime, or where, as in case of New York, it is not feasible, our cities will, as population centers, get credit for their real size and importance.

The census bureau seems the logical and the most natural and proper agency to accomplish these results. And before the adjournment of Congress, the citizens of the many other cities concerned should endorse the request the Californians have made for the adoption of "population centers" as a feature of the forthcoming census.

TO INCOGNITA

BY HENRY WALKER NOYES

Can you call back a night with its perfume and glory,
The scent of the ylang-ylang, the light of the moon,
And the mandolins, weaving the maskers a story,
Enmeshing their feet in the weft of the tune—
While the shadows uncertain,
Reeled round o'er the curtain
As out in the patio we drank in the June?

Steeped through in the midnight the tall palms were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined to our sight,
In the clear, crystal mists where the fountain's heart, leaping,
Forever, forever burst full with delight—
While its lisp on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it
Whose love, like a lily, bloomed out in the night.

Your glove was a sachet of odorous blisses,
A breath from your fan was a breeze from Cathay;
And the rose at your throat was a nest of spelled kisses!
The music? in fancy I hear it to-day—
As I sit here confessing,
And silently blessing
My rival who found us—and waltzed you away.



This is No. 1 gun, one-half second after being fired; it is recoiled and starting back to battery. The person in the rear is the pointer, with the firing lanyard in his hand, and at the right and behind the gun is the plug man, just springing to open the breach, so they can load again for another shot. The one stooping is the shell man, getting ready to throw a hundred and eight pounds of steel into the gun as soon as the plug is opened. The rest of the gun crew are in their respective positions around the gun, but cannot be seen in the picture. You can see one man's hands at the elevating wheel. This is the writer.

TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD A MODERN MAN O' WAR

BY DIO L. DAWSON

Mr. Dio L. Dawson is a blue-jacket. Mr. Dawson has contributed a snappy, bright, human interest story to the Overland Monthly "fleet" edition. No man with red blood may read his account of the target practice at Magdalena Bay without feeling a pride, a swelling of the chest at the achievements of the men under Evans. Mr. Dawson's account is thrilling because it is true.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HE DAY was perfect, as indeed are all days at Magdalena Bay, where the clouds never obscure the clear blue sky, nor obstruct the rays of old Sol, who glares down upon the quiet waters and surrounding hills with a scorching glance. We steamed out upon the target range to resume the cannonading which had been kept up for weeks by the different ships of the squadron. The bay was calm; no ripple broke the even surface save the long bow-wave which streamed from our forefoot as we ploughed our way through the liquid blue.

We were all glad the day for the beginning of target practice had at last arrived, and we could stow away the old "loading machine" and tiresome sub-calibre or ping-pong: where a person had to spend hours each day manipulating the long guns with a small one fast on top, through which small shots were fired at a moving target just beyond the muzzle of the large gun. No more back breaking exercise hurling one hundred and eight-pound shell; all such doings were now of the past, at least for six months. The day would tell how effectively we had conducted these various drills in preparation for regular practice, and we anticipated good results.

Bets were drawn up between the different gun crews, and divisions; the favorites were men who had good shooting records, and in whom much confidence was placed. The divisional officers made lavish promises of beer and wine to the pointers who would break the record or even win the ship's prize for marksmanship with the six-inch guns. It was a poor divisional officer who would not put up at least a couple of months' mess money which was probably all he had after staying in home port for a few weeks.

All was excitement on board, the heavy work of clearing the ship for action was scarcely noticed except by the old "shell backs" who had been so long in the service that they boasted of having seen more record practices than the majority of us had years. The rails, ventilators, boat davits and loose fixtures about the decks were all taken down and stowed out of the way, so that the main deck guns could have full sweep fore and aft. The guns were next equipped with every precaution against loss of life, and more especially loss of time, for time was what counted most.

The sights were arranged with large lettered scales of brass, so that the sight-setters could see plainly what they were doing throughout heavy fire. Every advantage which could be taken, yet be within the regulations, was made use of. The supply of ammunition expected to be used was gotten up and placed behind the



JUST BEFORE TARGET PRACTICE.

guns to be fired first. The fire hose was let out, and the deck around the guns wet down in order that there be no danger of fire.

We soon arrived at the target raft, where we lowered boats containing target gear of all kinds, and sent several men with them in tow of the steam launch, to put up the targets. This party included the carpenter's mate, the ship's painter and the rest of the ship's artificers. They were to remain with the steam launch and repair boat for the purpose of marking holes made in the target and repairing damage done to the raft after each string of shots was fired.

When all the essentials were attended to, the steam launch with the repair boat and its crew withdrew a respectable distance from the target, and we steamed around into the range, which was marked out by a line of spar buoys, one thousand six hundred yards away.

The first guns fired were those of the secondary battery. They were finished up two at a time, each pointer being allowed a minute to do his best in. The Colt's automatic pointers are the only exceptions to this; they are allowed a string of two hundred and fifty shots, which they can shoot in one minute if they wish. These guns are very difficult to control, however, and comparatively few hits are made, considering the vast number of shots fired.

The one and six pounders were very easily manipulated, and some very effective shooting was done with them. One of the crews got in twelve shots and eleven hits in three-quarters of a minute. Another crew made ten shots and ten hits. The only difficulty lay in the sights, since they recoiled with the gun, they were constantly jumping out of position unless held by the sight setter while the guns were discharged; a precarious thing to do. Not many of them could be persuaded to do this, for they were afraid of getting their fingers jammed. There were several, however, who grasped the bar and did not let go until the string of shots had been fired.

It did not take long before we were ready to fire the intermediate battery or 6-inch; these are the worst in the navy for noise and heat, being the largest calibre out of a turret.

We had to stand at the breach and face the fire without a semblance of protection. The guns, which were mounted inside of the superstructure or on the gun deck, looked out through compara-

tively small gun ports; hence the crews were not so much exposed to the muzzles of the guns as we were out on the open fo'castle. Our only refuge lay in getting as close as possible to the breach of the gun, which was rather unsafe security. Every one stuffed his ears with cotton, so that the concussion would not break the drum.

Only one gun was fired at a time now, and two targets were up, one for each pointer, so that the officials could register the individual hits without confusion. If one of the pointers became excited and shot at the wrong target, the other pointer got the credit for the hits.

Two minutes were allowed for both pointers; in that time they were expected to make six or seven or even eight hits apiece, but this depended on the personal merits of the pointers and indirectly upon the ability of the gun's crews.

When the first buoy was passed, and the ship bore down upon the range a short blast of the whistle was the signal for us to commence firing. We quickly loaded the gun, each member of the crew doing his part and depending implicitly upon the others to do the same. The gun captain's eye was never off the breach of the gun, the sight-setter gave his undivided attention to the graduating of the sight to correspond with the ever-changing range. The instant the gun was fired and the tremendous recoil checked, the plug was thrown open and another huge shell hurled into the breach by the shell-man. Directly behind him was the powderman, with a long white bag of smokeless powder in his arms, which was also thrown into the smoking breach, and the plug went shut with a thud; the plugman placed the primer in the lock and sprang back at the same instant shouting "ready" into the expectant ear of the pointer, who had her right on the bull's-eye all the time. The voice of the plugman was cut short by the crash of the gun, the long tongue of flame shot out a hundred feet, the heat rushed past us, causing a dizzy sickening sensation, which lasted but an instant, then all was past and the whole operation gone through with again and again until the two pointers had fired their strings of shots into the target sixteen hundred yards distant.

We then steamed around in front of the target so that the officials could get a close view of the hits, and mark them down upon some small sectional drawings, which



This target is twenty-one by seventeen feet; distance sixteen hundred yards. Speed ten knots. Gun six inch and the number of shots is twelve.

were to be sent to the department in the form of a report. The steam launch and repair boat came alongside the raft, and marked all the fresh holes, eleven in number, with red paint, so that they would not be confused with the next that were made. Each of the pointers had made six shots—only one of these had missed the target altogether; some of the others cut the bull's-eye; the rest were scattered over the canvas, which was twenty-one feet long and seventeen high. The shells often tumbled end over end after striking the water and a short shot tears the target to shreds, rendering it necessary for frequent changes in them.



SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR TYPE OF SIX- INCH GUN.
THE WRITER.

Some of the pointers cut down the mast which held up the target and ruined their string of shots. It is considered bad luck when this happens, for they do not make good at the second trial; besides such things delay the game considerably.

During the course of the day some excellent scores were made; one gun's crew made twelve hits out of twelve shots, and won the ship's prize. They reported immediately afterwards at the wardroom pantry, where the hard-won drinks were served, in accordance with the promise of their divisional officer, whose mess bill was paid several months in advance by their good shooting.

When all of the six-inch had been fired the eight and twelve-inch turrets were opened up on the targets under the same conditions as the smaller guns. There was not so much team work necessary, owing to the fact that almost everything was done by mechanical power. The ammunition came up from the handling room on a traveling car, run by an electric hoist. It was rammed into the breach by an electric rammer, the turret was trained and elevated by the same process; hence the main duty of the crew was the manipulation of small levers, somewhat the same as those used by motormen on street cars.

The firing of the big guns jarred the ship a great deal and broke some of the furnishings in the officers' quarters.

The only real danger was in "flare backs." This is a lingering flame in the tube of the gun, which flies out of the breach when the plug is open immediately after the gun has been fired. "Flare backs" have been known to ignite the fresh powder charge coming up on the hoist, and blow everything to pieces, often burning the men to death.

To prevent this accident, there is a small air tube leading into the breach, from a compressed air tank, which blows all the flame out through the muzzle when the plug is open. These have been known to fail, and such failures are marked on green hillsides by white tombstones, unless some other preventive occurred. Of course this is only one of the dangers attending target practice, while there are many to be gone through.

When the last gun was fired and no sad accidents had occurred, all hands were glad the excitement and nerve strain were over. We steamed back to our anchorage, not having broken the navy record, nor having won the twelve-inch trophy, but with a respectable pride in our ship and efficiency.

LORD, THY WILL

BY J. NORMAN SHREVE

Mr. J. Norman Shreve contributes one of the best human interest stories to this number of the Overland Monthly it has ever been our good fortune to read. The reader will part with the Deacon and his sorely stricken wife all too soon, and will, for a long time, remember their sweet presence. Mr. Shreve is a thorough student of human nature, and his picture of this delightfully interesting couple, going down to a "green old age" hand in hand is a masterpiece.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



HE AGENT of the Pecos Valley and Northeastern Ry. Co. at Carlsbad, N. M., lay the newspaper he was reading across his fat knees, settled himself more comfortably in the worn armchair, and leisurely filled his pipe. At his back across the office, seated at the operator's table, the warehouseman diligently scratched out "Over, Short and Damage" reports. The telegraph instrument in the center of the table clicked sulkily. A big blue-bottle fly buzzed truculently on one of the dusty, cobwebbed windows. A faint breeze blowing from the waiting room through the open ticket-window, softly shuffled the leaves of a Waybill Impression book that lay open on the agent's desk. The agent lit his pipe, picked up the newspaper, and began again to read, puffing and muttering alternately.

At length both men were roused by the clatter of a farm-wagon at the far end of the warehouse, and a pleasant old man's voice speaking gently to his horses as he backed the wagon up to the platform. Heavy footsteps sounded hollowly, became fainter as they rounded the rear of the warehouse, and then loud as they approached the office door. A rugged-faced old man with white mustache and imperial entered, paused, and looked hesitatingly from agent to warehouseman with bright clear blue eyes. Both men rose quickly.

"Howdy, Deacon. Take a seat—take a seat." The agent dragged forward the armchair. "Glad to see you. You don't drop in on us very often any more. How's all at home?"

"Howdy, Mistuh Hall. Howdy, Mustah Shuhvin!" He shook hands with each. "Ah hope you-all gentlemen are well. No, thank you, Mistuh Hall, Ah can't stay this time, even fo' a few minutes. Ah must hasten home to Mis' Stillson with this sewing machine." He glanced down at the notice card in his hand. A pleased smile lightened his face. "She sho'ly has been pinin' fo' it. Ah hopes it will do huh good." His face settled again into its grave lines. "She's been po'ly again fo' the last two weeks. That's the reason, Mistuh Hall, Ah haven't dropped in on you mo' of late. Ah suhtinly have missed ow' pleasant talks he' in this office. Ah hope soon to renew them." He turned to the warehouseman. "Mistuh Shuhvin, if you will kindly show me this machine, Ah'll load it mahself and save you the trouble."

The warehouseman was still standing. "No trouble at all, Mr. Stillson. Please sign your name here, and I'll go load it while you talk with Mr. Hall."

"No—no, Mistuh Shuhvin. Wait. Ah'll help you." He slowly drew out and adjusted a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and carefully read every word of the expense bill. Then he signed his name firmly.

The agent rose and went out to the platform with them. When the crate was in the wagon the Deacon again shook hands.

"Good evenin', Mistuh Hall. Good evenin', Mistuh Shuhvin. Ah hope you-all gentlemen will always enjoy good health. Mistuh Hall, give mah best rega'ds to Mis' Hall and yuh sistuhs. Gentlemen, come out whenevuh yo' wo'k gives you the oppo'tunity. Always remembuh that ow' latch-string is hangin' out fo' ow' friends."

He drove off, one arm flung backward steadying the machine, his white hair curling over his coat collar from beneath the wide-brimmed black felt hat.

The two men walked back to the office. "Great old boy, ain't he," said the agent. "Gimme a match."

"He sure is."

"Never been out to his home, have you?"

"No."

They sat down, the agent with his feet on the sill of a window that looked out toward the rear of the station, the other with chair tilted back against the wall, and heels caught in the chair-rung.

"You want to go when you can. A little ten-acre patch of fruit trees a couple of miles out, mostly peaches. Makes a good livin', though. Other crops have failed, but for some reason the Deacon has always had at least a fair one." He smoked steadily for some moments. "Most of us around here think the Lord backs him up."

The warehouseman nodded gravely. "I've heard that. Guess there's something in it."

"Sure!" The agent turned to his desk and drew the Waybill Impression book toward him. "Well, reckon we better finish this job. Take down these figures, will you?"

The warehouseman picked up a pencil and a pad of clip.

* * * *

The old man, dream-eyed, drove slowly, slack lines falling low, for the peace that lay in the still shadows of the lane was his also. Through the loop-holes of the leaves overhead the sun, still three hours high, peered down, gold splashing the hard, smooth road, its glare here softened to a cool green twilight. No gentlest touch of breeze stirred leaf or shadow. Now and then a hushed twittering in the branches to right or left told of drowsing life. At times a hoof, striking the rounded surface of some half-buried stone, rang out sharply. The air held a delicate scent of dusty green things, long deep-shaded. From a far field floated the faint sweet call of a meadow lark.

Gradually the old man's eyes lost their dream-look, though calm and peace still rested in them. He spoke aloud, softly: "'The Lo'd is in His holy temple. Let all the uhth keep silence befo' Him.'" At the sound of his voice the horses stopped. The quiet was absolute. The old man unconsciously bared his beautiful head. But even as he did so, from the self-same field that held the lark came another call, distant, but replete with strident aggressiveness. The Deacon replaced his hat firmly, deliberately, and caught up the reins. Tiny lines at the outside corners of his eyes deepened, though his voice was solemn.

"Belongin' to as pious a man as Brothuh Bakuh, that white mule ought to know bettuh. But Ah suhtinly do believe nothing on uhth, in the regions o' Satan, or in the Heavenly Kingdom itself, could make him keep silence if he didn't want to."

He looked back into the wagon, saw that the machine was well braced by a bag of flour, a keg of mackerel, and a hundred pound sack of sugar, and spoke to the horses. "Boys, we must go a little fastuh. Ah'm afraid Ah fo'got in the quiet o' this temple that the's some one at home waitin' fo' us. Git up!"

A quarter of a mile farther on the pleasant shade of the lane ended abruptly. The hot white road led straight away into the blue-gray haze of the West; so straight between the high-rolling folds of rock-sown desert that one might fancy it but the latest layer of some era-dead engineering marvel. Mesquite was the only growing life—squat, scraggly, mouse-colored, skirting the roadside and sprawled over rounding hummocks, gathering some semblance to a dark green with distance, till on the farthest rise it sketched a blurred, ragged fringe against the sky. So to north and south alike; save that now and then to the south, through rifts in the folds, a splotch of bright emerald showed cheerily, marking the homesight of Brother Baker.

The Deacon drove briskly, at times glancing rearward to see that the machine was not shifting from the jar of the wagon-bed. The horses, being homeward

bound, were willing, even playful, in spite of the heat; nipping at each other's muzzles with ears laid flat and lips wrinkled.

"You-all ho'ses quit yo' foolin' now. It ain't becomin'." But his voice held no trace of rebuke. His eyes were smiling. "You-all seem to think home's about the fittin'est place fo' beast as well as fo' man." He flapped the reins to drive away the flies. "Ah reckon you ain't wrong."

Fifteen minutes more and the horses pricked up their ears, whinnying softly. They turned to the right, trotted down a gentle slope past a ridge that hid the Deason's place from the main road, through a grove of cotton-woods, and into the barn yard at some distance to the rear of a vine clung white house with green shutters.

While the old man was unhitching, the back door of the house opened and a woman came slowly down the steps and toward him. She was a little woman, not strong looking. One fancied that in repose her delicate face might show something of patient suffering. There was no trace of such now. The thin cheeks had a touch of color, and the brown eyes, almost startlingly dark below hair as snowy as the Deacon's, were alight.

"Aren't you a little late, Ezra?" The same soft drawl was hers. They were forty years Virginians before they came west. "Ah seem to have been waitin' longuh than u-sual." As she kissed him she caught sight of the crated machine. She gave a delighted little cry. "Oo-o! At last it's he'! Ah've just been pinin' fo' it, Ezra—*act*-ually Ah have!"

The Deacon chuckled. "Ah *told* 'em you had. Whe's Chris? As soon as Ah watuh the ho'ses and tu'n 'em loose, we'll take it right in and uncrate it. Ah reckon Ah want to see it as much as you."

His wife wandered around the wagon, striving to stand on tip-toe to peer at the supplies the Deacon had brought, while the latter led the horses to the big trough near the barn. Overhead the windmill creaked crustily at long intervals as some air-current strove to sway the locked fan. Nearby, a huge elevated tank squatted sturdily on fat weather-grayed pillars, its sides streaked with rust from the heavy iron hoops that girded it. The small platform rimming its bottom was moss-grown. Big silver drops gathered sluggishly at the edge, detaching themselves reluctantly. Up one side ran the feed pipe from the windmill. Tapping from below was a larger pipe that led westward out past the chicken houses and hog-yard to the orchard.

The horses buried their muzzles deep in the cold water of the trough, drinking slowly, to prolong the pleasant sensation. Twice they raised their heads, pricking forward their ears interestedly at nothing in particular. But when the old man made to lead them into the barn they again dipped into the water in well-assumed thirstiness. "Got to have yo' fool game, o' co'se," muttered the Deacon, and stood patiently. Finally the horses moved on of their own will, and passed into the barn. A yellow-haired giant came to the door.

"Let 'em out, Chris, and then come help me with this machine and the othuh things Ah brought from town."

In a few minutes the hired man was at the wagon, but would have none of the Deacon's help. "Ay tak all dose ting in maysalf, Meest' Steellsohn."

"All right, Chris. Ah, reckon yo' big enough. Please bring the machine into the kitchen."

The two old people went on into the house. A short, broad-backed woman stood at the sink peeling potatoes. Two thick, fair braids hung down below her waist.

"Mah machine has come, Frieda. Now we'll sew *and* sew!"

The woman turned her head, and her white teeth showed in a wide, good-natured grin. Her high cheek-bones glistened. Frieda believed in soap and water and friction. Witness the spotless floor. One might suppose it freshly sand-papered. Buttered bread had been known to fall, buttered side downward, and when picked up to have no adhering speck of dust. So at least from 4 to 6:30 each afternoon of six days, and all day of the seventh.

Frieda's blue eyes also glistened. One might have noticed that many times a day—every time her mistress spoke to her.

"Yah. Dot iss nice. Ve vill sew *and* sew."

Frieda and Chris Engberg's five years of married life had been passed with the

Stillsons. It is to be doubted whether wealth or honors to themselves or adversity to the Deacon and his wife could have induced them to leave.

Chris brought in the machine and began removing the crate, prying off the boards carefully at the nailed ends, so as not to split them or bend the nails. The three watched him silently, Frieda with knife in one hand, half-peeled potato in the other, the Deacon standing beside his wife's chair, stroking his imperial. Mrs. Stillson sat with hands folded, her lips parted a little, giving her a look of child-like anticipation. The soft pink was still in her cheeks.

At length the crate was off, the wrappings of paper and excelsior were torn away, and the machine stood clear. The sun from the west window swept across its flat polished top, marking in rich old-gold the crooked grain of the wood and sheening brightly the frosted gilt of the name. Faint halos circled the brass knobs of the four drawers. Distorted curves sprawled on the floor—shadow of the quaint scroll-work of iron legs.

The dark eyes of the little old lady sparkled.

"Isn't it a beauty!"

The Deacon folded back the extension leaf and drew up the head.

"Oo-o!" Again the soft little cry. "Ah've nevuh seen one quite so handsome, Ah'm right suhtin." She opened all the drawers. "See, he' are all the improvements. This is the hemmuh, and he' is the tuckuh, and this queeuh-shaped thing is the ruffluh. Frieda, we'll just sew the men out of house and home!"

Frieda stood with arms akimbo, potato and knife prominent but forgotten. "Yah, out of house and home."

"Chris, bring it in he'." She led the way into the dining room, and raised the blinds of the bay-windows that looked out upon the orchard. At one end was a white marble topped table. On it were two leather-backed Bibles worn to a dull rust color. On a shelf underneath was a much larger Bible, cloth, and of a faded red, with a stamped border of gilt lace-work. At the other end of the bay window stood the old machine, deposed, framed in black walnut sombreness.

"He', Chris, please take this one out into Frieda's room. Now, Ezra, see how easy this rolls. Ah can just move it up to the table at night and sew while you read. Won't that be cosy?" She laid her hand on his arm. "Ah feel ve'y happy, Ezra. You are so good to me! Ah'm shu' Ah'll grow stronguh soon. You must stop yo' wo'yin'."

The Deacon patted the thin hand. He cleared his throat. "Why, Ma'tha! O' *c'ose* you'll grow stronguh! And me wo'ying? Gra-cious!" He smiled as at a joke. He rolled the machine back and forth. "She does roll easy, doesn't she. We'll have some fine times with huh. Ah hope she holds huh voice in a trifle mo' than the othuh one." He looked at his watch. "Whoopee! Five-thi'ty! Come on, wife. Ah reckon those chickens are just sta'vin'. We'll try some o' that new feed Ah brought home."

She got her sunbonnet and a basket for the eggs, and they walked out to the barn.

* * * *

The breath of the south wind, cooled and scented by orchard and vine, crept in at the open bay-windows, bearing with it the wistful quaver of a catbird, a contented, intermitten grunting from the depths of the orchard, and the far, diminishing clatter of wheels. The snowy Swiss curtains swayed languidly. Loose ends of blue gingham, figured calico, gray alpaca, black silk, ribbons, lace embroidery, tissue patterns—all lying high-piled on sewing table and machine and a-sprawl on the floor—stirred restfully. A vario-colored ball of discarded basting threads and wisps of lining and dress-goods trundled lazily across the room and lodged comfortably in a corner.

A strand of hair blew over Mrs. Stillson's cheek, and as she brushed it back, she raised her head, resting her sewing in her lap, and listened, with face turned toward the windows. For a moment one might fancy it bore a slightly worried expression. A faint sigh escaped her as she again bent to her work. Frieda, working opposite her, heard and glanced up, the stiff calico in her hands staying its soft rustling.

"Meest' Steellsohn goin' toe town again?"

The old lady nodded. "He wants to get me some liniment. Mah feet bothered

me mo' than u-sual last night." Her scissors snipped steadily for a few moments. "Ah don't think it's exactly nec'sa'y, but he insisted. And aftuh all, Ah reckon Ah'll be right glad if it would help. Last night the trouble seemed to be creepin' fa'thuh up to'd mah knees." She dropped the scissors and ripped off a piece of facing. "Ah reckon Ah'll just have to reface it all along the bottom, Frieda—don't you think so?" She reversed the skirt and looked at it speculatively, tapping her lips with thimbled middle finger. "Ah'll baste it in, anyway, and we can see how it looks."

For fifteen minutes both needles plied swiftly and silently, save for a sharp click now and then as thimble struck steel or button. The plaintive call of the catbird receded to the far edge of the orchard, quavered at longer intervals, and finally ceased. From the west side of the house, out toward the chicken-yard, came a faint, "cut-cut-cadacut"—herald of an ever-astonishing occurrence. From just below the windows, where the angle of the bay made a blotch of shadow, rose a subdued clucking and scratching, and shuffle of feathers fluffed luxuriously in cool moist dirt.

"The'! Ah reckon that will be all right. What do you think, Frieda?" She held the skirt up with one hand by the waistband and pulled it out fanwise by the hem with the other. Frieda paused, and her smooth brow puckered thoughtfully.

"Yah. Sure iss it all right. Ay tank now eef yoe put toe ruffles——"

The old lady interrupted. "That's what Ah intend doin'. Put one he', and one he'." She started to rise, but seemed to have some difficulty until she braced her hands on the edge of her chair. When she was up she held the skirt to her waist and scanned its fall and set judiciously, talking half to herself. "Is it the right length? Yes, Ah reckon it is—just right. Ah wonduh if it will fla'e enough. Maybe too much. Ah'm too old fo' much o' that, Ah reckon. But the ruffles will help that. Ah reckon Ah's bettuh fix that facin' right now."

The machine stood between the two women, well in the bay. Mrs. Stillson had to take but a few steps to it, yet they were taken with a curious indefinable effect as of feeling the way. At the machine she sat for a moment, with lips slightly compressed, then lifted her feet to the treadle. The flywheel gave a few desultory turns and then was still. She started it with her hand. This time it whirred and hummed softly for a few seconds, slowed down, hesitated, oscillated back and forth several times, and at last stopped. The old lady dropped her hands to the edge of the chair and the folds of her dress but partly concealed a grip that drove her knuckles white. Responsive to some effort that brought out tiny drops on her forehead, the fly-wheel again began its low song. But the motion was plainly sluggish.

"Frieda," her voice was tired, "have you noticed that this machine runs at all heavy?"

Frieda was threading her needle, her eyes focussed on the point of the thread at which the needle was making tentative jabs. "No-a. Ay tank dot machine run yoost fine; so easy Ay cannot feel. Yah. Dot iss so." The needle triumphed, and Frieda at length glanced toward her mistress. The latter had ceased trying to work the machine, and sat quite still. Her shoulders drooped forward, and the worried look was strong in her eyes, staring unseeing out at the bright sunlight. The thin hands in her lap were clasped tight. At length she turned away from the machine and rose stiffly, again bracing herself.

"Ah reckon you'll have to run this this evenin', Frieda. Ah reckon Ah've tried to do too much the last few days." She lowered herself carefully into her comfortable rocker. "Ah seem to be gettin' mo' and mo' no-account. Ah was hopin'—Ah thought the machine might run heavy. It seemed so to me from the sta't. But Ah'm afraid it's not that."

She watched Frieda's broad back wistfully as the latter squared herself at the machine and set it fairly shouting its paean of good cheer. Finally she gave herself a little shake and reached for the waist that matched the skirt she had relinquished to Frieda.

The afternoon wore slowly away. The skirt was finished satisfactorily. Frieda's calico dress was completed, not a little

was added to the alpaca, and the black silk, two gingham aprons were cut out.

Mrs. Stillson rested, and surveyed the littered room with a deal of satisfaction.

"Ah decla'e, Frieda, this week will about see us through with this paht of ow' sewin', anyway. And next week we can get at the bed and table linen." She leaned back in her chair and rocked slowly. "Ah don't fancy Ah'll rush so then, though. Ah don't seem to stand it ve'y well. Gracious! Ah wish Ah had you' puhfect strength, Frieda." She smiled over at the other, whose face began to beam. "Don't you evuh get tired?"

Frieda started to shake her head, then grinned broadly, and her clear blue eyes twinkled. "Yah. Sure. Ven Chris he iss in da keetchen and some coal, mebbe vood, iss to get, my back yoost aches awful—layke neffer vas. Yah. Sure."

The old lady's sweet laugh rang out merrily, the tired look in her eyes vanishing. Their deep, wonderful brown sparkled brightly. But as she began to rock more vigorously, the light clouded, and she abruptly stopped rocking. Her face showed a sudden, swift dread that slowly altered into its customary expression of pain patiently borne. She stooped and began to rub her ankles and legs. Her partially raised dress revealed an odd, unnatural position of her feet.

Frieda was watching her anxiously.

"Vat iss da matter, Mees' Steellsohn? Yoe been seeck?"

Mrs. Stillson straightened up and brushed back the soft white hair.

"Ah reckon Ah'm all right now—fo' a little while, anyway." She breathed a trifle quickly. "But Ah suppose the deadness will come on again. It always does, and this week mo' than evuh."

Again she gave herself that little shake and glanced at the clock.

"Mah goodness, Frieda! How the evenin' has flown! The Deacon will be he' soon. He', take all ow' sewin' into the bed room—except that waist. Ah may want to do a little mo' to it. You'd bettuh sta't suppuh."

Frieda cleared up the room and went into the kitchen. The old lady walked laboriously back and forth for a few minutes, then began to set the table. When it was finished, she stood looking out of the windows—stood till the broad splashes of yellow light between the trees of the orchard grew perceptibly longer. Finally, she turned and picked up the waist. She glanced down at the machine. "Ah wonduh if you'd be gentle with me, just till Ah finish this waist. Will you? Ah think Ah'll try you just once mo'."

* * * *

In the slow evening breeze, the leaves of the cottonwoods were clicking like so many tiny castanets.

"Yes, suh," the Deacon turned slightly toward the strong, bearded face beside him. "Ah'm always thankful to reach this lane—o' own. Ain't those cottonwoods fine? Ah've seen 'em grow from babies." He tightened his hold on the lines. "Steady, boys, steady! These ho'ses have a mighty friendly feelin' fo' this lane, too—though they always want to put it behind 'em in a hu'y."

At the watering-trough the team was turned over to Chris, and the two men walked toward the house, the bearded man carrying a small satchel. Out at the chicken-house a flutter of color and a spray of feed showed now and then from around one corner.

"Hello! That's Frieda. Ah must shu' be late. Ma'tha and Ah gen'rally see to the chickens."

In the kitchen a partially covered skillet of fried potatoes, sputtering softly, was drawn to the least heated part of the stove. On the extended door of the oven was a platter of ham swimming in brown gravy and steaming fragrantly. A white china pot of steeping tea rested on the edge of the stove. Through the open dining room door one caught a glimpse of the set table.

"Suppuh's waitin' fo' us, you see, Doctuh. Come right on into the dinin' room." He stepped toward the door. "Ah wonduh whe'——" He stopped on the threshold and suddenly gripped the doctor's arm. Then he jumped across to the frail, limp little form that lay tumbled in a heap at the foot of the machine.

"Ma'tha! Ma'tha! O God! O God!" It was all he could say as he bent over her and struggled to lift her.

The doctor gently pushed him aside.

"There, there, Deacon, I'll take her." His powerful arms caught her up lightly,

tenderly. The deep voice was steady. "We will take her into the bedroom. Wait a little." His hand rested over her heart. In a moment he spoke cheerily. "Just a faint, thank God. We'll have her herself in a short time."

They went into the bedroom, but even as they lay her on the bed her eyelids quivered and opened. She stared fixedly, dazedly at them for a moment, then the brown eyes grew wet. "Oh, Ezra! Am Ah still with you?" Her low voice was exquisitely tender. "Ah was—afraid—Ah had gone—while you were—away—from me."

The Deacon knelt and softly stroked her hair, her face, her hands. He smiled tremulously. He could not speak at first. Finally the words came brokenly. "The', the', honey. It's all right now." His voice became stronger and more cheery. "You'll be up and out in just a little while. Ah'm mighty glad Ah brought the Doctuh, though. Ah had consid'able of a fright when I came into the room. Ah shu' did."

She looked at him earnestly, then slowly shook her head. "What Ah was afraid of has come, Ezra." She glanced down at her feet. "Ah know it, though the Doctuh—excuse me, Doctuh. Howdy. Ah hope you are enjoyin' good health—though the Doctuh," the voice was almost a whisper, "will say fo' shu'." She stopped and patted the Deacon's rough hand. Then her lips moved soundlessly, and the old man had to bend low to catch what she said.

* * * *

The two men walked slowly out to the barn.

"She is right, then, Doctuh?"

The other nodded gravely. "I'm afraid so. I'll do my best, but I can not see any hope. What slight use of her feet she may get will only be temporary, I'm afraid. So I should advise you sending immediately for the chair." He put his big hand on the Deacon's shoulder. "And after all, Deacon, you still have her, and will have her for a long time to come, please God. That is much."

The Deacon answered steadily, the blue eyes brave and bright.

"Yes. That is much. Ah thank Him humbly, gratefully, with all mah hea't an' soul fo' bein' so good to me." He threw back his head and squared his shoulders, smiling out into the Golden West. "Oh, we'll have some fine times yet, Ma'tha and Ah—some wonduhfully fine, happy times. Nobody need to wo'y about us."

The doctor climbed to the seat beside Chris, the two men shook hands, and the wagon rattled out and away toward town.

Back in the house the old man paused in the doorway of the dining-room. A hand that trembled slightly stroked his white imperial. Then he went quietly over to the machine, carefully lowered the head, and rolled it softly into a dim corner of the room.



THE COYOTE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Ernest Seton Thompson has written many stories of the life of the wild things of earth, but in no instance has he succeeded in giving his readers a better conception than has Mr. Edwin L. Sabin, the author of "The Coyote." Mr. Sabin is just as clever in his description of the old sheepherder "Tom" as in his portrayal of the coyote, and the tale, until its tragic denouement, is full of interest to the reader. It is a story of the wide Western range where thousands of sheep are tended at times, for months, by a single man and his faithful dog, silent rangers from limitless East to limitless West, boundless North to vanishing South.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IT WAS five in the afternoon, and the sun was about to descend, as into its lair, among the jagged pinnacles of the Horsefly Mountains, blue in the West. And now, aroused by the subtle evening summons at the far end of a small tunnel which extended, with triangular mouth, under a mass of rock midway upon the flank of the gulch, a ball of tawny fur stirred; broke, as it were, and lengthened. One extremity presented a bushy tail, the other a pointed snout which split and gaped, disclosing sharp white teeth and red tongue. Two pale yellow eyes blinked. The animal sat up, stretched and yawned again.

'Twas a coyote—that hated, most despised of Western "varmints," an animal without a friend; a pariah whose name is an insult when applied to a man, be he ever so low.

Drifted into the tunnel (where the wild-beast scent was strong) a confused, murmurous, multitudinous baa-ing, blending in a rhythmic chorus. The coyote's ears pricked; his crafty, cold eyes widened, and narrowed again; he licked his chops, and with a quick movement, trotted to the tunnel's mouth. Here he halted, to sniff and to listen; reconnoitering; with every sense acute.

Upon the slight evening breeze rose and fell, in fashion fitful, the baa-ing as from a thousand throats. Sheep! The coyote's lips drooled, for the enforced fasting of the long winter, during which even a coyote's sustenance had dwindled to almost nothing had left him with a keen appetite for flesh and blood. Into this land of want had entered plenty.

The coyote slunk from his retreat and loped diagonally up the hillside. The half-disk of the sun cast spindling shaped shadows of the high places, and the hollows and every little depression were becoming flat and obscure. The coyote's brush hung low, his head was down to the ground, and blending perfectly with the rocks and the lichens and the pine-needle carpeting, on light and padded foot, every muscle working in harmony, he glided upon his way like a lean gray and yellow-red evil spirit.

He threaded soft-padded the timber and the bushes, picked knowing path amidst an outcrop of granite, and on the crest of the ridge, paused, with ears erect, to peer down into the purple hollows.

The distant halloo of man, and the occasional shrill, excited barking of a dog! Thus he located the guardians of the flock. Right before him, and below, he saw that which caused him instantly to sink and lie close for a minute, his shrewd eyes glistening. He crawled a few yards on his belly; then, crouching, he stalked—swiftly

sneaking in a zigzag course, while taking advantage, by instinct, of every bush, every rock, every grass-clump; now against the earth, now bolder, and adapting himself to each natural feature along his route.

In a small clearing—a basin containing a stagnant pool—a score of sheep, old and young, stragglers from the main body, were busily browsing, foolish, wayward things, thinking themselves secure to snatch some extra mouthfuls ere the arrival of man and dog would drive them forth for the bedding-ground. Like a bolt from a cross-bow, the coyote dashed among them; but not at haphazard. Coyote and bear has an infallible eye for the best in a flock. No trained butcher can so readily pick out the choicest mutton.

As if a bomb had exploded in their midst, scattered the sheep, wildly protesting. Their sole idea was flight—and the devil, here personified, take the hindmost.

So fierce was the coyote's rush, so intent his appetite, that he oversped his mark. The fat little lamb, abandoned by his mother and blindly dodging on slim, wabbly legs was merely bowled head over hoof, with a gash in his limp tail where the snapping teeth had chanced to strike. Sliding on his haunches, quickly the coyote whirled; the fat little lamb was struggling to recover balance, and promptly went down. This time the coyote did not miss. His jaws closed upon the head; upper fangs in the brain, lower fangs in the jugular. The fat little lamb was now only inert flesh, tender and to be eaten.

Couchant beside his kill, his lips dripping blood, his eyes aflame with lust, the coyote hesitated, listening. Sniffing the air, he stood; he slunk away; twice he halted, to look back over his shoulder and snarl hate and disappointment; but he continued upon his course, and disappeared in the brush.

A crackling of twigs was heard, and out from the fringing pines and cedars at the opposite side of the clearing, stepping into the open, a man in faded blue overalls and checked blouse, appeared, on his head a slouch hat. His eye observed the body of the fat little lamb; he strode to it, turned it over with his foot, felt of it. 'Twas warm.

"Coyote," he muttered, with a hearty oath, reading easily the signs—the wound in the throat and the scuffle which had preceded the end.

"Too late, old girl," he said, to the shaggy black dog who, having followed him, was now nosing the body, and bristling and growling. "Wastn's done more'n five minutes ago, either, was it! Hump! Come on; let's find the rest of 'em."

From their coverts the frightened sheep were coerced to join the great mass trailing on, with the golden twilight flooding their round backs, toward the bedding ground.

Concealing copse and vale having been faithfully ransacked for those perverse members which every flock contains, 'twas dusk before man and dog were convinced that each bachelor, mother and child, had been accounted for.

The darkness of the starry open settled over the sheep-range; upon the bedding ground the herd gradually abated its discussion of the recent tragedy, for querulous slumber; in his tent near-by the herder prepared his supper, while the dog, behind the stove, slept.

All the night the lax, pathetic body of the fat little lamb lay, a blotch of white, by the pool. Nothing disturbed it. Once it was revisited by its slayer. Trotting hopefully toward it the coyote stopped, circled, and wrinkling suspicious nose, withdrew, stepping cautiously backward until at safe distance. His kill had been moved, even handled, by man, and was his no more.

In the morning came the less delicate black buzzards.

* * * *

This, the newly acquired spring or lambing range of the Wilson sheep outfit, extended amid the mesas, and the draws, over six square miles of territory. Having flowed into it, the four thousand sheep, divided into bands and assigned to herders, were booked to remain until all the lambs had arrived and had been marked, and it was safe to proceed to the summer range higher up.

Stretched upon the warm, sagy slope whence he might oversee his charges, Old Tom, herder of the "Circle Dot" band, noted a figure approaching, riding through the brush. After casually watching, Old Tom stood; and with eye quick to pick

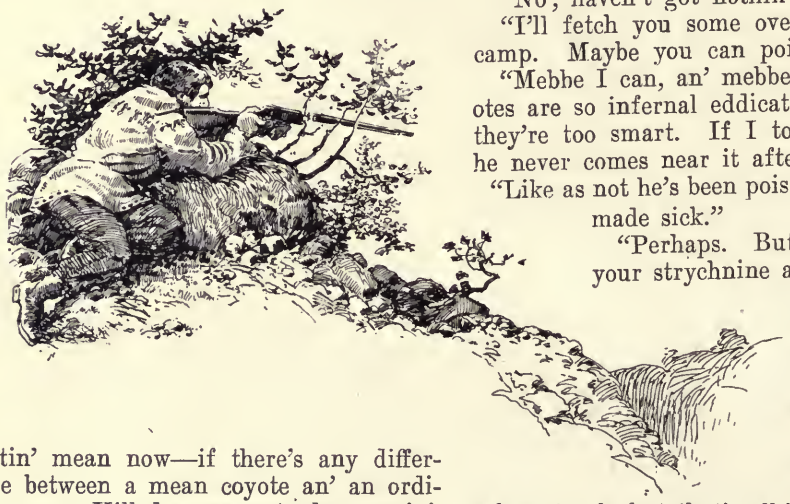
him out in the landscape, the figure approached and dismounted. The two, herder and camp tender, squatted in sun and pungent sage, for a chat.

"Lambs comin' pretty thick?" asked the camp-tender.

"Yes; and they're goin', too," grunted Old Tom. "Coyote is after 'em."

"That so?" remarked the camp-tender. "Didn't think there were many left. Herb, the foreman, put out a lot of poison last winter, and this spring he says he counted thirty-three dead ones."

"Didn't poison this devil, all the same. Takes a lamb or two a day, reg'lar. He's



gettin' mean now—if there's any difference between a mean coyote an' an ordinary one. Killed a ewe yesterday evenin'. Killed her an' ate nothin' but the udder."

"Must be an old dog coyote," mused the camp-tender.

"Guess so. I've seen him twice now—settin' watchin' me so he could size up which way I was goin'; but when I called Kit an' sicked her on, he was off like a shot. If I'd had a gun I'd have got him, sure."

"If you'd had a gun you'd never have seen him."

"Mebbe that's truth." Old Tom softly swore. "Seems to stick right by this band," he complained. "Makes most of his kills off there by that pond, behind the little rise yonder. I'd like to get him. I'd like to shoot him through the belly once, an' laugh at him while he snaps at the holes. Ever do that—shoot a coyote through the belly? Every time he twists his jaws snap—can hear 'em twenty rod!"

Old Tom chuckled at his picture.

"Might ketch him with a hook; that's what we used to do down in New Mexico," supplemented the camp-tender. "Put a big steel hook in a chunk of meat an' hang it up, an' when he jumps for it an' grabs it, the hook ketches him in the mouth."

Old Tom vowed approval.

"You bet! An' just let him hang an' kick till he dies. But I haven't any hook. I ain't no use for a coyote—not a bit," he burst out, with energy. "There's nothin' I wouldn't do to a coyote. He's the worst varmint that ever infested the earth."

"Got any strychnine?"

"No; haven't got nothin'!"

"I'll fetch you some over from Pete's camp. Maybe you can poison him."

"Mebbe I can, an' mebbe I can't. Coyotes are so infernal eddicated now-a-days they're too smart. If I touch a carcass he never comes near it after that."

"Like as not he's been poisoned once an' made sick."

"Perhaps. But bring over your strychnine an' I'll try it. Any of the other camps bein' bothered with varmints?"

"Not very much. Pete thinks he saw a bear track, but that's all."

"Well, I'd rather have a bear around than an old dog coyote. When an old dog coyote gets to takin' his lamb a day and sometimes more, it makes a fellow mad; an' it counts up, too. When a coyote gets to be an old devil like that, he'll follow a band for miles. But smart as he is, I bet I'll get some of that strychnine in him. I know a trick or so myself."

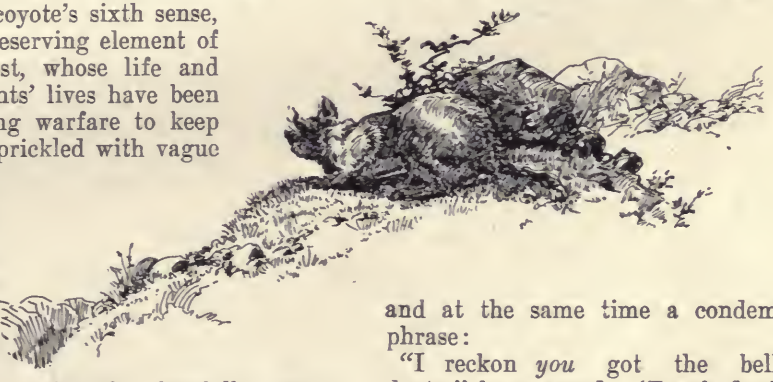
* * * *

The coyote had waxed careless; careless because of the wonderful abundance succeeding the period of famine. It was proving such an easy matter to secure what he wanted and when he wanted it. Man and dog were stupid, slow things; he had learned that, when they were engaged in one spot, at another he could make his kill in the brush, and feast almost at his leisure. It appeared to him that now they

had come to recognize his natural rights to a living. Lambs there were in plenty. After a hearty meal he was being permitted to return and gorge again. He was growing fat and lazy. Aye, but this was a fine spring.

'Twas midnight when, having slept off a mighty supper, he returned to the clump of greasewood where was awaiting his pleasure, he was sure, the remains of the banquet—the mangled carcass of the last lamb which he had so deftly seized in the early evening. It seemed exactly as he had left it, for Old Tom had employed the utmost craft gained from long experience in years agone as plainsman. He even had sheathed his brogans in sheep-pelt moccasins, and had put upon his hands mittens of the same, and cautious not to move the body in the slightest, had introduced the poison with a cleft stick.

But the coyote's sixth sense, that one preserving element of a wild beast, whose life and whose parents' lives have been an unceasing warfare to keep existence—prickled with vague distrust. Something suspicious emanated from the body. He circled it, smelling; he pawed it, gingerly, fearfully, apprehending a trap. Then, at one far corner, he tore off an experimental mouthful. Nothing happened; the sensation of the flesh between his teeth spurred him on, and mechanically growling to himself, he proceeded to select fancied dainties.



Abruptly he desisted, and stood motionless, as if inwardly seeking. Slaver started from his lips and streamed involuntary repugnance. That bitter taste—that tinge, reminiscent, aweing, horrid! With a convulsive writhe he disgorged. A dreadful nausea passed through him. Once before had this bitterness been manifest in his food, and it had permeated him with a sickness nigh to death. Staggering, desperately he retched, while the dusky brush swam before his dimming eyes. He must get away from here. A few steps he moved, when a resistless spasm sent him upon his side, kicking. With the tenacity of his race, with that never-give-up of the "varmint" beast of prey, he regained his feet, and moved on. His course was blind and tottering, but persistent. The spasms threw him, but between the spasms he progressed. In a little hollow he tumbled and lay jerking. The convulsions gradually wore off; he slept, exhausted, and in the dawning he managed to reach his lair.

Here, all the day, all the ensuing night and all the next day, he slept heavily; the poison worked out of his system, but it left him thirsty and famished, and as gaunt as in the beginning. Moreover, again had been proven to him how little faith could he put in anything.

With a grim smile of satisfaction Old Tom viewed the signs about the poisoned carcass. He muttered a commendatory, and at the same time a condemnatory phrase:

"I reckon *you* got the belly-ache plenty," he asserted. "Lamb don't agree with you very well, does it! Huh!"

And he chuckled. But although he searched the locality for farther satisfaction, he found no dead coyote.

"Crawled off in some hole, first," he murmured.

For three days the herd was unmolested, and Old Tom was still satisfied. Then the coyote could with-hold no longer; the longing for live lamb was too strong; experience had told him that it was the carcass once abandoned which produced the bitter taste and the sickness.

That night, in his tent, Old Tom, with the bulky catalog of a mail-order house (the herder's encyclopaedia, well-nigh), open before him, by the light of his lantern laboriously scrawled a letter; the next morning, having witnessed his charges settled, apparently for the day, he

walked to Pete's camp, four miles distant, borrowed Pete's rifle, and left the letter to be forwarded to town, and mailed. He also reported that a lamb had been killed the preceding evening, and a favorite ewe mangled. He also borrowed from Pete a Mexican boy for a short time.

That very afternoon witnessed Old Tom, his rifle across his knees, ensconced between two boulders, underneath a cedar. He posted himself there while yet the sun was an hour high; now the sun was dipping behind the outermost of the Horsefly pinnacles, and was casting the long shadows. Very peaceful was this, the golden even of the golden day. Back of Old Tom floated upward the numerous voices of the herd, exhorted by the Mexican boy, and upon its way to the bedding ground. Before him was spread a narrow draw, the flat bottom sparsely dotted by sage, the farther slope screened by thickening brush which at the upper end blended with a gulch.

A few sheep grazed through the draw—and with the sheep's faculty for getting into trouble, where possible, the majority had collected where draw met gulch.

His steady, searching gaze roving hither and thither, with the patience of the hunter, Old Tom sat motionless. Suddenly, at the extreme upper end of the draw, a little bunch of sheep and lambs leaped, scattered (as a pod scattered seeds), and baa-ing, ran frantically in all directions.

Instantaneously, the panic communicated to the sheep lower down, and they, likewise, ran and baa-ed. In the center of the space previously occupied by the first bunch was left a spot of brown and white, commingled, for a moment in agitation, then stilled.

Old Tom's eyes had sprung to the source of commotion. He muttered an oath, as he realized the distance—four hundred yards. The enemy had put him at the utmost disadvantage.

But in the old days upon the plains the herder had many a time shot his antelope across such a space, and he knew how flat was the trajectory of the modern rifle, how prodigious its velocity.

Out-speeding the faint, whip-like crack, the ball spatted into the gravel a foot below the coyote. Old Tom threw the lever with a jerk; already the animal was turned, but the second ball, slightly low again, and glancing, tore upward through his flank, sending him end for end. As he disappeared in the brush, another bullet sang past him.

Old Tom stood, and in his heavy brogans and his flapping hat, set out across the draw to investigate. There was blood upon the ground—the blood of the still breathing, but dying, lamb; there was also blood in the brush. A trail of it led on, a short distance. Old Tom followed; then beating around briefly, desisted and returned. He must attend to the sheep. But the memory of the coyote whirled end for end, and of the trail of blood, imbued him with a pleasurable sensation.

The soft-nose bullet had ripped through tawny hide and stout muscle from ham to top of thigh; the hole of exit was a full three inches. Prone in a cavity, back beneath a ledge of rock, the coyote when awake licked, and when asleep twitched restlessly, and all the time suffered the torture of the rack. 'Twas a week before the wound had healed sufficiently to permit his leaving his refuge; the fever had subsided, and again he was famished and a-thirst.

More sneaking than ever; with the fact but once more emphasized that the world was unfriendly, and that the penalty for living was death; with his left hind limb drawn up, by the tightening of the sinews, so that the foot was clear of the ground and useless, the coyote hobbled forth. He found himself unable to dash, as formerly, upon the rabbit; the nesting grouse, after tolling him with pretense of broken wing, easily escaped; and his approach upon her, when she was dozing over her brood, was clumsy and awakening. The baa-ing of the herd was still in his ears, the yielding body of lamb was still warm in his mouth, and he fatuously hung near, haunting the trail, accompanying from pasture to pasture anew.

Glimpsing him, early one morning, as upon a ridge, outlined against the brightening sky, after a night's roving which had resulted in a few miserable mice, he stood looking backward, in wistful fashion, down upon the flock now stirring over the bedding ground, Old Tom recognized him; and with relentless purpose, re-organized against him.

Taking out upon the range the package received in response to the letter, during the afternoon the herder prepared his apparatus, and placed it in a selected spot amidst the sage.

Limping through the brush, that night, the coyote's nose encountered the strong, alluring scent of bloody meat. Unerringly tracing the scent to its found, he made a find, surely—liver, aye. The mass was lying much as if some one had butchered here, and had left the entrails. With mind reverting to the deathly sickness brought on by other banquets, he sniffed, suspicious. But this meat had no bitter taste; it smelt of man nor of drug. He ventured to eat, tentatively; then, with the pangs of hunger overwhelming all scruple, he gobbled lest the bounty should vanish, ere he was satisfied. Even a coyote may be thankful for opportunity.

In the midst of his gobbling, as upon three legs he tore and gulped, essaying to fill his gaunt frame, he choked. A sharp pain shot through his throat. He sidled back, pawed at his mouth to remove the obstruction; presently something held him, preventing farther retreat. He bolted in the opposite direction, and was brought up, head on, with a jerk, and with the pain in his throat increased. His own blood flowed into his mouth. Recklessly he sat upon his haunches, and pulled; exhausted, he sank recumbent—and then, to take his captor by surprise, bounded abruptly; but still he was being held. Every time, when he had bounded so far, he was halted rudely. The pain in his throat was agonizing, but more agonizing was the terror at the mysterious spell seemingly cast upon him. In vain he bit the tether which, connected somehow with the inside of his throat, was restricting him so. The thin twisted copper thread slipped between his teeth, and he could obtain no purchase on it.

All the night he traveled, lying a moment to regain breath and strength, then dashing hither and thither, trampling down the brush, whining distress, fearing the dawn.

The sun was well up when steps approached. Trained to expect no mediation of merciful kind, the coyote only struggled the more desperately. Old Tom peered over the tops of the sage and laughed.

Just without the trampled, reddened area he squatted, with an evil yellow grin surveyed. The story of the night was plain to him. The coyote's face was plashed with the blood which dripped, from his lolling tongue. His eyes were wide with anguish of brain and body. The wound of his hip had opened afresh. Leading from his mouth, the twisted copper wires connected him irresistibly with a bunch of sage, in the center. Wheezing and choking, nevertheless he fronted about, snarling, cornered, to fight. He lunged, but the tether whirled him head in again. Old Tom, who had coolly waited, jeered.

"What's the matter? Come on," he mocked. "What ails you? Bit off more than you could chaw, didn't you?"

He poked forward his rifle-muzzle. The coyote snapped, but could not reach.

"Who-oa! Don't get rambunctious. Wouldn't chew a gun-barrel, would you? That would be wuss'n shark-hooks. How you like shark-hooks, anyway? Say! Talk about fishin'! Say! Whoa-oa!" he bade, as the crazed animal tugged and swayed and swerved from right to left, endeavoring to tear loose. "Whoaoa, Bill!"

To the limit of his time the herder thus teased and gloated. At last he resolutely arose and strolling to a stunted cedar, at a short distance, stripped from it a branch. Returned, from behind the straining captive, he suddenly struck heartily with the club. The coyote stretched and quivered and stiffened, his back broken.

"Have no more ca'tridges to waste on *you,*" informed Old Tom.

For a moment he delayed, grimly watching the glazing eyes. Then, to make certain he methodically smashed the skull. 'Twas the coup de grace, given howsoever unwillingly. The coyote's quiverings ceased. He was dead.

Kneeling over, Old Tom cut out the hook. From the sage-stalk he detached the wire. Without speaking, and with no backward look, he strode away. The sanctity of the sheep range had been maintained, and there were ailing lambs needing ministration.





TOP—THE DINING ROOM, GORDAN HOUSE. BOTTOM—LIVING ROOM, GORDAN HOUSE.

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR THE HOME BUILDERS--II

BY DAEDALUS

The Plans in this issue are by Newsom & Newsom, architects, 526 Larkin St., S. F.

Daedalus gives us this month a cheaper form of bungalow. He is catholic in his tastes, and before he will have finished, we shall have no embarrassment of choice as to our future home. Daedalus is a man of ideas. He lives in every one of these houses, in his mind. He is a very sympathetic fellow, too, and the housewife is not afraid to meet him with a lay opinion as against the professional dogmatism that nearly always damns the every-day architect.

By the way, if you are reading the "Practical Plans for Home Builders" and you are "stumped" or puzzled, or you want any advice as to building or decoration or landscape gardening, write to Daedalus, and he will give you the benefit of a matured and experienced mind.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE REAL architect does not mind additional work to himself if thereby he can accomplish a successful piece of work.

Two women, one with a big black hat and huge red roses, the other with a big black hat and ostrich feathers, were discussing architects and builders in general in a way not favorable to either, on the Key Route Ferry one day. I overheard the one with the big roses ask: "Have you started your new house, dear?" Big feather and a meek looking man with her laughed an apologetic little laugh, as big feather answered rather hesitatingly: "Why, no. You see, it costs so much; why, one bid was eight thousand, while we wished to expend not to exceed five thousand. We have been trying to cut it down, until all that is left that is worth having is a music room." "Guess we will have to do with that," laughed the meek man. Both ladies seemed to think it must be that way, and no joke, for big roses said: "It's just awful to build. I started in with so many nice ideas of how we wanted a place, and we were so glad to get started on our plans to carry them out, but now I have no ideas whatever. My



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

THE LUCKY BUNGALOW

architect says mine are all wrong, and the ones he gives costs so much to carry out. They might look well as a monument, but not as a home; so we have decided not to build."

Had either of these women fallen into the hands of a good, practical, home-place



THE GORDON HOUSE.

architect, not a wild dreamer and monument maker for himself, but rather a nest-builder, a house-lover himself, who would have gladly made the most of each eager suggestion in a way that would be effective and add an individual and additional charm to the final nest when completed, and the home place would have become alive and suitable to their requirements, when furnished, and not so very expensive either.

One of the most successful home settings planned with great care and study in this manner is the Gordon bungalow. For a small place, this house is ideal; it has eight rooms and bath. There is a ten foot porch along the front, with beamed ceiling and a buttress, or plant shelf, between the big redwood posts. Off one end of the porch is a glass "sun room," where there are plants, rustic and reed furniture. The big living room is entered from the porch; this room and also the dining room is finished in selected grain pine, scorched and waxed, the ceilings beamed and plastered and covered with old-gold paper between. The big clinker brick fireplace is built for business, and has a wide hearth, on each side a brick seat, or as they are often called, "hobs." On the south and east corner is a large casement bay with seat in the room and box below, and on the outside a flower shelf the entire length of the window. The casement windows are made in pairs so as to be easily washed and taken care of; each with a hook for holding the sash open. Curtains are fastened to the window sash with brass rods. The dining-room opens into the living-room, and is separated only by a beam and columns. Off the dining-room is a wide china closet and side-board combined; on the opposite side are French sash doors opening into the sun-room, and on the west side a plant shelf under the windows.

This little house has complete pantry fittings and kitchen conveniences, with laundry, servant's room, store rooms, back porch, etc. The stairs start from the east side of the living room and are screened in with balusters. A little smoking-room is off the living-room, near the stairs; it is nearly all glass, with wood finish of selected scorched pine, and is well ventilated. The entire front of the second story is taken up with a large chamber and closets, the woodwork being ivory white and the walls a blue-gray. Another large bed-room and the bathroom, completes this floor. All the rooms in this house have hardwood floors.

The pergola is on the right as you enter and connects with the porch. Choice vines and roses are growing up on all sides, and it will soon be a vine-covered place, for in Fruitvale, where this cozy little home is situated, all kinds of shrubbery grow to perfection.

Altogether this house marks quite an advance in suburban architecture. In every direction around San Francisco bay new tracts are being laid out, and plans being made for new homes, and this plan has already served as a model for many other bungalows. The views of the Gordon house, exterior and interior, are very clear, and give a good idea of the place.

The Lundy home was built somewhat after the Gordon plan, but as the ground sloped to the front, the arches and brick porch below were added. This house, like the Gordon house is built on good strong architectural lines, will resist earthquakes, as every care was taken by the architects to make a safe, complete, convenient and architecturally correct house—a home building, in fact. The cut shows the exterior of this house, and the plan of the first floor is also given.

We intend giving a series of small and medium-sized homes in the Overland from month to month, with plans, so that if the designs are not what you like, watch for next Overland.



THE LUNDY HOUSE, PIEDMONT.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

CONDUCTED BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

A SONNET, "One Autumn Night," by Herbert Bashford, appears in a beautiful volume, a collection entitled "Latter Day Love Sonnets," published by Small & Maynard, Boston. Mr. Bashford's lines are intense in their emotion, and rank with the best in the book.

There have been so many inquiries as to where John Muir's story of Stikeen, "An Adventure with a Dog and a Glacier," that the only available place to find it is herewith given:

The Century Magazine, September, '97, vol. 54, page 769. The story is not in book form.

The Stockton Short Story Club, whose moving spirit is Mrs. Nettie S. Gaines, literary editor of the Stockton "Record," is doing excellent work. Herbert Bashford was the guest of the club on February 18th, and delivered a lecture on Western literature. He also read from his collection of poems. There is much enthusiasm in club work in Stockton.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, poet, professor of English Literature Princeton University, has written the following, accepting honorary membership in the Short Story Club:

Avalon, Princeton, N. J.
February 13, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind letter of February 3d is found here on my return to Princeton. I appreciate very highly the honor of being elected an honorary member of the Pacific Short Story Club, and I accept the election with pleasure. I hope that my fortune will be good enough to bring me before long to the Pacific Coast again, and that I may then have the pleasure of meeting with my fellow-members of the club. The "Evening Post" of New York says that the short story is the lowest form of literary art. That is probably because some of the editors of the "Evening Post" have tried it and failed. The shades of Hawthorne and Poe remain undisturbed by the dictum.

Fraternally yours,
HENRY VAN DYKE.

Mr. Henry Meade Bland, President of the Pacific Short Story Club, San Jose, California.

Professor Daniel R. Wood, teacher of Nature Study in the State Normal School of San Jose, gives the following poem by Mrs. Mary B. Williams of the Sonoma Short Story Club, to his classes as a representative nature poem:

WINTER CLOUDS.

MRS. M. B. WILLIAMS.

With fold on fold in quiet rest,
The gray clouds lie along the west—
 In sweet repose they lie;
While overhead they sail away
Like phantom ships on placid bay—
 Like ships they sail on high.

Now in and out through rifts of blue,
The gray ships tipped in silver hue,
 They idly float along;
And tiny clouds in northern sky,
Like flocks of birds prepared to fly
 To southland home of song.

And herd on herd in glowing east,
With here and there a straggling beast,
 O'er pastures blue they rove;
Their shining sides are flecked with gold,
They number o'er a thousand fold—
 A countless herd they move.

And in the south white domes arise,
Cathedral spires pierce the skies,
 And hanging gardens fair.

And palaces in grandeur stand
In ether blue above the land—
 My castles in the air.

But what are all these visions grand,
Unless I see the Pilot's hand
 That sails my cloud-ships by,
Or folds them on the mountain crest,
And keeps them there at perfect rest,
 Along the western sky?

A prize, a silver loving cup, is offered by Lawrence E. Chenoweth, of Sacramento, for the best Short Story presented at the Club's meeting in San Jose in December, 1908. All who labor in the field of the Short Story are earnestly requested to take up the work and be in line for the prize; full details will be given in a later letter. Mr. Chenoweth is secretary of the Pacific Short Story Club.

We are more than pleased to say that Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, New Jersey; Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and George Sterling, author of "The Wine of Wizardry," have been elected to and have accepted honorary membership in the club. Dr. van Dyke expects some time soon to pay a visit to the West.

The following is a list of works by honorary members:

The Building of the City Beautiful, Joaquin Miller (Albert Brandt); The Iron Heel, Jack London (Macmillan); The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems, George Sterling (Robertson); Music and Other Poems, Henry van Dyke (Scribner); The Wolves of the Sea and Other Poems, Herbert Bashford (Whitaker & Ray); Songs of the Golden Gate, Ina Coolbrith (Houghton, Mifflin Co.); In and Out of the Old Missions, George Wharton James (Little, Brown Co.); The Voice of the Scholar, David Starr Jordan (Elder); Isidor, Mary Austin (Houghton, Mifflin Co.); Poems, Plays (2 vols.), Wm. Butler Yeats (Macmillan); In the Footprints of the Padres, Charles Warren Stoddard (Robertson); The Making of an American, Riis (Macmillan.)

A list, which will be given later, will contain books and productions by active members of the club.

The next semi-annual session of the Pacific Short Story Club will be held in the State Normal School at San Jose during the Summer Session of the school for 1908. All who can do so are requested to attend the meetings.

ON THE ROCKS

BY MARIE WELLS

We stand where crag and ocean,
 Half hostile, interlock;
Where swift tides of emotion,
 Repulsed, beat fierce on rock.
One soul in anguish pleading,
For pardon interceding;
The other, all unheeding
 The storm, or tide or shock.

O battling wave, insistent!
 O throbbing heart, pain-thrust!
O rock-coast, stern, resistant!
 O rock-friend, coldly just!
If lightning blast would break thee,
Straight to my arms I'd take thee,
With twining clasp, I'd wake thee
 To live, to love, to trust!



BY F. MARION GALLAGHER

MOTORING IN ENGLAND.

"British Highways and By-ways from a Motor-Car," by Thomas D. Murphy.

"THERE ARE three ways," writes Mr. Murphy, "in which a tourist may obtain a good idea of Britain during a summer's vacation of three or four months. He may cover most places of interest after the old manner, by railway train. * * * For a young man or party of young men who are traveling through Britain on a summer's vacation, the bicycle affords an excellent and expeditious method of geting over the country. * * * In a motor-car he may have the most modern and thorough means of traversing the highways and by-ways of Britain in the limits of a single summer, and it is my purpose in this book, with little pretentions at literary style, to show how satisfactorily this may be done by a mere layman."

Mr. Murphy accomplishes his task very creditably. He gives a delightfully detailed account of his "mahouting" without becoming tiresome by reason of too great a devotion to his machine. Those of us who have read Mr. Miltoun's recent book, "The Automobilist Abroad," may remember that the volume was marred by its guide-book style and its riot of technical terms—an insufferable bore to all but rabid motorists. Mr. Murphy's book, on the contrary, leaves us under the gratifying impression that there were several interesting things in the countries through which he traveled other than garages and storage batteries.

A well-deserved tribute is paid the English roads and the Scotch hotels, which latter, says Mr. Murphy, compare most favorably with those of any other country in the world. He finds much to admire in Wales, where modern notions and modern ideals are fast making headway, but of all places prefers the vicinity of London for short, exhilarating motor trips. There are Thackeray's house at Monken Hadley, Dickens's home on Gad's Hill, the famous public school at Harrow, Holwood House, where William Pitt once lived, Windsor Castle, Stoke Poges churchyard, immortalized by Gray, and scores of other spots which the tourist wants to see, that he may say that he has seen them.

Mr. Murphy covers his ground very thoroughly, but he by no means pretends to know it all. In his chapter entitled "Some Might-Have-Beens," he very frankly admits that he made a few mistakes, and tells us just how, had he the chance over again, he would have gotten more out of the trip. But his readers have no reason to be dissatisfied with the book as it stands. Unpretentious as it is, it remains the most readable and entertaining book of travel that has come this way in a long time.

We must not overlook the illustrations —some half hundred in all—many of them artistically colored, and all of them showing bits of English scenery at its best. The general make-up of the book is tasty and sumptuous.

(L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

A SAN FRANCISCO AUTHOR.

"The Wattersons: A Novel of American Life," by William Marabell.

This book is unusual in several ways. First of all, it is published by the author

—a fact which might lead readers and critics to harbor a wrong impression of its merits. Secondly, it has a preface in which the author gives a sort of key to the characters, and lets critics and publishers know what he thinks of publishers' endorsements. Thirdly, it is unusually long—over 650 closely printed pages—though containing fewer "skipable" passages than most late novels, published by the author or otherwise.

The novel deals with several ordinary aspects of ordinary American life in a very ordinary way. The good politician and the bad minister, the intellectual heroine and the hard-working lover, the good-natured "juvenile" and the "Little Dimples" whom he wrongs; the political convention, the gossip of the pillars of the church, the inevitable misunderstanding between the relatively good woman and her suspicious husband—these and most of the other stock accessories, are very much to the fore. All these things are undoubtedly very real; they are facts in American life; but to become literature they must pass through a selective process and be lighted by a genius which most living writers, Mr. Marabell included, do not give signs of possessing.

Mr. Marabell does his most effective work in character portrayal. General Hamilton, the eat-'em-alive editor of the Chronicle, and Aunt Sadie, the gentle, loving, understanding friend of everybody deserving of friendship, are two characters in whom their creator may take legitimate pride.

In conclusion, we put ourselves on record to the effect that we have read "The Wattersons" with considerable interest, but with absolutely no enjoyment save now and then when the General talks; and that the reading convinces us that Mr. Marabell has yet to learn two things: First, that a novel must have unity and sequence; and secondly, that the mere facts of life are not literature, but the raw material out of which literature is made.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

"The Reaping," by Mary Imlay Taylor.

Acting on the dual hypothesis that there is something bad in the best book, and something good in the worst, it is safe to say that Miss Taylor's latest novel deserves something less than a vulgar and prosaic roast. We cannot agree with the publishers, who describe it as "a series of striking scenes, with strong and admirably contrasted characters and clever and entertaining dialogue." The facts are these: There is not a scene in the book that would stop a man from yawning—any more than a man could stop yawning of his own accord at most of the scenes; none of the characters are notably "strong"—save in the appeal of several of them to the olfactory nerves; and the dialogue—well, what is the use of talking?

All this must be said, and a good deal more ought to be said, in disparagement of the book, but not in disparagement of the author. Miss Taylor can undoubtedly write. Had she fallen upon a suitable subject she would undoubtedly have given us a readable, perhaps a remarkable book; but no angel can fly through hades without getting her wings singed. "The Reaping" deals with social life in Washington in some of its most objectionable phases, with all of its hollowness, its hypocrisy, its conventional indecency and its shameful idolatry of little tin gods. A really great book must find its inspiration in life, real life, not beneath absurd aigrettes and in spike-tailed monstrosities. Let us hope that Miss Taylor, when next she writes, will get a subject more worthy of her talents. You can't make a purse, etc.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

JUST PLAIN FOLKS.

"Folks Back Home," by Eugene Wood.

In striking contrast to "The Reaping" is this collection of short stories, having for their setting life as it is lived in central Ohio. Mr. Wood is no genius, but he has the sort of eyes that see not only the facts of life but the something that lies behind the facts, and besides possesses the ability to tell us what he sees. These little tales, sympathetically told, form fascinating and diverting reading. As love stories, most of them are unconventional without being unconvincing; and at least one narration, "The Fictional Mind," is in a delightful class of its own. We cordially recommend this book to all readers

who have now and then a half hour to spare.

The McClure Company, New York.

THE LOOM OF THE DESERT.

Under the title of "The Loom of the Desert," Idah Meacham Strobridge has gathered a score of stories and sketches of the wild places of Nevada. Mrs. Strobridge lived for years on the sagebrush plains of Nevada, far from civilization, and she reproduces in this volume many characters and much of the life that she saw there. "Mesquite," the opening story, is a sketch of a young cow-puncher, and his infatuation for a young woman visitor from the city. "An Old Squaw" is a character sketch that reminds one of Mary Austin's "Basket Woman." There are many good tales here, all touched with the primeval passion of the mountains and desert. The author has the power of drawing a character in a few strong strokes, and she has the real dramatic quality that is so rare in the ordinary short story. The book is finely illustrated with the real horses and cowboys and Indians of Maynard Dixon, and it is handsomely bound by the author.

(Los Angeles: The Artemisia Bindery, 1231 East avenue, 41; price, $1.75.)

IN PURSUIT OF PRISCILLA.

There was a good deal of comment a short while ago, occasioned by a statement made by a leading English literary review to the effect that the past year had developed no really promising new writer of fiction in the United States save Edward Salisbury Field. Naturally, most magazine readers were familiar with Mr. Field's shorter stories, for the big periodicals had for some time been hailing this author as a new master of light love-comedy. But the English critic's caustic comment created a wide desire to see just what Mr. Field could do in a more extended way, and therefore there should be a considerable welcome given his little novel, "In Pursuit of Priscilla" (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

Nor is that welcome unjustified upon other terms. The book tells a pretty love story. More than that, it tells it with a humor and cleverness, with a wealth of rapier-like conversation, that, in reality, is equaled only in the Dolly Dialogues of Anthony Hope. Not that we would be understood as saying that Mr. Field is an American Hope, nor yet that we would want to be considered as thinking that Mr. Field found his inspiration in the Englishman's work. The most charming quality, indeed, in the present story is its fine Americanism, and both its characters and its characters' ever-sparkling wit are redolent of our own land. Besides this, we do not hesitate to declare that, in a most important particular, the American has a distinct advantage, for whereas Mr. Hawkins—or Mr. Hope, as he is more often called—did not trouble to invent a plot for his Dolly, Mr. Field has evolved a plot that holds the reader enmeshed from the moment he begins to read.

After all, one of the pleasantest forms of fiction is this of light love-comedy. It requires, however, a master hand to construct it, for its fibres are fragile and the rough touch is ruin. When, then, there appears a new writer who proves his ability in this field of work, the time has come for the men and women who read for amusement to give thanks. Such readers will find what they seek between the attractive covers of Mr. Field's story, "In Pursuit of Priscilla."





The Publisher's Advice

The editor has had his fill of the matter of plagiarism, and he has been harassed by the letters of men and women who defend the act of appropriating the brain product of another, and by the firebrand writings of those who would boil the plagiarist in oil or condemn him to an Inferno where he would sit until the limitless limit of illimitable time writing copies of his own work on an asbestos plate with a white hot pen.

After the editor's anger cooled off, we had a pleasant conversation, and we finally agreed that some sort of punishment should be meted out to the plagiarist that would be practical, and that would act as a salutary lesson to others who would offend in like manner. The most efficacious remedy suggested is that no publisher should, after proof of theft is made, accept, for reading, any manuscript by the writer (?) in question. This is effective and in the nature of a perpetual boycott.

The editor is feeling good this month because of the many letters received commending the magazine. When the cover was printed for April, it bore the legend that it was "the best 15 cents' worth on the news-stands." There was a good deal of temerity in this statement, as it was written long before any other magazine had been received by this office. Our readers seem to be unanimous in agreeing with us in this regard, and the office was flooded with letters to that effect. Comparing the pages of the April Overland Monthly, article for article, page for page, the editor still claims that he gave the public the best 15 cents worth on the stands for that month, and I quite agree with him.

We have received many splendid suggestions from our readers, and we have tried to embody some of these in this issue, although handicapped by the fact that this issue of Overland Monthly is, in a measure, devoted to one single purpose in celebrating the coming of the fleet. By the way, let us know what you think of it!

Many readers suggest that Overland Monthly is essentially a man's magazine; that it should also make itself agreeable to the gentler sex; that the old bear must learn new tricks, drop the big stick and dance to the music of the home as well as to the song of the bee in the green-wood glade. The bear is willing; he is good-natured and will accept suggestions. Shall we cater, to some extent, to the gentler sex, and how shall we proceed? O, Gentle Reader, do you suggest!

The publisher is in receipt of the following from a reader in Rhyolite, Nevada. The editor made a very natural slip, although he knows better. The letter is published simply to show how carefully the Overland is read by its readers. Eight subscribers called attention to the fact that Death Valley "lies entirely in California."

Los Angeles, Cal., March 3, 1908.
Overland Monthly Co., San Francisco.

Gentlemen—I have just read your March number, and especially the article entitled, "Nevada—Scenes from the Sage Brush State." Now, I am a citizen of Nevada, and like thousands of other citizens, would be pleased to have Death Valley as a part of our glorious State, if such were possible, but don't you think your article a little bit misleading when you remember that Death Valley lies wholly within the confines of the State of California.

Yours with respects,
JOHN S. HECKEY.
Rhyolite, Nev., Box 93.

Last month I told you of the anger of the editor at the "appropriation" of the story, "A Cloud on the Mountain." Mr. Edgar B. Davison, of the Forest Service,

was the first of those writing the editor, calling his attention to the fact. The letter in question is published in this issue, being crowded out in the last.

Ballard, Cal., March 5, 1908.

Editor Overland Monthly, San Francisco.

Dear Sir—In the March number of Overland, the publisher asks for letters from subscribers, regarding their views of the manner in which the magazine is being conducted. Without saying just how many years I have been "a constant reader," etc., I will say that I have for many years been interested in the Overland—from a California point of view—as a born Californian, and hope yet to see the monthly attain the circulation it is entitled to.

Is the editor aware that the story, "A Cloud-Burst on the Mountain," in February number, was written for the Century Magazine more than fifteen years ago by Mary Halleck Foote? Her story was titled, "A Cloud on the Mountain." Just here a suggestion: If the Overland can induce Mary Halleck Foote to undertake the U. S. Forest Service and the life of the Ranger as a subject, the reading public in general and the Forest Service in particular, would have cause for congratulations all around! Many authors have written *at* the subject—many have failed.

Wishing you deserved success,

I remain, very truly yours,

EDGAR B. DAVISON.

Forest Service.



THE PRUDENTIAL Insurance Company of America, the Home Office of which is at Newark, N. J., and which has been doing business in the Pacific Coast States through its ordinary and intermediate department for several years, is now extending its industrial business to this territory.

This important move by this great Eastern company, whose president is Hon. John F. Dryden, is another endorsement of the solid economic and business development of the Golden West.

The Industrial Department of the Prudential is conducted on the weekly payment plan. The premiums range from three cents per week up.

Industrial insurance was introduced into the United States in 1873 by the Prudential, and has been growing in public favor and usefulness ever since. It is designed especially for the wage worker or man of limited salary. The weekly premiums are small and can be easily met. They are collected by agents at the homes of the insured.

The success of the Prudential has been phenomenal. Its financial resources are exceptionally good. The rates on the Low Cost Ordinary Policy of The Prudential, which the new representatives will also sell, are lower in cost than the policies of any other company of corresponding size and importance in the world.

The people of the Pacific Coast are to be congratulated upon this latest action of The Prudential. Not only will it provide the opportunity to obtain sound economical life insurance, but it will open another door of profitable, promotion-winning employment.

The Prudential's fixed rule is to make promotions from its own force, and the agent who makes a record above his fellow workers is promptly marked for advancement. The following representatives of the company, who will work in this sec-



THE TEXAN.

(See Page 550.)



SEUMAS MAC'MANUS, THE IRISH AUTHOR.

PUBLIC LIBR
JUN 6
DECATUR

JUNE, 1908

No. 6 OVERLAND MONTHLY Vol. LI

Founded 1868 Bret Harte San Francisco

SEUMAS MAC MANUS THE MAN

BY F. MARION GALLAGHER

Thousands of Californians are interested in the work and the personality of Seumas MacManus, the young Irish writer, the author of "A Lad of the O'Friels." Mr. MacManus visited California last year in the course of a lecture tour, and made a distinct impression in local literary circles. The following sketch of the Irish writer's personality is the first authentic and comprehensive biographical sketch of Seumas MacManus that thus far has ever appeared in print.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

AT INVER, on Donegal Bay, Ireland, Seumas MacManus was born. He sprang from the loins of the people. His father was a small farmer, blessed with not overmuch of this world's goods, and the boy early learned the lessons of those who follow the plough and trudge the furrow.

Young Seumas was ever a dreamer. Books were few among his native hills, but the boy was gifted with that open sesame to intellectual riches—imagination. Like the Scotch plough-boy who lilted so sweetly his undying hymn to the simple mountain daisy, this Donegal lad whistled and sang and dreamed sweet dreams as he went about his daily work. And, the day's toil ended, he gladly visited the evening gathering at some neighbor's house, eagerly drinking in the songs and legends of old Ireland that there fell from lips tremulous with age.

At school, where young Seumas attended as regularly as he could, he excelled in mathematics. Indeed, "Masther" Gallagher, who lorded it over the Inver school for forty odd years, was wont to say—the author tells it proudly now—that Jamie MacManus was his star mathematician. The teacher was less enthusiastic, however, about his pupil's penmanship; and Mr. MacManus himself ingenuously confesses, "I was always the worst writer in my school."

Like all boys who eventually make good, Seumas learned his most vital lessons outside of school hours. He early manifested a deep love of the ballads sung by wandering ballad-singers, and sold in long sheets at the country fairs. He conned by rote such books as "The Spirit of the Nation" and Gavin Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland." Often, of holiday afternoons, as he and his young companions wandered over the moors, or rested behind the hedges, the boy recited aloud the treasures of Irish song which he had made so completely and so irrevocably his own.

"The Masther."

One fine day, old "Masther Gallagher" retired, having swayed the ferule for well-nigh half a century, and young Mac-



ETHNA CARBERY (MRS. MAC'MANUS). THE INSPIRATION OF A GIFTED WRITER.

Manus, then eighteen, was selected to fill the vacant place. It was with great joy that the erstwhile pupil assumed control of the little school of Glen Coagh, for the schoolmaster's position is one of honor in Donegal, and besides afforded the ambitious youth opportunity for reading and study. MacManus held this office for seven years and enjoyed the work. It was hard work, undoubtedly—what country school teacher can be said to have a sinecure?—but the normal Irish lad is anxious to learn, and in this case at least, the preceptor was one who worked for the joy of the working.

The most tangible proof of Seumas MacManus's success as a "Masther" is the high esteem in which he is held by his former pupils. Many of them scattered about America to-day meet the Donegal writer when he comes to this country on his periodic lecture tours (for as a lecturer he is wanted and welcomed in all corners of our Continent.) To them he is not the writer, the dramatist, the lecturer; he is just their beloved "Masther"—"Masther MacManus."

Those eight years of "masthering" were singularly fruitful years for Seumas MacManus. They afforded him rare opportunity to study his native place and to observe the traits of his neighbors at close range. And, incidentally, the people of Donegal are worth studying. They lead simple, happy lives, unspoiled of civilization. They are, one might say, a people apart. They are Irish of the Irish. About seventy thousand persons in Donegal speak the Gaelic tongue, and the old legends and beliefs, the old customs and folk-lore, are there preserved almost intact. This is the people whom the young man studied intimately during his career as a teacher, and this is the people whom he later on introduced, through the medium of his books, to the world at large.

Of course, Seumas MacManus had begun to scribble early. As a mere boy, he had written bits of verse, mostly imitations of his beloved ballads, and even before arriving at the dignity of mastership, he had experienced the gratification of seeing his work—or rather some of it—in print. The little country paper was his earliest medium of expression. He utilized the leisure of his days as teacher by writing more and more, until he at length



ETHNA CARBERY (MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS) AND SEUMAS MAC'MANUS, ON THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.



DONEGAL MOUNTAIN SCENE.

managed to secure a foothold in the Dublin weekly story-papers, and, later on, in two or three London magazines. His early work was invariably signed "Mac," a pen-name which pleased his friends and puzzled the stranger. It is refreshing to note that the young writer had a wholesome dread of publicity.

The itch for writing is sometimes said to be a disease. Such it certainly is when the writer has nothing to write about, and couldn't write even if he had; but in the case of the Donegal schoolmaster, the writer's itch was a healthy indication of a fascinating, if more or less precarious, vocation.

In 1898, Seumas MacManus determined to devote himself entirely to the pen. So, one fine morning, he set all Inver agog by calmly announcing that he would be "masther" no longer! Never had Inver —or, for that matter, all Donegal—heard of anything so preposterous. Here was a promising young man, who might easily hold his grand position during the remainder of his natural life, deliberately abandoning his princely annual income of sixty-five pounds to eke out a barren living as a scribbler of ballads and stories! Didn't everybody know that poets and ballad-writers and such gentry always lived a hand-to-mouth existence—where the mouth often found less employment than the hand? Truly, the bright gossoon was afflicted with a bad case of swelled head.

Vainly did the good people of the village and district of Inver seek to wheedle the young man back to sanity and the teacher's desk. To all his friends, Seumas MacManus made substantially the same reply: He had turned the key in the door of his little school-house not because he loved "masthering" less, but because he loved writing more.

Seumas MacManus's first book was called "Shuilers from Heathy Hills." This had been published five years before the author abandoned the teacher's desk. It had met with a cheering reception, and the young man was encouraged to "break into" literature in earnest.

In olden days, the slogan of the literary aspirant was "Up to London!" Londonward had gone Samuel Johnson, with his

tragedy of "Irene" in his pocket; Jamie Thompson with his unfinished "Seasons" under his arm; Gerald Griffin with "Gysippus" in his scanty kit. Similarly, Seumas MacManus left his native village with a pile of manuscripts in his bag; but he did not cry "Up to London!" Instead, he took steerage passage in a Transatlantic liner, to America. For months he trudged up and down the stairs of publishing houses in New York, marching at the very outset, boldly and unknown, into the editorial sanctums of the leading magazines in the land—with the result that he disposed of nearly all his stories. Harper's Magazine and The Century first helped themselves generously from his formidable pile of manuscripts, and then other leading American publications promptly fell in line. The unanimous dictum of the American publishers was this: "We like your stuff and we like your style; give us some more." Seumas MacManus, who came in the fall, absolutely unknown, sailed home in the spring, leaving his name on the lips of the reading multitude between the Atlantic and the Pacific. More stories from his pen were rapidly running out, and several of his books, chaperoned by reputable publishing houses were printed or printing. The former "Masther" returned home flushed with victory.



SEUMAS MAC'MANUS AT HOME.

In autumn, 1901, Seumas MacManus married Miss Anna Johnston, of Belfast, better known by her pen-name, Ethna Carbery. It was a union singularly happy and congenial, but pathetically short-lived. To the deep grief of the Irish nation, Mrs. MacManus died the following year.

"Sad it is to think," writes her husband, in his introduction to her posthumous volume of poems, "that she who struggled so bravely onward during the Night—when stouter than she grew weary and despaired, and lagged behind—should have been dismissed to the unending slumber before there burst upon her hungering vision the glorious Dawning of the Day—the first



A SCALAN (OR MASS SHED) IN THE DONEGAL HILLS.

slender spear of which, with her spirit eyes, she believed she saw striking the sky.

"Optimistic, hopeful, strong, she ever kept her face to the East. 'Only another hill or two, and we'll surely meet the dawn.' During the last few weeks of her journey I came to see that, like the King of Ireland's Son in the old tales we loved, she was toiling up the Hill of the World's End—climbing it alone, though it had been her constant prayer that we should bend to it hand in hand. And God knows, as I who watched know, the climb was a difficult one, and a distressing. Yet her lips parted not in murmur; and the smile that had played there all her life did not leave her eves now. On a beautiful morn of the glorious Eastertide, her task was done. She only paused to cast back one last look, and then, still telling through her tightening fingers the brown beads that had cheered her on the way, she stepped over the crest and went out of our sight forever."

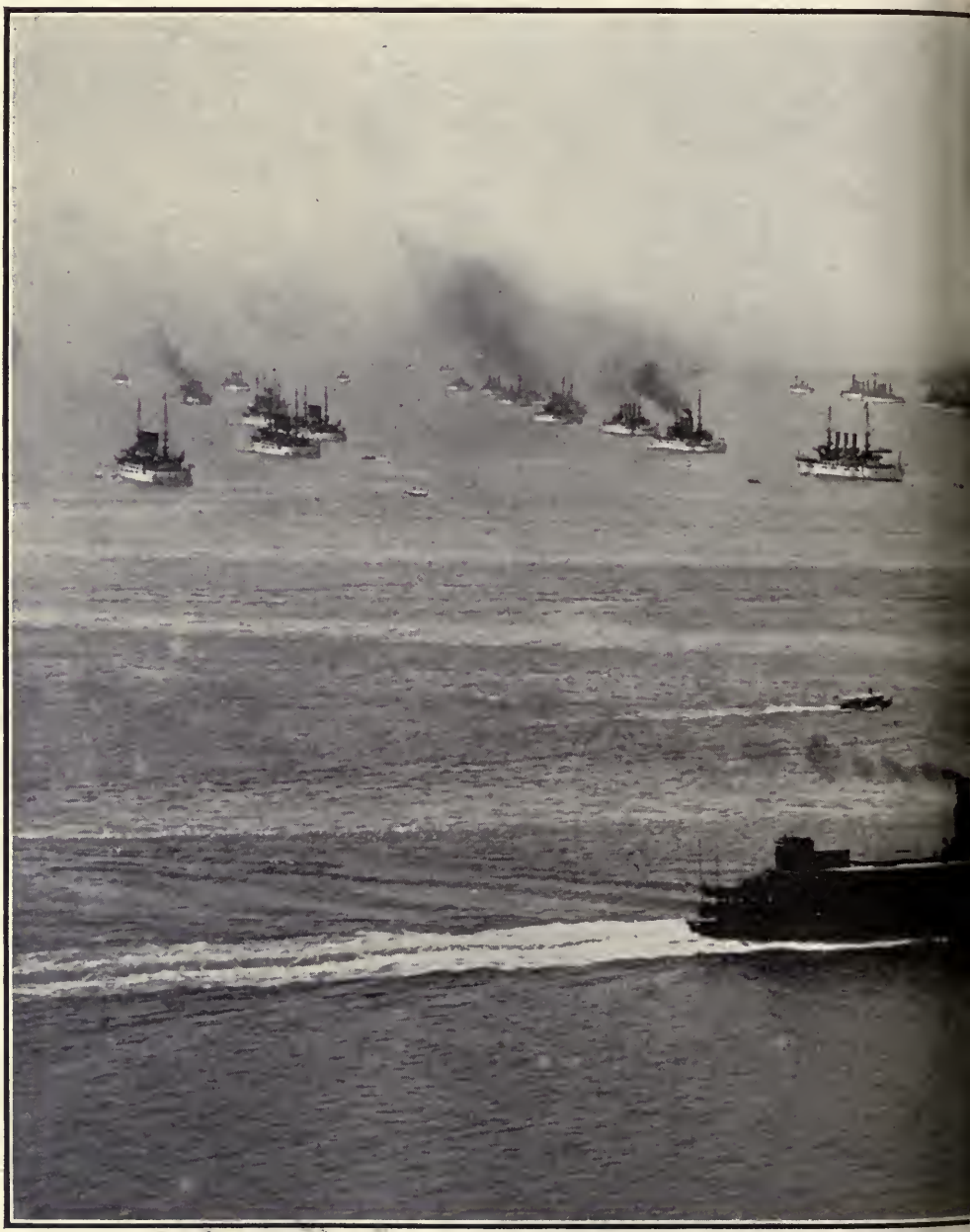
The gifted woman who wrote such exquisite prose in "The Passionate Hearts" and such exquisite poetry in "The Four Winds of Eirinn," reposes in the mountain churchyard of the Frossas, where in the words of her own unconscious prophecy,

"The purple mountains guard her,
The valley folds her in."

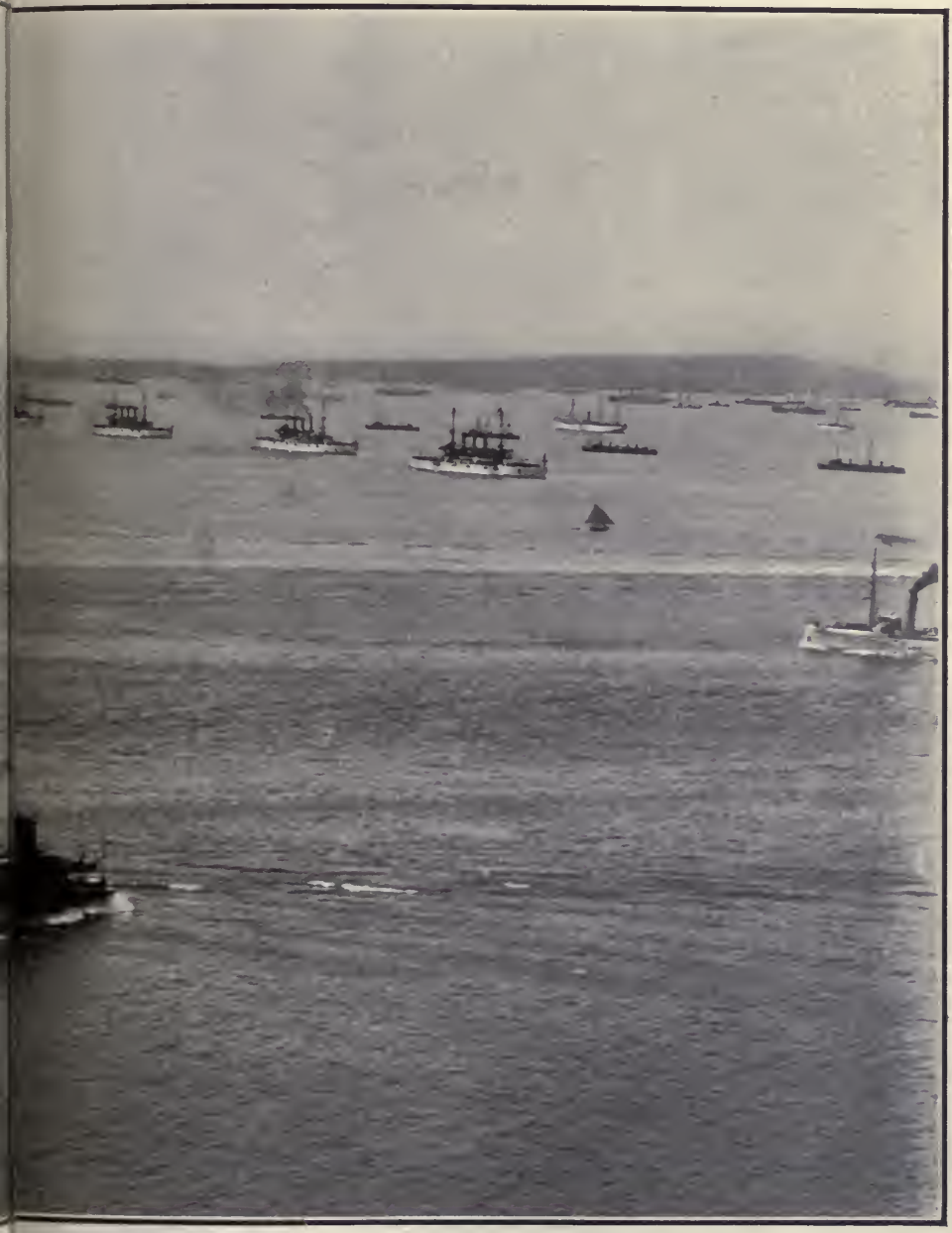
Seumas MacManus's pronounced successes as a writer did not drive him from his native Inver. He still roams the hills and moors that as a country boy and as a "Masther" he loved so fondly, and his life is still the life of the simple, happy people round about him. His cottage is on a hill-top overlooking the village street, and its latch-string ever hangs out, to neighbor and stranger alike. The village boys know him and esteem him as the Peter Pan of Donegal—the Lad Who Never Grows Up. He is their constant companion on the evening walks and in the games on the green, in the occasional cross country ramble, and in the daily *gabfest* in the little street.

Seumas MacManus is a home-staying man. Rarely does he leave his beloved Inver. Sometimes he feels compelled to attend a meeting in Dublin or elsewhere, and, once in every two or three years, he comes to America for the winter lecture season, but otherwise he lives the life of his native village much as he would have lived it if, on that morning in '98, he had yielded to the well-meant solicitations of his friends, and retained for the remainder of his days the proud title of "Masther MacManus."





THÉ GREAT WHITE SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.



Photographed for Overland Monthly by R. J. Waters.



WRITING TO HIS SWEETHEART—BACK EAST. MUTUAL SYMPATHY. Copyright, Keystone View Co.

THE FLEET AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The fleet, the great big white fleet of peace compellers, arrived at San Francisco on Wednesday, May 6th. The President of the United States sent greetings to the Western Coast States by his Admiral. Around the South American Continent the fleet steamed, carrying a message that told just as it did to the people of the Pacific Coast the will of this great nation. The United States of North America was making a demonstration, not of war, but of amity, displaying its strength, showing the



A FEW OF THOSE WHO DID NOT GO TO BERKELEY.

MESS OR COOK GALLEY ABOARD SHIP.

Copyright, Keystone View Co.

world at large that all it desires is the "square deal," here, in South America, in the islands of the Pacific, in China—in fact, everywhere. A more dignified proceeding cannot be imagined. The peoples of the Pacific Coast States are filled with pardonable pride in the fleet's achievement, and as it transpires that just as large, just as strong, and just as fleet a fleet remains in Atlantic waters, the Pacific Coast States are justified in the demand they are now making that the fleet remain on the Pacific.

California is leading the fight in demanding the retention of the fleet, and Oregon and Washington have joined with her in



A QUIET HOUR AFTER THE PARADE, SAN FRANCISCO.

SCRUBBING THE DECKS JUST BEFORE VICE-ADMIRAL SPERRY INSPECTED THE BATTLESHIP OHIO.

voicing the wishes of our people. The coastal territory is much exposed, and would present but an indifferent defense against any invader.

The Overland Monthly does not believe that there is or has been any danger of war, but it is submitted that war is invited where unpreparedness to resist attack is cultivated as a virtue. The failure of Congress to do its manifest duty and give the Navy Department the six battleships asked, is another and self-evident reason why the big fleet should and must remain in Pacific waters.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

CURIOUS TREES

BY WINIFRED LANGWORTHY BROWN



HE "COW TREE," or Palo de Vaca, is a native of Venezuela, South America. It grows among the rocks about a thousand feet above sea level. It reaches a great height, and has leaves resembling those of the mountain laurel. It can live entirely without moisture for six or seven months. When incisions are made in the trunk, a stream of milk gushes out. This is of a thick, creamy consistency, and has a balmy fragrance. As this flows most freely in the early morning at about sunrise, natives come from all directions with pails and bowls, in which to catch the milk. If let stand a short time, it turns thick and yellow, and soon becomes cheese.

The butter tree is a name given to several tropical trees of different natural orders, the fruits of which yield concrete fixed oils having the use and purpose of butter. Those in India and Africa belong to the genus *Bassia*, and of the natural order *Sapotaceoe*. The trees of Guiana and Brazil to the *Caryocar* of the natural order *Rizobolacea*.

The "butter tree" grows in Central Africa. From the kernel of its nut is obtained nice rich butter, which may be kept a year or more.

The "tallow tree" or "candle tree" is found on the island of Malabar and the South Sea Islands. The fruit is heart-shaped, and about as large as a walnut. The seeds of the fruit when boiled produce a tallow. This is used by the natives both as food and for candles. The natives of the Society Islands remove the shell and partly bake the kernels. These are then strung on reeds and kept for use as torches. Five or six kernels fastened in the large tropical leaf of the Screw Pine furnish a bright, clear light.

The "life tree" grows in Jamaica. It gets its name from the fact that if the leaves are broken from the plant, they nevertheless continue to grow. Nothing will destroy their life except fire.

A tree in the province of Goa, Malabar Coast, Western India, is called the "sorrowful tree." It is so called because it weeps every morning. It flourishes only in the dark. At sunset no flowers are visible, but as soon as darkness falls, the whole tree becomes a bower of bloom. With the rising sun the flowers dry up or drop off, and a copious shower falls from the branches. The blossoms, which are richly fragrant, open every night of the year.

A tree of Madagascar is known as the "traveler's tree," because it often proves such a boon to the thirsty traveler. It will grow in the dryest soil of an arid region, and no matter how dry the season, a quart of water flows freely on puncturing the leaf stalk. This is pure and clear, and pleasant to the taste. The leaves from which the liquid flows are thick and enormously large, growing from ten to fifteen feet long.

"Travelers' Tree," or *Ravenala* of the natural order of *Musaceae*. The stem resembles that of the plaintain, but sends out leaves only on two opposite sides, like a great expanded fan. The lower leaves drop off as the stem grows. The fruit is not succulent, but is filled with a silky fibre of a brilliant blue or purple color, amongst which are about thirty or forty seeds. The leaf stalks are used for partitions and walls of houses, and the leaves are much used for thatch.

SURSUM CORDA

BY JOSEPH NOEL

Come Angel of The Long Sword,
I'll smile you greetings of a care-defying life.
Come when you list, you'll find me waiting,
Nor tears nor sobs shall stay your hand.
For will you not bring oblivion,
Eternity's sweetest flower.
It's fragrance shall lull my senses into kindliest sleep,
And all our witless world shall find rest in its
Exhalations.
Even those, my dearest enemies,
Who smile vacantly at Time
Shall be enamored of its peace.
And this I grudge them.
For I would have them live
And carry their futile lives
To every star that decks
The firmament.
Even the uncrowned king of space,
The mighty Betelgoux, I'd burden
With the burden of their lives.
And not content, I'd have them barter
Manhood, heart and soul on every comet's tail
That sweeps the universe.
And every atom of the same
I'd people with these who crave
An endless consciousness
For trifling egos,
Weak loves and selfish selves.
All twin-souls, affinities and those
Who cloak the primal passions
And instincts of the ape
'Neath esoteric cant and cryptic phrase
I'd bind together with a hoop of steel
Welded in the furnace of the blistering hours
That stamped them hypocrites;
Then whirl them through the ages
Until Time, disenchanted with their disenchantment,
Weary of their cries for freedom, each from each,
Sick unto death of tears straining
From their sightless eyes, forgets.
And those who sell the people under
Statesman guise, to cold and distant
Worlds, puny, like this we live on,
Meanest of all worlds,
Unpeopled save by statesmen of the ilk,
I'd banish to watch the drear eternities unfold.
And of the corporate breed that fatten
On the ills of stupid, dull Democracy;

No punishment for these but bribing.
No whips, but constant purchase
Of the things they want and need not
And having, cannot learn to use.
No less for these than for the prig
Freighted with a knowledge found in books,
Airing the same through fear of moths;
Or social mountebank that from the great height
Of some parlor mantel-piece
Looks down upon the doers of the earth's good work;
Or foolish female with diminutive brain
In state of unrest continuous:
All these I'd herd together beyond the void
Where beat the Seven Seas of Space;
Force them through the unborn aeons to hear
The babel of their own voices
Ringing on endless shores that stretch
To limitless horizons.
But wherefore? When the Long Sword
Cuts the thread, then all is done.
Into the lethal chamber every one
To bathe in sleep and catch the fragrance
Of forgetfulness.



THORNS IN THEIR SIDES

BY GEORGE A. MILLER

Mr. George A. Miller, in his short fiction story, "Thorns in Their Sides," tells a tale that is more common by repetition than by actual practice of the effect of the commingling of the white and Malay race, especially when the man has chosen below himself in his selection. It is not true, however, that all white men who married into Filipino families have been cast aside by their own kind and fared badly, nor is it true to say that the children of such unions, that of Americans or Castilians, are degenerates. Many of the best families of Manila are half-bloods, and certainly the mestizo controls trade and finance in the islands. We must admit that where a man selects some drab of a woman as a help-meet the attendant and inevitable punishment fits the crime, and if, perchance, the union is one not sanctioned by the rites of church or municipality, then surely no punishment is too severe. Mr. Miller was many months in the Philippines, and gives his tale a splendid local color.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



LL MANILA was enjoying the evening shower, and up in the dingy old Spanish office Jack sat in his old steamer chair with his feet out through the open window. Down on the Escolta, the lights were lit, and the dripping glitter of the street was mixed with dodging umbrellas and carromatas. Jack's feet out the window were the sign board for the crowd that hung out up there, which wasn't bad, for if the signal was not displayed, it saved the climb up the sagging old stairway.

Just now Jack was alternating clouds of smoke with opinions upon things Philippine and personal. "You can spot one of them every time," he said. "I never missed yet. That sheep dog look that a fellow gets when he slouches and drags himself across the street every time he sees you coming. Why, man, you can stand at the foot of the Bridge of Spain and chalk them as they go by, and if you are any good at faces, you can tell what they have paid for it. These 'dusky senoritas' and 'olive complexions' and things like that may do for magazine stories, but when it comes to lining them up with the family relatives—ugh!"

"Well, a lot of fellows are just dead lonesome 'way over here," I interposed. "Glad to find somebody to talk to, and all that."

"Talk to?" snorted Jack, "Talk to the marines or the wind or the devil! Why, man," and in his vehemence he knocked a copy of the code to the floor. "Why, man alive, it's suicide by slow torture! No man gets out of the jaws of that thing with anything but scars and a wreck."

"Ever hear about Barney?" he continued, after getting a fresh cloud going. "No, you came too late for the real business here. There was a case for you. Barnard Wilkinson, he signed his name, and a better-hearted fellow you never got into a tight place with. Good looker and some education, too. Well, Barney came like the rest of the old gang with the volunteers in 1899. He never told us why he lit out, but that was a tender subject with most of us then. Used to talk a lot about his folks, though; his father was a squire or a deacon or something. We had an idea that the girl in the case had jilted him without cause.

"Barney had no end of nerve, and when he was discharged in Manila with honorable mention for bravery in battle, he got a line on the department and dropped into

$1800 up at the A. G. O., on top of Fort Santiago. I got in there, too, and five of us lived in a mess on Calle Cabildo in the Walled City, handy to work, you know. Seven hours is a short day, and prosperity went hard with some of us. Barney began to stay out late, and sometimes away all night, and the next thing I noticed that hang-dog look about him, and it went through me like a knife. He was too good a fellow to throw himself away, but I had no ground then myself to build a pulpit on, and what could I do?

"Next move, Barney left the mess. Said he was going to board out at Coloocan; healthier than in the walled city, you know. The boys joshed him and I said things that wouldn't print, but it was no go, though he was soon gone. After that he would dodge me every morning when he came down to work, and he looked meaner every day. One day he showed up missing, and three days later he came back and said that he had been sick, but the color of his eye gave the thing away.

That was the start. Every three or four weeks, and then oftener, he would drop out for a round of booze, till the chief clerk filed a complaint and Barney got promoted to the retired list for "neglect of duty."

Next week there was a big fiesta out at Malabon, and being a holiday, Andy and I got a calesa and went out. We drove through Coloocan, and just beyond the cockpit was a nipa shack under a Mango tree. I was thinking about the race the day before, when I saw a white man sitting in the window of that house with his head on his hands, as if he were sick or all-powerful blue or something. Just then Andy saw him too, and he gave a start and said: "By thunder, if it ain't," and then he stopped short. Then we both looked the other way; we didn't have the nerve to see him there. But there he was just the same, and down by the rickety bamboo steps was that brown Josefa smoking a cigarette and taking her bath in the front yard. She had a calico curtain hung about her and was pouring water from an old tin can on top of her and letting it run down over and through the curtain, as if the whole landscape were her private bathroom. Say, but it was a sight to make an angel weep. I felt cross and queer all day, and we came home the other road.

Barney got another job over at Cavite in the Navy Yard office at $1400, and took his family along. She had a six-year-old kid called Anita when he got her, you know. None of us ever saw anything of him, but it seems that he went the same pace over there and came out the same hole. Then he came back to Manila and got into the Insular Purchasing Agency at $900, but he steered clear of us, and when I saw him once or twice, he looked like a bum gone to seed.

"And here's the rub of it! Do you know, through the whole miserable business that brown Bikol woman stuck by Barney through thick and thin, and it got pretty thin, I can tell you. Most of the time she was enough sight better than he. She cooked and kept the house and watched for his coming at night, and if he did not come, she would go after him and wait outside the saloon till daylight. And when she found that he was just bound to get full, she got a supply and kept it in the house, and by Jove, she kept him there, too. And when he got out of a job and went broke, which usually occupied about twelve hours of astronomical time, she fed him and lodged him and bought what things he needed.

Where did she get the money? Why, she got it from him. Stole it out of his pockets when he had work and wages, and hid it away till he would need it. Why, that girl would have from fifty to three hundred pesos stuffed away in the hollow joints of the big bamboo corner posts of the house. If it had not been for her management, Barney would have gone hungry and worse, many a time. In her way she was a wonder alright, and she looked after him like a regular brown guardian angel. After he got down to a miserable little $40 a month job, she kept a little corner tienda and earned everything that the three of them ate, and she sent Anita to school, too. It took all Barney's stuff to buy booze. He hadn't any money for 'chow.'

"She wasn't bad—for the kind, no sir. When she got togged up in her pina and panuela, she made quite a picture, of that sort, and surely she thought a lot of Bar-

ney to stay with him the way she did. I suppose he liked her, too, in a way."

Jack paused while he got another one going, and looked across the splashing street at the Puerta del Sol. Then he went on:

"He was getting pretty close to the end, then, and one night when he was full, he spent some money out of the wrong pocket and couldn't tell what had become of it, and they sent him up for sixty days. Seems they hit just the right length for once, for it gave him time to sober up and do some hard thinking. When he came out, he had made up his mind, and he struck for a different crowd the first day. Went down to the American church, or something, I believe, and told then and there that he was going to turn over a new leaf, and by George, he did it, too.

"About that time I was getting this office under way, and one day in walked Barney. I thought I'd seen a ghost, but I hadn't, and the minute I looked at him I saw there was something different from the old programme. He stood up straight and looked right at me and said: "Well, Jack, I suppose you've heard all about the late unpleasantness." I hadn't, though, and when he told me, I wasn't much surprised. But he went on and said: 'Now, you know the whole story, as far as it goes, but it's going to go further. I have sworn off, and so help me God, I'll never touch another drop.' And when he said it, the old fire came back in his eyes that used to blaze when the bamboo was full of insurrectos. I looked up at him, and said: 'Well, old man, I am inclined to think that if you go at it in that tone of voice, you will make good." And he did make good, too, which is a little ahead of the story. I told him to run in often, and that if I could be of any help to him to let me know, and all that sort of thing, and all the time I was wondering what had become of that brown Bikol woman.

"Next day he came back—had a job at $10 per week, and glad to get it. But it wasn't much of a job, as it proved, just soliciting for a directory, with commissions and rake-offs. But two days later he came in again, and this time he shut the door and sat down and looked out of the window, and I knew that it was coming. Pretty soon he blurted out: "Now, Jack, you know that I have made a new start, and you know about that girl Josefa, and I don't know just what to do about her.'

"Well, what could I say? I knew well enough that but for her he might have been dead long ago. At last I said: 'What do you think about it?' 'Well,' he said slowly, 'you don't know, of course, what that girl has done for me. She has nursed me when I was as helpless as a baby and a lot meaner to manage. She has fed me and clothed me when I did not have a cent to my name. She has followed me from pillar to post, and she thinks a lot of me yet. What ought I to do? That's what I want to know.'

"Then I turned loose and gave him a line of talk to the effect that I did not believe that the girl cared for him as much as he thought. It was just a woman's nature to nurse somebody, and she'd soon get over it and take up with some one else. But it was no go. 'The only question that's bothering me is what I really ought to do,' Barney said as he went away.

"They went to the Justice of the Peace the next day after and everything was made legal. Barney told me the day after, and said that he felt like an honest man for the first time for four years. I tried to congratulate him, but the words stuck in my throat, and I felt like I had been to a funeral.

"That was the turn of the road, though. Barney worked like a beaver, and finally got into a pretty good job on the Escolta. He rented a neat little house in Santa Cruz, and fixed it up as well as he could, and Josefa and Anita certainly had the best time they had ever known. One day he invited me out to a Spanish dinner, and I went. She had it cooked to a turn, and we made out a very decent time of it, but I saw that there was something in her eye that did not look just right. She seemed restless about something, and I did not believe that it was Barney's fault either, for I was sure that he was kindness itself to both of them.

"Barney got in with some good American people, and I'm bound to say that if a fellow ever put up a stiff fight, he did. They began to invite him out to places,

and he went. He was a fine-looking fellow, regular aristocrat, when he came out spick and span in a fresh, laundered white tuxedo, and he got to be quite a favorite. Of course, when family affairs came up, he laid low and changed the subject as soon as he could.

His work took him all over town, and he had irregular hours, which is hard on any woman. When he went away, he never could tell just when he would get back. But he made it go, and I began to say to the boys: 'There's one squawman that is going to win out.'

"But I was too previous. About that time Barney began to have a worried look about him. I knew he was as dry as a March in Manila, and I was sure it was not business troubles. I found out what it was soon enough. Barney came up to the office one day to get me to sign a legal paper, and when I asked him to sit down and have a smoke, he seemed nervous and had no time, and off he went. There was something so queer about it that I got up and went to the window and looked out in time to see him driving off in his carromatta with Josefa, and she was pouring out a torrent of bad Spanish at him, and just as they turned the corner, she slapped him. I dodged out of sight; but it made me boil to see anybody treat Barney that way; but what can you do with a woman?

"The fact was that she was jealous. So long as he was a worthless, drunken bum, she would work day and night and take his abuse and skimp and starve to keep him alive, and enjoy it, because, even to her brown mind, it was sacrifice and duty and all that. But when he got on his feet and began to treat her kindly and manage his own affairs, and get above her grade of folks, she was left to play second fiddle, and she got restless and suspicious. Wasn't that a woman for you?

"Barney finally told me all about it. He had tried to explain to her that he could not take her out among his American friends, and she got mad and told him that if a drunken American were good enough for her people, then she who had supported him then, were good enough for his people now. And when once the fire was kindled in the heart of that brown Bikol woman, there was no putting it out. There must be some one else, she insisted with the world-old cry of a woman who feels her hold on a man breaking because of a great gulf that is widening between them. The more Barney tried to mend matters, the worse he made them, and things soon became serious.

"One day Josefa herself came to me with her tale of woe. In voluble Spanish, and copious tears, she poured out her troubles. I was Barney's friend; could I not win her husband back again. I got busy and talked my tallest to that woman, but it was no use. Her mind was made up and it was the old way of a woman who thought she was wronged, though as a matter of fact there was nothing to her complaint, except what was in the very nature of the whole wretched business. While Barney stayed down, she stayed with him faithfully, but there he was wallowing in the mire. And when he comes up to his own level he leaves her behind him, and that means domestic hades, so there you are, between the Devil and the deep sea, with no footing to speak of."

Again Jack stopped, while I waited. At last I said, "Any more?"

"That's enough," he said, shortly, but I knew it wasn't, and presently he went on.

"I never was much on Sunday-school, but I remember a lesson about the people who made a league with the inhabitants of the land, and they got to be thorns in their sides. I guess that sometimes a thorn may be so long and sharp and get pushed in so hard that it goes to the heart of a man and kills him.

"Well, it came sooner than I expected. Josefa got worse and more of it. She figured out that the trouble was due to his reform, and therefore if she could get him to drinking once more, things would be the old way, and she could manage him again. She tried it herself at home, and when it would not work, she put up a job with his escribiente, Ramon de la Cruz, and one day when she had driven him from the house, he went in despair down to the office and found no one there. But Ramon had opened a bottle and spilled some of it on Barney's desk, and there stood the bottle with the cork out. And when Barney, worried and distracted as he was, smelled that old smell, all the old

devils rose up inside of him and called to their aid seven other devils worse than themselves, and they tore that man on a rack of rending torture. It wasn't in flesh and blood to stand it, and Barney went down in the flood.

He hung out his "Not In" sign on the door and locked it, and when he reeled home in the small hours of the night, it was with but one impression clear enough to recognize. Some one had trapped him and thrown him, and he would have revenge. He had fought so long and hard, you see, and now to be downed this way was too much. He had sense enough left to know that Josefa was at the bottom of his downfall, and revenge he would have; he was in just the mood for trouble. But Josefa was watching for him, and slipped out of the house when he came in and he blundered about looking for her. He saw a figure lying asleep on her cot—of course he would never have done it sober—but he seized the first thing handy, which happened to be a chair, and brought it down on the cot with all his might while he hissed out, 'You thought you had me, did you?'

The figure gave a scream and a groan, and then a shudder and then was silent. Barney stopped in surprise; he had expected her to rise up and fight back, and the next instant Josefa herself burst into the room and screamed: 'You have killed Anita; you have killed Anita!'

Sure enough, it was Anita that he had struck, and in ten seconds Barney was sober enough. He bent over the little, still figure with a groan that should have waked the dead, but it didn't, and then he turned and fled from the room. He went over to the Santa Cruz police station and gave himself up, and an hour later the officer came back and said that Anita was not killed after all, but only stunned and badly hurt.

"The next morning Barney came into the office, and I hope never again to see such a sight as the face of that man. They needn't tell me there is no Hell; it was all over his face. He said: 'Good-bye, Jack; I'm going to skip. This combination can't be broke. My mail will come to you; open it and do what you like with it.' And in spite of everything I could do, he left that day on the China steamer. I thought he would get over to Hongkong, and after a rest there would come back, but I never saw him again. Total wreck, I'm afraid.

"And that's all, I guess, except this."

Jack got up, went over to his filing case, and came back with a letter in his hand. "Read this yourself," he said. "It came a week after he went away."

This was the letter:

"Wernerville, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1907.

"My Dear Boy Barney:

"It still seems lonely about the old place without you, but the good news of your last letters has cheered our old hearts more than we can tell you. To know that you are redeeming the good name you bear will fill our last days with blessings that we can never repay.

"You write that you have married a wife from among the people of that far-away land. While we know but little of those people, and nothing of the dear one whom you have chosen for your companion, your father and I have confidence in our boy, and we are sure that it must be all right, or you would not have done it. Be sure that should she ever come home with you, she will find a welcome.

"Matters and folks about here are just the same old six-pence. Fannie Steel has never married: she was over here the other day, and she sent you her best wishes. I think that she has changed her mind about some things since you left. But why am I telling you this now? Forgive me!" * * *

I got no further and handed the letter back to Jack, and we both looked out at the deserted street. The stars had come out, and the big bell on the Santa Cruz church boomed out twelve strokes.

"Adios," I said, as I left him with his sign still hanging out over the Escolta.

THE PACIFIC SHORT STORY CLUB

CONDUCTED BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

HOW SOME OF THE WESTERN WRITERS WORK



T IS in writing a letter to one's dear friend," says Charles Warren Stoddard, "that is shown the sincerity, the simplicity, the natural bodying-forth of life which are the essentials of good composition." Acting on this as a principle, Stoddard has, for years, been developing the delicious humor, the spontaneity of his style. His friends have been deluged with letters, and happy is the one who in his mail recognizes the familiar "St. Anthony Guide"—the Stoddard prayer that goes on the envelope with every missive he sends. So surely has he grown into the writing habit through the practice of correspondence that his casual letter is good literature. "Write as you talk" is his motto. He and a young lady, who afterward became a successful author, once produced a novel in letter form, the two sitting at a table at which the letters were written and at once answered.

Stoddard, knowing the value of putting his best energy upon the work, is at his desk in the freshness of the morning hours. He produces even fifteen hundred words at a sitting, and the first draft is ready for the printer. It may, however, be a comfort to some to know that Stoddard has had an interminable battle in mastering the technique. His books are in the main a record of his own life, and were they connected each to each by a few intervening chapters, the whole would make a very complete biography. These connecting links he proposes, if possible, to supply before his life-work is done.

Jack London rigidly adheres to system. From seven a. m. to noon, he labors, and none, no, not even his nearest friends, may disturb him. At times, when rushed, he labors all day, turning out a heavy amount. Since on the Snark, touring the world, he has averaged a thousand words per day. While sailing, he holds closely to system, writing at his regular hours; nor does he forget the exercise necessary to keep his vitality up to the best writing point.

Where he can, Mr. London has his eye constantly upon human nature, and is on the alert for the striking dramatic incident. He once said to me, speaking of a day of ill-success in observing: "I have been ten hours in the city (San Francisco) and haven't seen an accident." He keeps elaborate and accurate notes, and records of plots. He is a deep student of the theory of evolution, and much, if not all, the tragedy prevailing his writings he has gleaned from the race-tragedy uncovered by modern science. One of his chief delights is discussions with friends. In his Oakland, California, home, Wednesday evening, his reception night for friends, is the usual time for these conversations. Some heavy theme is usually selected before-hand, and while the talk may vary from it, usually there is some heavy mental firing before the night is done. At one of these gatherings in which I took part, evolution was the topic in hand. George Sterling, the poet; Austin Lewis, the essayist; and Edward Applegarth, an old friend of the novelist, ran the gamut of argument.

This is an example of the many means used by Mr. London to manufacture thought.

George Wharton James is a most voluminous writer, and always has a pencil and paper with him. He says he often does his best work at two o'clock in the morning. Retiring early, he sleeps soundly till the small hours, then plunges into his manuscript. I have known him

to write from notes sixteen hundred words between the hours of three and seven a. m. His pen travels as rapidly as his mind and he writes long-hand as high as eighty words a minute. It is doubtful, however, if this extreme voluminousness produces a high type of literature. Mr. James is an extensive traveler, and collects all, or nearly all, his material by actual observation. His instinct to record is highly developed, and he tackles any line he finds in his travels. He makes good use of the camera, as the hundreds of reproduced photos in his volumes testify.

Joaquin Miller props himself up on his pillows, and reclining in bed, works from earliest dawn until noon. He, too, claims this time as sacredly his own. He has, he says, gone purposely to "The Hights," his home in the hills back of Oakland, California, so as to have the quiet which broods his thoughts. He has no books in his home, "The Chapel," as books, he declares, destroy originality; consequently, the choicest autographed volumes given the poet by distinguished writers are apt to fall into the hands of the first appreciative visitor to "The Hights." Yet he keeps good pace with the thought of the times, reads newspapers, and magazines, and is alive on the most intricate public questions of the day. Formerly he dashed off his work and sent it away, hot from the pen, but of late years he has come to revise much before a manuscript is passed on as complete.

Herbert Bashford works on a poem continuously when the spell is upon him. He polishes and repolishes, touches and retouches, his mind an apparent blank to everything else. One glance into Nature's heart is enough to set him a-going, and then he coins the phrases you know are impossible except to a poet. When in the forest or among the hills, he is keenly alive to all the varying moods of nature. He starts with a single beautiful suggestion—often only a line—and then elaborates. In this way, the last stanza of a poem is often written first.

Dr. Jordan, the President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has an Aristotelian mind. His office is a busy place with secretaries and typists, who are elaborating notes, copying manuscripts, answering letters and taking dictations. Some of his most popular essays have been talked into form from the lecture platform. Thus, "The Strength of Being Clean" started from a germ of thought which was enlarged and clarified till it grew into form for publication. In the main, the doctor digs for the truth forming the basis of his books in the laboratory or in the field.

Professor Melville B. Anderson of Stanford University, who is making a translation of the "Divine Comedy" in terza rima, is a most tireless polisher of prose and verse. He says he has rhymed the five or six thousand lines of the "Inferno" each over five or six times, and is even yet putting on finishing touches. He believes in the doctrine of hard work; and he recently advised a writer to produce five hundred sonnets, such as the one submitted to Anderson for judgment, and then it might be expected to gain some of the facility necessary to the writing of an artistic sonnet. "Art is long," he often reminds us. Himself a rigid critic, he is careful counsel with sympathetic friends concerning his work. He systematically enriches his mind with choicest quotation. The extracts he stores away seem logically to arrange themselves in his mind, so that he uses them at a moment's notice with more ease than one uses a collection of quotations.

Among the three or four hundred young writers who have submitted manuscripts to me in the last year or two, most of those who fail to grow in the work do so because of lack of the system and study which are practiced by the successful. The art is not taken with sufficient seriousness. The small obstacle too easily discourages. The work at hand which one can easily do perhaps with small or no reward, but which enables one to grow, is overlooked. In short, they fail to put soul into the manuscript.

SHORT STORY CLUB WORKERS.

Among the members of the Short Story Club who are doing effective literary work is Mrs. Nettie S. Gaines, now literary editor of the Stockton Record." Mrs. Gaines's first effort was the editing of the "Chatterbox," a booklet containing the story work of the children of her public

school classes. This little magazine has been largely in demand by teachers who have been anxious to learn the secret of Mrs. Gaines's class room recitations. Later she undertook the present line of writing, and has become one of the most successful Sunday literary editors.

Miss Honoria P. R. Toumey, of Sebastopol, Sonoma County, has come into much prominence because of the interesting way in which she writes of the work of Luther Burbank. Miss Toumey has studied Burbank's methods and has the story of his life first-hand. She knows all the intricacies not only of the Sebastopol experimental farm; but also of the gardens at Santa Rosa. Her stories of the plant-wizard have been widely read.

Mrs. Jessie Juliet Knox, whose home is in San Jose, is another Short Story Club writer. She has made the manners and customs of the Chinese her life work, and her stories find a ready sale, not only in California, but in the East. Her book, "Little Almond Blossoms," is a collection of Chinese stories. The latest phase of her work among the Orientals has taken the shape of talks before nearly all of the principal Women's Clubs of the State.

With Judge J. E. Richards, of the Santa Clara County Superior Bench, poetry-writing and story-telling is a purely esthetic life. His booklet of poems, "The Idyls of Monterey," was published at the behest of friends for his friends, and has never been placed on sale. Judge Richards is a master of the art of rhetoric, and his decisions are written in excellent English prose.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

IN CALIFORNIA MEANS ETHICAL ADVANCEMENT AND RECOGNITION OF THE CLAIMS OF GENERAL WELFARE

BY MISS KATE AMES

SINCE THE birth of the New Year, thousands of working women in San Francisco have organized themselves into suffrage leagues. On the 18th of January, one hundred of the most conservative women, college and professionally trained, formed a similar organization. A like expression was given voice at the State Teachers' Association, which met at Santa Cruz during the holidays. The women held a meeting and united in a demand that they should be represented in the affairs of the association; that they should be more adequately represented on the Council of Education; that they should take a responsible part in the annual programme.

Woman has met her obligations in the narrow fields, and this opens the claim to larger duties and obligations. Many have already undertaken these larger responsibilities with marked success. They accept their family inheritance with loyalty and affection. They are devoted to their families; they respond to the demands of the limited social circle. Under modern conditions, these do not take all her time, and she feels the claim, the responsibilities of the larger life which surrounds and completes the individual and family life.

To regard woman as a family possession worked well so long as conditions demanded all her time within the home. When there was no claim beyond the family, the situation was simple. This family

assumption has been notably broken into. Industrial and economic conditions have been a large factor; her training, her experience, no longer fits it. Neither the modern woman who is economically independent, nor the one who is dependent upon her own efforts is an isolated individual. She is not alone the member of a family. She is part of the community, and recognizes its explicit claim upon her.

The situation is intricate and complex. From all sides comes the conscious or unconscious demand, "Cast our experiences in a larger mould, if our lives are to be animated by the larger social aim." The complacency of the old-time home keeper is gone forever. New and definite claims have been put forth by social conditions, which demand reconstruction and enlargement of the family code. This, like every other element of human life, is susceptible of progress, and in its entirety must be carried out into the larger life.

In the early days of the movement, there was naturally self-assertion, a breaking away of the individual will. These days are past. The first ground has been broken. There has been slow, but steady growth. The family as well as society has come more and more to recognize individual initiative and responsibility in women. This recognition has slowly but surely been carried out into the larger social life. The process must continue until together the family recognizes the social claim made upon the daughter as it now recognizes the validity of this claim upon the son. Sons, husbands, fathers of little children, respond to their country's danger in time of war. When the misery and needs of society are made as clear and as explicit a claim, the women, to whom this claim is now genuine and dignified, will be asked to take her share in the responsibilities of removing this danger, and at the same time be given the powers through which she may work effectively.

The social adjustment is the twentieth century war. It has already begun. The investigation of Ida Tarbell has brought one public service corporation to the feet of justice. Others have come in other ways. These great financial and corporate issues should be delt with and their powers limited by legislation. These abuses men will see and legislate upon. They are, however, but a small part of the social need.

Ideals of social welfare are not attained in sheltered byways. The leisure class of women and the wage earners are mixing on the thronged and common road. Here they see the size of each other's burdens. Ideals have changed under the pressure of new insights and experiences. Contact with things as they are is the best corrective of opinion. These women have not reached their present opinion by standing aloof and looking on. They have been tentative, observant students in the midst of conditions. The slow recognition of woman's insight and ability as a powerful influence for good in public affairs has undoubtedly been due to the shortcomings that could only be conquered by the general progress of human nature to a higher level, that it is still incomplete, would seem to indicate that natural limitations have hardened into unnatural prejudice, and that all men and women have not yet worked out their freedom from narrowness to a broad, inclusive survey of conditions surrounding them.

We believe that the action taken by so large a body of women is a personal recognition of her duty to share in this larger life; that experience has taught her that it is her highest privilege to extend it; that her highest well-being is merged in the well-being of the many. She sees the neglected social needs and the genuine and dignified claim upon her. She is consciously struggling with the enlargement of our social and ethical code.



VIEW OF ISLETA.

AMERICA'S FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR

BY JOHN L. COWAN

The Southwest is full of romance and mystery, and, in fact, the history of the old Santa Fe trail from the old days of the Conquistadores to the days of Fremont, until the present, is one long chronicle of entrancing romance. No part of the country will yield a richer store of material for the writer, and Mr. John L. Cowan, the author of "America's First Christian Martyr" has succeeded in giving us the local color in the style of a master by using the simplest and the most truthful methods in narrative.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

NOWHERE IN the world was the progress of the Cross marked by more sublime and heroic self-sacrifice than in the Southwest. If the conquistadores carried the sword in one hand, they bore the crucifix in the other, proving themselves to be fully as zealous to save the souls as to overcome the bodies of their savage antagonists. Consequently, a full century before the United States was born, there were in New Mexico alone about one hundred Christian churches, nearly all of stone, and some of astonishing size. Three years before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, eleven of these monuments to the zeal and devotion of the Spanish missionaries had been completed, and were occupied. This zeal for the building of churches for the worship of the strange white God, the immense amount of labor it entailed upon the unwilling congregations, and the oppression and violence practiced to compel the Indians to perform the labor, frequently resulted in the murder of the missionaries. To kill the resident priest became something

of a habit, in which at least 20 different communities indulged with more or less frequency. The discontent of the pueblos culminated in 1680, when 21 priests and about 400 laymen were massacred, nearly all the churches sacked and partly demolished, and the Spaniards driven temporarily from New Mexico. Up to the vear 1700, at least 40 of the Franciscan fathers are known to have suffered martyrdom within the present limits of New Mexico.

The first of these American martyrs met his fate long before the building of the first church on what is now American soil, and only a little more than 50 years after the landing of Columbus. Friar Juan de Padilla was the youngest of the four Franciscan missionaries who accompenied Coronado on his historic journey of exploration that stopped not until a spot somewhere near the present site of Kansas City was reached. Part of his force was left at the Pueblo of Tiguex, the ruins of which may still be seen where the town of Bernalillo now stands, 16 miles northwest of Albuquerque. Padilla accompanied him on the search for the mythical "Quivira," and became interested in the nomadic Indians of the plains, determining to devote his life to the endeavor to convert them to the true faith. He returned with the exploring party to Tiguex, where he bade them a final farewell.

In 1542, he set out from Tiguex to return to the region of the Buffalo Plains, accompanied by a Spaniard, two Mexican half-breeds, and several Indians. He seems to have won the good will of the savages among whom he cast his lot; but one day he started to visit another tribe, with whom his friends were at war. Resenting this desertion, or perhaps fearing that he meant to lend assistance to their foes, the treacherous tribesmen shot him in the back with a poisoned arrow. The body was then buried by the Indians who had accompanied him from Tiguex.

The Friar's Spanish and Mexican companions fled, but were re-captured and enslaved. After ten months of servitude, they escaped a second time, and for eight weary, heart-breaking years, wandered through the awful deserts and wildernesses of the Southwest, finally reaching an outpost of civilization to the Gulf Coast, near where Tampico now stands. From them this much of the story of the first Christian martyr in America was learned.

Now comes the much-discussed Isleta tradition, which church dignitaries and scholarly scoffers have both labored in vain to either discredit or establish. The Isletans, however, appear to have made out a very good case; and as their tradition dovetails into the recorded facts very neatly, there does not appear to be any sound reason for doubting its substantial accuracy—excepting, of course, the supernatural element , which was doubtless an addition inevitable among a people so superstitious as the Pueblo tribes.

Isleta is one of the largest and most populous of the Pueblo towns that have thus far survived fate's mischances, having a present population of about one thousand. It is located 13 miles southwest of Albuquerque, and is identical with the Pueblo of "Tutahaco," mentioned by the early explorers. The great adobe church is one of the oldest in America. The exact date of its erection is not known —but it was standing in 1629, and the mission had probably been established, with a resident priest, before the close of the Sixteenth Century. The Isletans knew something of Friar Padilla during the period of his brief sojourn at Tiguex, less than 30 miles distant. They were in constant communication with the Indians of the plains, carrying on a rude commerce with them. They soon learned of the assassination of the priest. It may be that the Indians who accompanied him from Tiguex and who buried his body, returned to the Rio Grande with the story. In any event, the tradition is that messengers were sent from Isleta to secure his body, and to bear it through the hundreds of miles of intervening deserts and mountains to their own town, where they buried it with the respect and reverence due to the bravery, piety and self-sacrifice of the slain missionary. When their church was finally built and they became converts to Christianity, it is claimed that the body was lifted and re-interred just within the altar rail.

That the pagan Isletans would send a thousand miles or more to secure the body of an almost unknown priest of a strange



A BELLE OF ISLETA.

religion, carry it with infinite labor to their homes, and there bury it with honor, seems hardly credible. Nevertheless, the tradition was so widespread, and the Indians so positive and persistent in their belief in its truth that a few years ago a prominent Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, engaged in preparing a history of the New Mexican missions, wrote to the Reverend Father Docher and asked him to investigate the story thoroughly, to see if he could prove either its truth or its falsity.

Father Docher, a droll but intelligent little French priest, is still pastor of the flock at Isleta. He doesn't like to talk about the investigations that so nearly cost him his life, but occasionally he can be wheedled into telling the story.

After considerable questioning among patriarchs of Isleta, the good padre found several who claimed to know something about the matter. These remembered that about 50 years before the church had been supplied with a plank floor, in place of the adobe floor that had always done service. Before the planks were laid, some of the old men of the community went to the priest then officiating, and told him that the body of Friar Padilla rested just within the altar rail, and that it would be found close to the surface, because, no matter how deeply it was buried, it always rose again. The priest had heard the Padilla tradition, but laughed at it as a baseless legend of the Indians. Nevertheless, search was made. Everything was found just as the old men had said, and the miraculously preserved body was re-interred in another part of the church before the laying of the plank floor.

Father Docher was somewhat impressed by the evident earnestness of the old men who told this tale, but more so on interviewing old Diego, a venerable and respected redskin, who assured him that he had witnessed the disinterment, had seen the body of the martyr, and had witnessed the digging of the new grave and the placing therein of the coffin, which he described as very large and made from a hollow log. He laughed quietly at the recollection: "They might have saved themselves the trouble of digging the grave," he said, "for every one knows that Father Padilla stays not in the grave, but walks the streets of Isleta and wanders along the Rio Grande to see the changes the white men have wrought. The body is in the coffin, but the coffin is on top of the ground, not in the grave where it was placed."

The old Indian was blind, but was able to indicate what he claimed was the exact spot beneath which the body of the first martyr of the cross in New Mexico was buried. One witness of the second disinterment, Mr. W. H. Cobb, of Albuquerque, tells me that the heavy plank floor was noticeably bulked upward at that point. The planks were removed, and there was found surely the most remarkable burial casket in America, crudely and with infinite labor hollowed from a single huge log. As the Indian had said, it was right on the surface, bulging the floor upward because the space was too small. Within the coffin was a shriveled but remarkably well preserved body, wrapped in the crumbling remnants of a robe of the Franciscans, made of a coarse fabric that those versed in the priestly lore of the past say was commonly used by missionaries of the days of the Conquistadores.

However, in the absence of proof that the body was really that of Friar Padilla, there was room for the suspicion that it was that of some forgotten priest who had died peacefully in his bed, instead of suffering the coveted fate of martyrdom in far-off land of the "Quiviras." To establish the identity of the body beyond all question was not possible;, but it was recalled that Friar Padilla had been shot in the back with a poisoned arrow. Might it not be possible that the wound would still be distinguishable? If so, it would go far toward silencing the doubters.

The body was turned over, and the remnants of clothing carefully removed. Although the skin on other parts of the body was dried and unbroken, in the small of the back was a large patch of flesh that had decomposed and fallen away before dessication. The belief of the Indians that the decay at that particular spot was due to the wound inflicted by the poisoned arrow seems not unreasonable.

To Father Docher fell the duty of handling the body. While removing and replacing the grave clothes, he repeatedly touched the dessicated flesh around the old wound, but gave the matter no thought

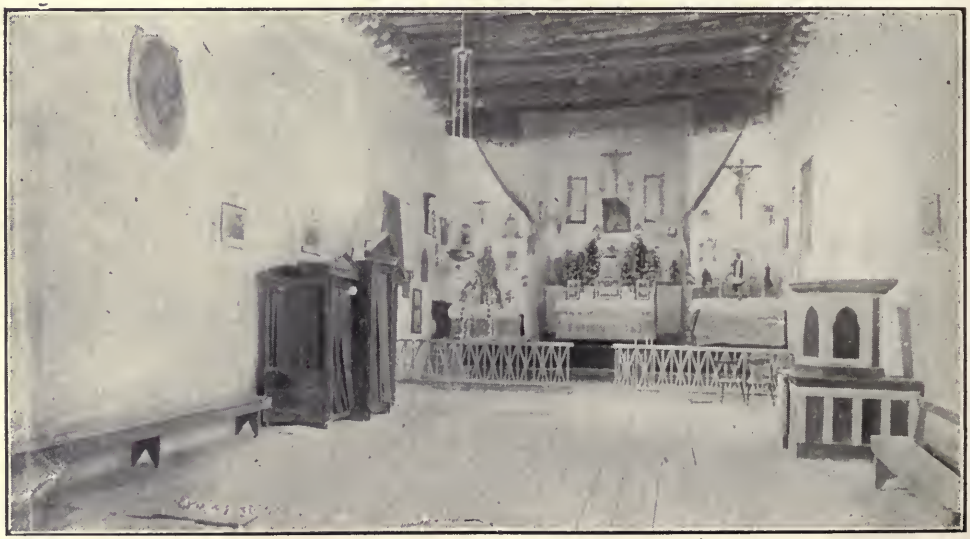


AN ISLETA SQUAW AND PAPOOSE. PHOTO BY COBB.

at the time. In a day or two his hand began to swell, and to cause him excruciating pain. Then his whole arm became affected, and finally his entire body. His malady was pronounced blood poisoning, and he was hurried East to be placed in a hospital. The phvsicians in charge decided that amputation was necessary to save his life, but to that he would not consent. Finally the use of less heroic means resulted in his recovery, although he suffered for months. That is why his recollection of the investigation into the Padilla tradition is not pleasant. However, the poisoning of Father Docher appears to be further substantial evidence of the truth of the tradition. Ordinarily the handling of a thoroughly dessicated body, that had lain in the ground for generations, would not be attended with the slightest danger of blood poisoning. Father Docher is not aware that there was the slightest scratch or abrasion of the skin on his hand. If there was, it must have been of the most trivial nature. It is plain, say those who believe that the body was really that of Friar Padilla, that the poisoned arrow that left the wound in the back of the martyred priest was the cause of the poisoning of the modern incumbent at Isleta.

Nevertheless there are those who still scoff at the idea that the mortal part of the first Christian martyr in the southwest now rests in the old church at Isleta. However this may be, it cannot be denied that the identity of the corpse beneath the floor is much less open to question than that of the handful of dust and bones that was brought across the seas in an American warship a couple of years ago and interred in pomp and splendor as all that was left on earth of Paul Jones. Really, a very large proportion of the things universally accepted as facts of history are less satisfactorily established than the substantial truth of the whole story of Friar Padilla.

When the investigation had been completed, the body was again placed securely in its log coffin, and buried six feet beneath the soil. Then the heavy plank floor was again nailed in place. A full account of the inquiry and its results was placed upon the church records, that there might be no dispute hereafter concerning what had been found and what had been done. Yet the Isletans say that when the moon is on the wane and half obscured by clouds, the watcher may see the shadowy form of the restless martyr emerge from the old church, glide noiselessly in and out among the adobe dwellings, hasten across the vineyards that surround the pueblo, and then disappear on the banks of the yellow Rio Grande. The story is one of the myriad of interesting tales of the Southwest.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH AT ISLETA, WHERE THE BODY OF AMERICA'S FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR IS BURIED, JUST BACK OF THE ALTAR RAIL.

THE PERJURER

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

THE TIDE was coming in, and creeping up the narrow ledge of rock that protruded but five feet above the water, and the man standing there miles out of sight of land, knew that it was a question of but a few hours before the sea would engulf him forever if he were not rescued. His enemy in the small sail boat dancing on the crest of the waves, the man who had lured him to the treacherous spot by baiting his artist's soul, laughed at the agony in his face and answered his appeals and the sincere promises to over-look his treachery and remain silent upon it, with mocking sneers. Over and above the lapping and gentle roar of the waves their voices rose.

"For God's sake, Balsamo, do not desert me! Surely, this must be a jest! You cannot mean to leave me here to drown like a rat simply because the girl has preferred me to you! Come, man, show yourself human! Bring back the boat, and no one shall ever know a word of what has passed between us!"

"No one ever will know!" shouted back the man in the boat. "No one knows you came here with me. I fooled you completely. What right had you to come down here for your amusement, damn you! and steal away from me by your city airs and soft speech the heart of the only girl I ever loved! I told you the first day we met there were better places to sketch, but you would not take the hint!"

"How was I to know you loved the girl when she has no idea that you do herself —when you have never told her?"

"She knows it!" answered Balsamo. "Every girl knows when a man is in love with her without waiting to be told it by him—just as a man can tell whether a girl likes him or not. I know she has never liked me over well, but I was making progress until you came here with your cursed artist face and smooth tongue. Last night I shadowed you two in your walk—I heard your offer to her—her request for time—I knew that meant the next time you should repeat the question the answer would be "yes," and the end of all my hopes—and I made up my mind she should never see you again!"

"Devil! And so you lured me out here in the early morning on the pretense of showing me a rare view for my brush to sketch with the deliberate intention of leaving me to die when the tide should rise!"

A derisive laugh was the reply.

"Who knows you came here with me? No one! I took excellent care that no one should see us meet! And why should any one suspect me? I have carefully concealed my feelings—we are supposed to be friends!"

"The girl will know!"

"Oh, will she? You have said yourself I have never told her I loved her, and I have never shown her I took you for a rival. She's not one of your city bred girls—she will believe what I will see she is told—that you were only playing with her, and having won her heart, have deserted her! She's read that sort of thing in story books! She'll weep some, I suppose—and I'll console her—and she'll marry me just to show that she did not care for you! Anyhow, she will never marry any other man, least of all, you! See! the waves are lapping your feet! A merry time to you and the devil take you."

The last sounds the man on the ledge heard were the rattle of the sail as his enemy hauled it up and let it out to the freshening breeze, to which it promptly answered, and a laugh of demoniac glee. Even then it seemed as if the crafty Italian must be playing a prank upon his fears, and could not mean to leave him there to drown like a rat in a cage, but

as the small craft rapidly receded in the distance and the water mounted up his narrow refuge, Arthur Robinson realized that he was face to face with death. His thoughts turned to the girl who had become the mistress of his heart, and who would never know what had become of him, but would always think he had been faithless to her. It was an agonizing reflection. How had he ever been so blind as not to have noticed Balsamo's feelings for her? Rapidly his mind went over the brief period of their acquaintance. He had come down to this stretch of rugged, almost uninhabited coast in search of new scenes for his brush, and he had wandered upon the little, snug cabin—it was hardly more—where, with her foster-father and his wife she lived secluded from the world. The girl was a rare beauty in face and form, with the naive innocence of the daughter of Eve who has never known society or art, but is naturally possessed of all the charms of womanhood, and she had won his heart at once. It was a case of love at first sight, and he had begged permission to pass a few days at the place. Old Slater, who earned a meagre living as a fisherman, was not averse to receiving the liberal sum the artist offered him, and there was something about the young fellow that made the old man take a strong fancy to him. Ida was the idol of his heart, and perhaps the coming of this handsome, evidently educated and well-to-do stranger awoke romantic thoughts in his head. He was aging quickly, his wife was feeble, and he wanted to see the girl provided for before he passed away. One night, seventeen years before, there had been a wreck upon the coast, and she had come drifting in to him, lashed upon a raft. She was all the wreck had spared from the sea, too young to know anything about herself, and he and his wife had taken her to their hearts, having no child of their own. There had never been an inquiry for her, and they had brought her up in the belief that she was their own offspring. This much he had told Arthur Robinson in a confidential chat three days after his arrival, when the artist honorably acknowledged the feelings the girl had inspired in him, and asked permission to woo her. He produced convincing credentials of his own respectability and social standing in Boston, which the old fisherman verified by writing to the Mayor at the artist's request, and he felt that his treasure would be safe in the young man's care should she entrust herself to him. He would make no effort to influence her, but it did not take the keen old eyes of his wife many hours to realize that it would not be necessary to speak a word in favor of her suitor. It is rather the fashion to believe that we are living in a prosaic age, but how can any reader of the newspapers which daily print romances outvieing fiction harbor such a notion? Anyway, here was a true romance. But none of the people most concerned, the old or the young ones, took into any consideration the sallow-faced Italian with the glowing eyes of fire and the surly manner, who for years had eked out a living, assisting the old man in his work as a fisherman and in repairing the boats, and about whom Slater knew nothing save that he had dropped into the cabin a starving boy of twenty or thereabouts and begged for shelter, saying that he had ran away from a cruel taskmaster who daily beat and tortured him—one of the padrones to be found in all large cities, Slater inferred—and had wandered to the spot he knew not how. He had remained ever since—five years now—treated as one of the family, and Slater had found him very useful. He had known or pretended to know but a few words of English when he arrived, but he had quickly become proficient in its use under the tutorship of the girl, whom the old man had provided with books, and who had taught herself more than many so-called educated people know. She had had little else to do but learn. Mrs. Slater, fortunately for the girl, had not always been a fisherman's wife, but had had a thorough grammar school education. The staid-looking old woman had had her romance in other days. She had run away from a comfortable home, with Slater, when he was a gay sailor lad, for which she had been disowned by her relatives, but she had never regretted the step despite the hard life it had brought upon her. She did not mean, however, that Ida should repeat her own folly if it could be prevented, and she looked upon the chance that had brought Arthur Robinson to their

humble abode as a direct act of Providence, not being one of those "of little faith."

Balsamo saw which way the tide was running, but he carefully hid his thoughts from them all, and they did not suspect the fires of jealousy and hatred which raged in his breast. With the egotism of ignorance he believed he could win this girl, and was meditating a proposal when this stranger came to blight his hopes. The intruder must be removed from his path, and as he sailed away, leaving his rival to be engulfed by the rising water, he felt a fierce joy in his heart over the success of his cunning scheme. The boat faded away in the distance and the water rose and lapped the knees of the doomed man. The end could not be far off. Arthur Robinson raised his eyes to the clear blue sky and prayed—prayed for the girl; and then with a despairing shriek of love and agony he called her name aloud.

"Ida! Ida!"

But not even an echo came back to him. Despite his terrible position, he smiled at the folly of calling to her. He was miles beyond her hearing—beyond the hearing of any one who could succor him. He knelt upon the narrow ledge, the water now almost up to his waist, and murmuring the beloved name over and over, a sudden peace came upon his soul.

But what was that floating black thing that flashed upon his vision? Was it a monstrous fish or—— No, it was a spar, and loosely attached sail of a small boat which probably had gone ashore on the coast, and now by the decree of fate was drifting by within fifty feet of him. He gave himself no time to speculate upon how it came there or what it meant; to him with the sudden rising of hope it inspired, it meant if he could only reach it, the possibility of escape from imminent death. With the will of despair with which a drowning man clutches at a straw, he resolved to risk his strength against the sea: he could meet with no worse fate than to remain upon the rapidly submerging ledge. Quickly he threw off his coat and shoes, everything but his nether garment, and plunged into the waves. With strokes of desperation, bruised, sinking and then coming up, battling against the swiftly running tide and the water, he struggled to reach his haven of apparent safety, and with his last strength flung himself at full length upon the floating spar—and knew nothing more.

* * * *

Nobody knew and nobody cared about the prematurely aged, taciturn man who called himself Bob Reilly, and who lived alone in a hut twenty miles up the coast from Slater's. Slater had heard that he had suffered a great injustice at the hands of the law, and had been a convict, and that he had come to the barren spot to bury himself in oblivion out of sight of the world in which he had once taken an active part. Having the reputation of having been a convict—he admitted the fact while proclaiming the injustice of it, his acquaintance was not craved, and in fact he repelled all advances. He had literally become a hermit, and all he asked was to be left alone. Several times Slater had met him, and with a great pity and sympathy in his heart that the man somehow inspired in him, though he did not in others, had tried to cultivate his acquaintance; and Reilly had softened a little to him, but had refused to visit him or be visited or to be brought into contact with any of the members of Slater's family. He owned a huge bloodhound which was his sole companion, and jealously kept any one from approaching to within almost vision distance of the hut, and he was as completely isolated from the world as if he had been living in Mars. A year he had lived alone, subsisting on the products of a scraggy little garden he had cultivated, and upon the food the sea afforded, and in that time Slater was the only person he had ever spoken more than ten words to. Slater had made mention of him to his wife and to Ida, and they had expressed a desire to meet him, and do something for his comfort, but the old man had dissuaded them. Balsamo had never met him, and expressed no curiosity to do so, and he was glad when Slater persuaded his wife and the girl he secretly loved from carrying into effect the impulses of their generous hearts. The suspicious, selfish Italian did not desire new acquaintances any more than Reilly did. The man had been a convict, he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, which was very

expressive, and the word "convict" seemed to have a peculiar effect upon him.

Reilly arose more than usually early on this clear, bright morning and set out in his boat. He had not sailed very far when a sudden gust of wind caught the little spar of his craft and snapped it off as clean as a knife could have done. He had been lost in thought and had forgotten to see that it was secure. As it went overboard, carrying the small sail with it, he came to his senses and sprang to his feet. He had a pair of stout oars, and he made to recover his loss, but the tide was running swiftly, and a few strokes satisfied him that the attempt was useless. He was in a restless, nervous humor, and he felt the necessity for violent exercise, so he bent to the oars without any definite purpose except to work off his nervousness. A powerful, hardy man, and the tide with him, he swept the boat rapidly over the water, lost in his own sombre thoughts. How far he went he never knew. It must have been hours that he rowed incessantly, stopping only for a few minutes of rest at long intervals, when he awoke to present realization and discovered that the tide had veered about. As he was turning the boat to catch it on his way back, the lost spar arose before him a few feet distant, and to it he saw clinging the figure of a man. The shades of evening were falling, and it was now rapidly growing dark. Reilly shouted to the figure grasping the spar with tenacity, but received no response. Either the man was dead or unconscious. He bent to his oars, shouting to the voiceless man to hold on, and with a few vigorous strokes reached the inanimate figure, motionless save as it bobbed up and down on the crest of the waves. It took all his great strength to release the fingers of the hands clutching the spar and lift the senseless body into his boat. A hasty examination showed him the man was alive, although almost drowned. Reilly knew what to do in such cases, and he always carried a flask of whiskey. He opened the man's lips and poured a great dose down his throat, and proceeded to revive him. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing him come to consciousness, lying flat upon the boat's bottom, and too weak to speak.

"Here, take another swallow of this stuff and lie there and be quiet until I tell you to talk," commanded Reilly, in a voice of thunder. "If you don't, I'll chuck you overboard again!"

The man smiled wanly and closed his eyes. Then Reilly began to ponder as to what he was to do with him. It was not at all to his taste to take a stranger to his hut, but what else was there to do? He could not row to the shore and abandon him there, when he had just saved him. He was not curious as to how the man had come from where he had found him clinging to his own lost spar—it was none of his business, and he was not sufficiently in love with his fellow men to listen to this one's gratitude or to desire to become better acquainted with him; what should he do with the prey he had robbed from the sea? A thought flashed suddenly across his mind; he would take him to Slater's. He had saved the spar with the sail loosely attached to it, and drawn it into his boat. The sail being wet, was difficult to handle, and would make a heavy load, but to row to Slater's against the tide would be a very irksome task. He had a stout knife, and other utensils of his craft with him, and he was an expert worker. It did not take him very long after he arrived at the conclusion to dump his unwelcome guest upon Slater to rig up the sail and get fairly upon the way. He had to tack and tack at great lengths, and it would, he calculated, be past midnight before he reached his destination, but it was just the cursed luck which had always pursued him, he muttered with an oath, to have such a thing as this happen. Suddenly the wind died out, an ominous calm came over everything, and up in the sky Reilly saw a white patch of cloud that told his experienced eyes a squall and storm were coming. He hauled down the useless sail and took to his oars again. It was a strength-racking task, and it seemed an interminable time before he pulled into the inlet at the foot of Slater's ground. He saw a light burning in the cabin and shouted at the top of his stentorian voice:

"Ahoy, there! Ahoy, Slater! Ahoy!"

Slater came rushing down, followed quickly by a girl. He reached the boat a few feet in advance of her.

"Reilly!" he shouted. "For God's sake, what have you there?"

"A fellow for you to take care of," answered Reilly, as coolly as if the matter was not worth considering. "I picked him up adrift, and most drowned. Here, lift him out—I've lost enough time!"

But the girl had caught sight of the motionless figure in the boat, with its face of white-red fire under the glare of Slater's lantern, and screamed:

"Arthur! Arthur! Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

She would have thrown herself across the body of her sweetheart, but Reilly pushed her back with a rough kindliness. Arthur Robinson opened his eyes, raised his arms to take her into them, and attempted to rise, but weakness overpowered him.. Slater lifted him up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and laid him tenderly upon the beach, and the girl knelt down and enfolded him in a loving embrace.

"Arthur! Arthur!" she cried, with tears of joy falling down her white, rounded cheeks. "I knew I heard you calling to me, though they would not believe me!"

"Better leave 'em alone a minute," suggested Reilly curtly. "She'll have him to faster than anything can, and on his feet quicker than you can carry him up to the cabin."

"You see," explained Slater, "we've been wondering what become of him, and if it was true he'd gone and left her as Balsamo hinted. She wouldn't listen to it, and she's made me sit up waiting to have him drop in every minute. She was sure something had happened to him, and she insisted she heard him calling her name, but of course that couldn't have been. She was right, though, in thinking he was in danger! Women have a remarkable way of sensing things where a fellow they're stuck on's concerned, sure enough! Here, I'll get them up to the house, and him in bed, and I'll fix a bunk up for you. We'll have a bite and a toddy before we turn in."

"Don't bother about me," said Reilly gruffly. "I'm going home, and I brought him here because I didn't want to take him there—that's all!"

Slater understood and knew it would be vain to press his invitation upon the ex-convict.

"Well, hold on five minutes anyway," he said, "till I go up to the house and get a bite for you to take along. You must be hungry and it's a long pull after what you've had! I see the boat is leaking some. I'll wake Balsamo and send him down to calk it—he's good at that! And you'd better not risk it out there until the storm ahead passes over. It won't last but an hour or two."

The boat *was* leaking; Reilly saw that, and that it must be calked before he set out on his journey back.

"All right, hurry the chap along," he said. "I've wasted enough time and that dog of mine will be breaking his heart worrying what's become of me!"

Neither of them had been paying any attention to the girl and her lover, but as Slater now turned he saw that they had disappeared.

"What I told you!" remarked Reilly laconically. "She's got him up to your cabin all right."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a piercing shriek rang out. Without a question, Reilly jumped out of the boat and followed Slater in alarm up the path. Into the cabin they dashed almost on top of one another. For a moment the sight that met Slater's eyes stunned him. In the center of the room stood Balsamo, a murderous-looking knife held high in his right hand, which, with the strength born of desperation, the weakened Arthur Robinson was preventing from being thrust into his heart, while Mrs. Slater, her arms thrown around the would-be murderer's neck, was exerting herself to pull him backwards, and the frightened girl, shrieking, was trying to knock the knife out of his hand with a stick. But if Slater was momentarily bereft of his wits, Reilly did not lose his. Over his face there came a change frightful to behold in its passion, and with a leap, he sprang upon Balsamo, throwing the others off with a sweep of his arms as his right hand grasped the Italian by the throat in a vise-like grip. The knife went flying ten feet distant, and with his left arm, Reilly clutched his victim around the body, pinioning his arms to his sides. It was all done so quickly that the onlookers scarcely knew how it was done.

"You!" cried Reilly, his eyes ablaze.

"At last! At last I have you! You dirty dog! Do you know me?"

"For heaven's sake, Reilly," cried Slater, "you'll choke him to death!"

"If I had known he was here," screamed the maddened Reilly, "I'd have been here and killed him long ago! The perjurer! For a few paltry dollars and to gratify a petty malice he swore away my good name and my liberty! Oh, how I have wanted vengeance, and here it is!"

"Come, come, Reilly," pleaded Robinson, "the law will punish him for what he has done to me. Let it take its course!"

"Yes, leave him to the law!" cried Slater.

"The law!" snarled the ex-convict, "the cowweb which ensnares the weak and innocent, and through which the strong and guilty break! I'll be his law! Out of my way!"

He threw Balsamo under his left arm as if he had been a bundle of straw, and with his right hand still clutching his throat, dashed out into the darkness before any one could interpose. All of them, trembling with horror and shrinking before the wild glitter in the ex-convict's eyes, and the horrible passion which distorted his face.

As he passed out of the cabin door, the storm broke. Roar upon roar of thunder reverberated and blinding flashes of lightning lit up the sky, and the bold coast line and made the water a sea of fire. As one vivid flash fell athwart the path, Slater saw Balsamo slip from his captor's clutch and then fall to the ground, felled by a blow that echoed back in the thunder's pause and seemed as if it must have broken every bone in his skull. Then in the light of another blinding bolt, he saw the ex-convict take up the senseless body and fling it into the boat.

All night the storm raged and all night Slater lay awake thinking of Balsamo and the ex-convict. He knew he would never see either of them again—no small craft could possibly dare such a gale and survive an hour.

JUNE

BY GRACE HIBBARD

The clover fields
 Are a-bloom to-day.
With the weight of bees
 The blossoms sway—
Red blossoms of clover fields.

From an unseen where,
 On an unseen way,
Sunlight and shadows,
 Now gold, now gray,
Flit over the clover fields.

While yellow bees drone
 A lazy tune—
All about honey,
 For, oh! it is June,
 And red are the clover fields.

EXPLOITING THE MINES OF LUZON

A SKIRMISH IN THE IGORROTE'S COUNTRY

BY E. JUDSON AND J. LEE

To many of us, be it said to our shame, the Philippines, the immeasurably rich islands lying to the west, are the Land of the Far Away. Many things we should know about the land Magellan discovered, and yet we confess a dense ignorance on all subjects as regards the dependencies Uncle Sam is managing so wisely and so well. The Philippines are rich in agricultural possibilities, in rice, in sugar, in coffee, and in all the products of the tropics, including hemp. Its coal is better in quality than that of Japan, and its supply is inexhaustible. It is rich in its vast variety of hard woods, and in many other products. Its mineral resources are many, and Messrs. E. Judson and J. Lee tell the story of a body of American pioneers in explorations in the early days of occupation.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



IVING IN the Philippine Islands, particularly in the districts outside of the picturesque old walled city of Manila, cannot be called a continual round of pleasure.

As the nights in the Philippines are the most delightful hours of the twenty-four, in the cities the going down of the sun is the signal for beginning all kinds of revelry. All Manila enters its carriages and drives to the Luneta, where they drive or recline on the soft sward and listen for hours to the bands of the various regiments and the Manila band.

But for diversity of experiences, and a melange of pathos, comedy and tragedy, the isles of the Orient certainly furnish their share.

Shortly after the occupation of the walled city by Americans, the writer was given a position in the islands, and left San Francisco on the transport Hancock to take up his duties at Malate, a suburb of Manila, in charge of the Mining Bureau for the Government.

When the Spanish owned and occupied the islands, they had given important concessions to a number of German residents of the islands for the mining of gold in Northern Luzon, embracing territory in the provinces of Benguet, Lepanto, Illicost and Illocos Norte, along the valley of the Agno river, covering a territory of some two hundred miles.

Enquiry made at the Bank of Shanghai and Hong-Kong, and located on the Escolta in Binondo—the commercial portion of Manila lying across the Pasig river from the walled city, and reached from that city by the really magnificent *Puenta de Espana,* or Bridge of Spain—revealed the fact that during the past ten years something like five and one-half million dollars had been paid by that bank to German mine owners for the product of their mines.

The laborers in these mines were Igorrotes, and their wives and children—not the head-hunter branch of this tribe, but the dwellers on the plains west of the mountains which the head-hunters inhabit. Their method of mining was, and still is, very crude. There are several very rich veins of white, honeycombed quartz, decomposed at the surface and easily extracted by the use of short iron crowbars, and ground by the use of the old-fashioned Mexican *metate,* consisting of a large flat stone on which the rotten quartz is spread, and which is reduced to powder by being rolled under a round stone and then washed in wooden calabashes, after the manner of panning in the old '49 days in California.

While this gold goes about $20 to the



A SCENE ON THE PICTURESQUE PASIG RIVER, NEAR MANILA.
PHOTO BY PRIVATE J. G. BRYAN FOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

ounce, the banks only allowed the miners $11 per ounce, but as the owners of these mines paid their laborers in hard tack, salt fish and tobacco, nearly all they received for their gold was profit.

In the spring of 1900 the writer was detailed by General Otis—then Governor-General of the Islands—to take a squad of twenty men, whom he was allowed to select from ex-volunteers whose terms of enlistment had expired and who had taken up their residence in Manila, and proceed by train to Dagupan, and thence penetrate the interior eastward to the Agno river, thence proceed along the course of the river through the provinces of Benquet, Lepanto, Illicos and Illocos Norte to its source, and thence to Vigan on the west coast of Luzon. The purpose of this trip was to map out for the Government the mining claims conceded to the Germans by the Spanish Government, which concessions had been abrogated by the American Government, and because of which the German mine owners had brought suits against this Government in the Supreme Court of Manila.

Leaving Manila, the little party proceeded to Dagupan, where General Young furnished them an escort to Bernal, a small barrio some twenty miles east of the coast city, and a food supply to last them until they struck the Agno river some sixty miles further in the interior.

The hike to the Agno proved uneventful, no insurrectos having troubled that part of the island for two months past, and the river was reached at night fall of the fourth day after leaving Dagupan. Here the scenery was wonderful to the unaccustomed dwellers of the Occident. Immense tracts of mammoth bamboo, almost impossible to penetrate without the constant use of the native bolo—a short, heavy sword, used in times of peace for cutting bamboo and sugar cane, and during the insurrection, for decapitating American soldiers—were traversed. Giant royal palms, fruit-laden mangoes, stately mahogany and ora, the latter resembling ebony except for being a slightly lighter shade, and from which the floors of the wealthy residents of Manila, of the cathedrals and public buildings, are made, the wood taking a very high degree of polish and lasting almost indefinitely; the delicate pina, from the fibre of which the dainty, expensive cloths of the richer na-

tive is woven; and a thousand varieties of vines, lichens, ferns and flowers were interwoven and scattered prodigally among the forests which were penetrated before reaching the river.

Camp fires were lighted, coffee boiling and supper spread on the river bank for the score of hungry travelers, and when night fell, four men were detailed as guards until midnight, when they were to be relieved until morning.

In the mountain camp the air is somewhat cooler than in Manila, the moon shines as bright as a newly minted double-eagle, the lights and shadows are as clear cut as a cameo. The slowly waving palms weave shadows of a thousand fantastic shapes on the white sand, while the glowing moonlight frosts the crystal waters of the river until it dances and whirls and splashes its banks like a flood of molten silver, sweeping between banks of snow.

Morning came, and with it came the Igorrote women laden with baskets of tarro, mangoes, sapodillas, bananas, plantain and cocoanuts, which they offered in exchange for tobacco and rum. The former luxury was given them, but the latter had not been made a part of the outfit of the surveying party, except a small quantity of liquor for use in case of medical necessity.

These Igorrote women, in their native costume, which consisted of a piece of cloth wound around the hips and extending nearly to the knees, were anything but inviting specimens of their race, but they, as well as the men, were friendly to Americans and displayed this friendship constantly throughout the hard hike up the Agno river, and on more than one occasion their timely warning of the approach of renegadoes saved the little band from ambush, if indeed not from annihilation.

The third day after starting up the river, the first location was encountered, and here it was found the river cross-cut a ledge about five feet in width, in the croppings of which long trenches some ten feet deep had been dug, and the decomposed ore extracted and washed for its rich values, some of this ore going as high as $6,000 a ton. Here the party found four Igorrote women extracting the gold by means of a peculiar sluice, which was



EN ROUTE FROM DAGUPAN TO THE AGNO RIVER. A PROSPECTOR'S PACK TRAIN.

made by splitting a large bamboo in halves and using for riffles, flat stones, which caught a small percentage of the gold, the larger part going over or around the stones and on into the river. They showed the writer a pig-skin sack containing fully two pounds of the rich yellow metal which they had taken from their crude sluices during the three days they had worked at this point, and offered it for sale for tobacco and rum. A trade was finally made for ten plugs of tobacco, ten sacks of Durham smoking and five dollars in small Philippine coin, the women refusing to accept a five dollar gold piece, never having seen one before, and not knowing what it was, nor its value.

The journey through Benguet province was, for the most part, uneventful in so far as trouble with insurrectos was concerned, but on entering Lapanto province the real trouble began.

Guards were detailed every night, and the blue striped shirts and black faces of insurrecto scouts began to flit from tree to tree, while the frequent crack of a Mauser and sharp buzz of bullets made things more interesting for the little party of Americans.

The policy of the American Government had been, and still is, that in the event of a defeated body of insurrectos throwing down their arms and yelling "amigo," they were to be permitted to pass through the ranks to the rear of the soldiers, and be admitted to parole on their promise not to engage further in hostilities. But the result of this so-called humane mode of treatment accorded this people was discouraging to the officers in charge of hostilities, resulting as it invariably did in the breaking of paroles, the renewing of hostilities and frequent attacks from the rear by these parolled "amigos," who are absolutely without the sense of gratitude or honor in even the slightest degree. Hence, when our little squad was attacked on the tenth day after starting up the river, by a party of nearly twice our number, who rushed down from the forest while we were eating dinner, the order was given as each man grabbed his Krag to "shoot to kill, and kill them all." This order was carried out literally as long as there was an insurrecto in sight, which was not over five minutes, for they were so close when the first shot was fired that they dropped like grass-hoppers after the first hard frost, and being armed only with bolos, they had depended on surprising us and cutting us down before we could bring our guns into action.

Skirmishes now became quite frequent, but the "little brown brothers" became more careful in their attacks, attempting to make use of ambushes more often than an attack in the open, for our methods differed from the soldiers in that we shot first and talked afterwards.

Leaving Lepanto province, we entered into Illocos, the most beautifully picturesque country we had yet seen. The foliage was luxuriant, giant banyan, graceful rubber trees, long beard-like masses of mosses suspended from their branches, flowers of every hue of the rainbow, ferns six and eight feet in height, mosses as thick and soft as a velvet carpet, fruits of a dozen varieties, and long stretches of waving blue grass higher than one's head, along the river side, reminding one of our Kentucky boys of the long, billowy meadow lands of his fair native State.

Here the character of the ore deposits also changed, the gold ore disappearing and giving place to granite and spar, carrying high values in native copper and black oxide of copper mixed with sulphides in the spar. The writer dug into a part of an immense ledge where the capping had been eroded by atmospheric action, and extracted a piece of pure native copper about three feet in length and from a quarter to a half inch in thickness, besides several pieces of native copper from the size of a pea to that of a marble. One piece of ore weighing some fifty pounds was broken in two pieces which hung together with wire copper running through it.

As the river here is some eight feet wide and from two to fifteen feet deep, with a fall of about two hundred feet to the mile, it is safe to predict that when the mining laws of the islands have been finally settled, and the Government permits locations to be taken up, there will be some magnificent producers of high-grade gold and copper opened up in the island of Luzon.

One day, three months after we left

Manila, three Igorrotes came swiftly out of the forest and rushed up to the writer, as the leader of our little band, and in broken Spanish said: "Insurrectos, senor, many, many, no got guns, got plenty bolos, white man chief, you run queek. We show you."

It is needless to say that an outfit was never packed in shorter time than we cinched our lay-out onto our little pack animals and started across the Agno in the wake of our guides. Half an hour's run brought us to an old, dismantled Jesuit church, the rear wall and sides of which were a part of the solid rock of the mountain into which it was hewn, the front being rock plastered with adobe, and inside on the ground lay an immense wooden door. We drove our pack animals inside and followed them, raising the door to its place and barricading it with big rocks.

At the side of the room we found a post leading to the upper story, knotched on either side to assist the climber, and up this novel staircase we went to the bamboo floored second story, where two wide open windows with casing some three feet from the floor enabled us to look down the valley whence our pursuers must come.

In about half an hour we caught sight of them, and a few moments later we counted one hundred and ten of the little brown, half starved looking "amigos" emerge from the chaparral, led by a fine-looking, stalwart, white man, who was the only possessor of fire arms, consisting of two six-shooters swung on either hip; these, with a sword, completed his equipment, while his followers were armed only with bolos of varied lengths and sizes.

He stood for a moment peering around under the burning sunlight , and then catching sight of our boys watching him, darted back into the shelter of the trees. A few moments later we saw a white rag attached to a stick waving near the tree behind which he had taken refuge. I yelled in Spanish for him to come on. The officer and one of his men stepped slowly from the shelter of the trees, and waved the white flag again, and again I called to him to advance, that we would not fire upon them, and they came slowly toward our retreat.

When within about fifty yards they stopped, and the white man called out in good English, with a slight German accent:

"Who are you, and what are you doing up here?"

I replied: "We are employees of the United States Government engaged in mapping out the mines of the island, for the purpose of knowing their location and comparative value in case the former German owners bring suit to recover their former Spanish concessions."

This statement acted on the officer like shaking a red flag at a mad bull, and he fairly foamed at the mouth as he demanded our immediate surrender.

I (though not intending for a moment to surrender) asked: "What terms will you give us?" and he said: "All we want is your guns and ammunition, and you can go to the devil for all I care."

"You see it is near night-fall," I temporized. "You must give us until morning for our ultimatum; we would not care to be turned loose in this strange country, unarmed, in the night time."

This seemed to strike the leader of the insurrectos as fair, and he said: "I will give you until morning to decide what you'll do."

He returned to the chapparal, and was so sure, evidently, of our being "scared up" at their numbers, that he marched his men out and made camp at a distance of not over one hundred and fifty yards in front of our stronghold.

I placed guards at the windows for the night and told them to awaken me at the first break of dawn. This they did, and I rounded up the boys, and we agreed that a fight was the only thing left for us if we wanted to save our heads. I posted half of the men at one window and half at the other, and said to one of my men, an old Montana prospector and dead shot: "Doc., you and I will put the first shot into the carcass of that white officer, then pick the rest off as fast as we can until they make the trees." I instructed the boys to single out three men apiece and then notified the white man I would not surrender.

One of the characteristics of the Filipino soldiers and officers is to insist on eating and smoking a cigarette before they will commence to fight, and relying



THE FAMILY HAVE GONE DOWN TO THE RIVER TO WASH FOR GOLD IN CALABASHES. PHOTO BY PRIVATE J. G. BRYAN FOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

on this, we waited patiently until they were all grouped around a dozen or more fires eating their scanty meal of rice and coffee. Then I gave the word, and the first to leap in the air, twist and fall in a crumpled mass was the white officer. Old Doc., kept on pouring the bullets into the now demoralized and retreating brownies, while between his clenched teeth he muttered: "Bet you a plug I got him in the left eye," not looking, however, in my direction, but cracking away at the disappearing bolo men, nearly half of whose number lay around the fires or crawled, dragging a broken leg or arm, toward a place of safety.

Did you ever know that men go blood-crazy during a fight? Well, it's true. All the brute in a man, be he the ignorant, brutalized product of the gutter, or the cultured, educated scion of a race of generations of the nobility—the blood of the old cave-men throws a red mist across the lapse of ages and the thirst for combat, the blood-call, springs into a devouring flame, and gamin and student, side by side, rush into the midst of the fray, shooting, stabbing, cursing, and for the time being, wild beasts, seeking what they may devour. Thus the red flame kindled in the breasts of half of our squad, and down the ladder we went, and throwing the door to one side, rushed madly out toward the forest where the uninjured and wounded had taken refuge.

I had sent two shots in the direction of a couple of fleeing insurrectos, when my friend, Doc., yelled: "Look out, Frank!" I caught the gleam of a bolo descending just in time to throw up an arm and catch a nasty cut across the elbow. Doc. dropped my man and dragged me back from the chapparal and toward the old church. The wound was soon dressed with our first relief bandages, and I recalled our men with a whistle I used for that purpose, and we were soon ready to resume our journey to the north.

Before leaving, however, we stripped the clothing from the white leader of the insurrectos, and found on the underclothing a coat of arms worked, evidently by some woman's hand in far-off Germany, and I thought with one of our Generals that "War is hell!" for doubtless some sweet-faced girl was waiting to

hear from her handsome lover who had cast his lot with these insurrectos, and she must sit perhaps for years waiting for some word from the far-off islands of the Orient, and that word would never come, and her life, perhaps, would be lived out alone, not knowing as to the fate of her lover, not knowing whether he were dead or unfaithful, never knowing the truth until the last trump should call the dead to life; but perhaps in the eternity she might learn the truth. We dug a grave, cut on a piece of pine board taken from one of our canned tomato boxes, the date of his death, and a facsimile of his coat of arms, and left him to his last long sleep.

During the remainder of our tramp we were not again molested. After finishing the examination of the country bordering the Agno river, which we found rich in minerals, dye woods, valuable timber and thousands of acres of the richest kind of soil for agriculture, we arrived, a ragged, dirty, wiser and sadder, but healthy lot, at Vigan. From this point , we took a coaster for Manila, reaching the capital just seven months from the date of our departure, having located, mapped and examined over one hundred former concessions on the Agno river, and placed in the hands of the Government sufficient data to enable them to defend successfully any action which the owners under Spanish rule may bring against the United States.



COMING FROM THE MARKET, MANILA.

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO

Fierce Battle to the Death Between a Huge Grizzly and a Spanish Bull.

AS TOLD BY MAJOR JOHN B. JEFFERY

The stories of animal life on the Pacific Coast fifty years ago had a very different flavor from those of the "nature fakers" of to-day.

The emigrant miner who came across the plains driving an ox team from Canton, Illinois, crossing the two great rivers, and winding slowly up the Platte, at a pace of ten or fifteen miles a day, finally reaching the Sacramento Valley before the snows of the Sierras set in, knows something of the friendly nature of wild animals.

It was an eight months' journey in the spring of fifty, and our minds were filled with the stories of fabulous wealth where the sands were gold on the shores of the Pacific.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Heavy to get and light to hold,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
Price of many a crime untold."

This was our daily song.



ENDING OUR long and perilous journey, we were soon members of a mining camp on the north fork of the American river, with the big Grizzly and the Black Bear as our neighbors. What astonished us most was the friendly attitude of our neighbors. They came into the camp at night, walked around among our tents and huts, and helped themselves to the scraps and would eat our supplies whenever they could find any, and then amble back up the hills as daylight approached. Night after night we heard the heavy tramp and the munching of bones, and often felt the breath of these friendly scavengers as they nosed about our sleeping places, apparently not wishing to disturb our slumbers. That's the Bear as we found him in a mining camp.

It was rarely that he was molested or interfered with, by the busy mining squads who had their pans, shovels, and picks to look after while wandering up and down the little streams and canyons in quest of nuggets. The Bear was regarded as the oldest inhabitant, and a part of the perspective, the same as the blue skies, the mountains and the summer lands. Later, war was made upon him by the rude hunter, and it was the smell of powder, and the crack of the rifle when his companion fell that made him vicious.

Life in a wild animal, like that of man, is precious, and capable of a grand struggle for existence when he finds himself pursued. It is then he throws himself heavily upon the debit side of the ledger of tragedy. The Grizzly was the first comer, and naturally, when he found that the invader was after him, contested the right of way, and in many a personal conflict he was the victor over the man with the gun. Once he was free to roam at will, but now he is a prisoner in the mountain fastness, and only occasionally is seen in the open plain. He is a good

fighter, and strictly observes the Queensbury rules of the woods, and fights to a finish and dies on the spot when defeated.

J. Ross Brown, who was with us in those early days, and was stationed on the Pacific Coast as Special Agent of the Treasury Department, personally witnessed a fight to a finish between an immense grizzly and a fine specimen of a Spanish bull.

The contest took place in the open plain near the sea coast in southern California, not far from Escondido.

We had stopped at a Spanish hacienda at the noon hour to rest our horses and refresh ourselves, and while there, the grazing herd was observed to be gathering in a circle some distance away. "A grizzly in the herd after a calf!" shouted one of the ranchmen, and he immediately started toward the herd on the run, with Ross Brown after him, a close second. When they had run some distance, they saw that the herd had surrounded the grizzly, and he and the leader of the herd were both in the ring preparing for action. The bull was pawing the earth and bellowing, while the grizzly was calmly resting on his haunches awaiting the attack. Mr. Brown hastily climbed into a wide-spreading oak, where he had a distinct view of all that was going on. Many rounds were fought in the presence of a large audience, which looked on with deep interest and in silence most of the time, but took no part. The bull was the aggressor. He advanced with confidence and charged the grizzly with his horns. The bear met the attack with teeth and paws, always aiming for the nose and jugular vein. The grizzly had no seconds or sympathizers, or rooters; he stood on his own bottom, solitary and alone, and advanced at regular intervals, whenever he saw an opening, but he never exposed his rear.

When the first blood was drawn on the bull by the ferocious and persistent assaults, it became quite evident from the roar of the cattle that the bull had the sympathy of his audience, and that they had the fullest confidence in his skill as their protector. Every time the bear made a lunge at his adversary, he suddenly drew back on his haunches, and when deeply gored, he would seize the bull at the nose and hold on for a moment, and then retreat a step or two. These intervals extended the fight, consuming the greater part of the afternoon.

At last the bull began to weaken from loss of blood, but his attacks grew fiercer, and he gored the bear with desperation, until he finally fell at the feet of the bear. Then the grizzly retreated a few steps, and both were dead. The description of this combat, as told by an eye witness, fortunately cannot be disputed by any of the "animal fakers" of the present day, even though they have unlimited space in the Sundays and Monthlys, and are exploiting their knowledge of the "tooth and claw." Our story was told, before the age when animals talked, by one who told just what he saw, and not what he imagined that other people saw.

J. Ross Brown was afterwards our minister to China. His description of the Yamen, in one of his official despatches to Washington, is perhaps the most interesting and accurate document as to details ever published in relation to the high order of learning and statesmanship prevailing in the Chinese cabinet.

The experience of prospectors in Alaska are not unlike those of our own in California. It is a well-known fact that there are persons whose kindly nature, feeling or soul, or a something about them, attracts animals to them. At least they show no fear of some men whom they meet, while from others they flee at sight. This mysterious something we often notice in dogs and horses, who show a fondness for certain persons, by whom they can be absolutely controlled, without violence. A mountain climber was one of the party who accompanied Prince Luigi in his ascent of Mount St. Elias, in 1896—a six weeks' journey on the glaciers—has a remarkable collection of photographs of wild animals found in Alaska, which is proof positive of his cordial relations with the inhabitants of the high mountains of that country.

Moose, porcupine, bear, and even the mountain sheep, with their great horns, that live in the glaciers and snow, above the timber line, posed for him at close range. Will any one who reads this imagine for a moment that our pugnacious President, with his war record among animals on the plains and in the swamps of Mississippi, could get within Kodak dis-

tance of these peaceful inhabitants of the Alaskan mountains? We think not, if they knew his record, and his relations to the rapidly increasing members of his Ananias Club. Would they not rather forsake their country and scamper out of Alaska on his approach, and seek the impenetrable mountains of Canada, and beg to be included as inhabitants of the great Zoological gardens of King Edward, that extend to the frozen ocean? There is no doubt that many of the un-hunted animals are tame, if let alone, and they fear each other more than man. The law of Wall street prevails among them, however, and the weaker is always the victim.

Only a few years ago a most estimable lady in Chicago broke her engagement to marry an army officer, because he had killed one hundred and sixty moose in two days, out of a herd that had been driven by a snow storm in the mountains down to the Yukon river.

This lady correctly concluded that a man with such unmerciful propensities as to kill helpless and hungry animals would be a dangerous companion for life, and so did the miners of Alaska, who were so indignant at his brutality that they clamored for his life, which hastened his departure.

From the journal of Lewis and Clark across the continent, made more than a century ago, important lessons may be gathered as to the habits of animals they met on the way. As a rule they were found to be peaceful, and strictly attending to their own business.

From history we learn that hunting was originally the amusement of the barbaric rulers of ancient Persia, about whose savagery in killing animals much might be written.

This amusement of fierce monarchs is to-day deemed by some as one of the virtues akin to the decalogue, but in fact it comes to us directly from the barbarities of the Roman amphitheatre.

NIRVANA?

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

Nirvana? When my soul is free?
And cries, "I am, and still shall be
When unconceived eternity
Brings forth her myriad progeny
Of cycling aeons, numberless.
And when the star-sown wilderness
Of space is void, and the abyss
Of widening Never, too, is past,
This Self, inviolate, shall last."
Nirvana? When the mind doth hold
Supremest progress to unfold
Its individuality—
Its highest hope identity?
Nirvana? When material Skies
And Earth, each, individualize?
When seeding plants infinitize?
The magic of the alchemist?
Nor weight of worlds, nor utmost might
Of man can force them to unite.
When seeding plants innitize?
And e'en the dust doth crystalize
In sphered beauty which outvies
The stars that differ each from each?
And why is matter but to teach
Laws of Immaterial—
To glimpse the realm ethereal?



PETUNIAS, GLORIOUS BLOSSOMS, THE PRIDE OF CALIFORNIA.

A CALIFORNIA PETUNIA FARM

BY M. E. DUDLEY

A FOG-WASHED summer morning, with a few sail-like clouds ballooning in the blue air. The sparkle of a still sea, lapping lazily at the base of creamy sand dunes. Fruitful valley areas, green and glistening, running smoothly to an upland slope—this is the foreground for the picture—for, located on this upland slope is a California petunia farm.

Petunias! It seems impossible that these fringed and fluted globes of beauty can be of the same race as those small, single, trumpet-shaped flowers that used to grow in great grandmother's garden.

Investigation proves their plebeian origin, for there is the same coarse foliage, exuding a viscid substance ready to catch and hold deposits which make the plant unsightly when it is grown in a dust-laden atmosphere. It has the same heavy perfume, of spices brewed in nectar. Speaking "by the book" we acknowledge petunia's ancestor to be tobacco, as its name indicates. Yet, thank goodness, we may love flowers for what they are, as there is no ancestor-worship in the floral kingdom, no heroes nor heraldry.

Petunia is native to South America, and was taken from Europe to Brazil early in the nineteenth century, and for

some years was a favorite in Victorian gardens in its original simple form and coloring. It is the wonderful skill and patience of the modern hybridist that have produced these present double forms, and these single giants whose fragrant blooms measure six inches in diameter, and whose rich colors sweep one into enchantment; they seem a veritable carpet of Paribanou.

The petunia is one of the best, hardiest and most easily grown of all border plants. It endures heat, cold, drought or wetness with equal facility, constantly producing a wealth of attractive bloom.

Many prefer the giant, single-flowering for the border, or for massing. The effect is gorgeous in the extreme when the single colors are alternated, and the brilliant blossoms go swinging in the breeze.

Although a perennial, the petunia is treated as an annual, except in the case of especially choice varieties; then it is propagated from cuttings. In California, the plants are often topped, when they will bloom every month in the year.

Petunias will thrive in any good garden soil, but for the open border they best like a moderately rich, light loam, with a sunny location, and an occasional watering; with these, one will be rewarded with an abundant harvest of fragrant, velvety blooms.

In one section of this petunia farm but a few rods square, there are no less than ten thousand blossoms of every imaginable shade and combination of color. They are ruffled and fringed, with pure, golden yellow, or wonderfully marked and netted throats. Here are some that are as double and round as snow-balls; these are pure white or with a single dash of color.

These specimens of the single variety combine most exquisite shading of yellows, reds, tints of softest rose, magenta, purple and lavender; all the colors toning and blending as perfectly as the colors of a sunset sky.

The owner of the petunia farm in question is an Eastern lady, who came to California a few years ago. Being thrown upon her own resources, she chose floriculture as a vocation. From a child, she had had the magic touch that makes plant life respond to care. She had read, studied and experimented just for the joy of the work in the days when she had leisure; now she is putting this training to use. She began on a small scale, and as



A WAGON LOAD OF DOUBLE HYBRIDS.



A SECTION OF A PETUNIA FARM.

her knowledge and experience increased, she enlarged her business, choosing petunias as her main product for the first seasons.

It has proved a wise choice, for this plant is rapidly regaining its old-time popularity; it is again seeking admission to our gardens, with the introduction of new, large, brightly colored strains. They give a wealth of bloom in bewildering form, size, color.

On this petunia farm there are types from every reliable seed house in the United States, but one turns back with ever increasing delight to the petunia, which originated in California, here on this delightful, sunny slope, under the magic brush of its womanly owner.

With infinite care she goes among her beauties, selecting and transferring the pollen from one bloom to another with tiny, camel's-hair brushes. One may find her at this task when the weather is suitable every day during each successive blooming period. In this way has been secured some of the very finest strains, and her modest price-list has found its way to the best seedsmen, and the trade is learning that what she advertises is valuable.

Having seen and admired to the full the riot of bloom and color, one gladly follows the proprietress to the seed room to learn a little of the commercial side of the petunia farm. For just a moment one is allowed to hold a glass seed receptacle no larger than a common tumbler. There does not appear to be much to interest in the tiny, brown things that fill it. One looks from the glass in hand out into the petunia fields, aglow with color; then, for the first time, comes a realization of the great potentialities lying dormant within one's clasp. Here, enclosed in these neutral tinted coverings, dwells the life that makes the petunia farm. And listen! That glass holds a commercial value most potent. Choice, hybridized petunia seed is worth more than one hundred dollars per ounce at wholesale. One sets the glass down with great and growing respect.

In the strains which this lady has originated, the seed is saved from only the very choicest stock; this is thoroughly tested before it is placed upon the market. After each seeding season, the plants are topped, and they immediately send up new shoots which proceed obediently to blossom and produce new seed.

Petunia seed is sifted through a series of fine garden sieves before it is ready for market. Though requiring skill and

patience in gathering and preparing, it is so valuable that a small plot of ground will yield a very large income.

It is well acknowledged that the petunia seed purchased from the ordinary dealer will produce but a small per cent of choice blossoms, while those secured direct from the producer furnish not less than seventy-five per cent of good blooms. The fine strains are no doubt mixed with seed of less value. For this reason, many buyers prefer slips. Cuttings hold to the type and root readily, when placed in box or border.

In going about the grounds at the petunia farm, one is impressed with the thought that not every one can make a success as this woman has done. To attain results, one must put spirit into the work; one must create, originate. In floriculture, as in every other occupation, it is adaptability, enthusiasm, determination and love for the work that brings the reward.

THE SONG OF THE BUSH

(Under Song.)

BY LOLA RIDGE, THE AUSTRALIAN POET

The Australian Bush, that remarkable land of silence, the domain of the Never-Never, has been chronicled by prose writers, who have described its weird enchantment. They have spoken eloquently of the great purple distances peopled with the murmuring ghosts of the host of dead aborigine, the babel of the forest leaves unswept by winds, the uncanny stillness that speaks as with a thousand tongues from flitting elfin shadows. Mrs. Ridge, in the "Under Song," gives us a poet's appreciation of the great Australian mystery.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The mystical, the strong
 Deep-throated Bush,
 Is humming in the hush
Low bars of song:
Far singing in the trees
 In tongues unknown—
 A reminiscent tone
 On minor keys.

Boughs swaying to and fro,
 Though no winds pass,
 Strange odors in the grass
Where no flowers grow,
Faint fluttering of wings,
 And birds' sweet vows,
 Once babbled on the boughs
Of faded springs.

The murmur in the air
 That ebbs and waves,
 Is music from the graves
Of all things fair;
And mingles in the still
 Of twilight's hush,
 With voices of the Bush
From swamp and hill.

One seeking through the hush
 Of darkness thrown,
 May hear it through the lone
Grave halls of dusk,
Low ringing in his ears;
 And ponder long
 The meaning of the song
He faintly hears.

SOCIALISM

A REPLY TO THE UNQUIET HOSTS

BY M. GRIER KIDDER

Mr. M. Grier Kidder has been for a long time a writer for the daily and weekly newspapers of the city of San Francisco. The Overland Monthly, in its quest for the best there is obtainable in the West, suggested an invasion of the magazine field to Mr. Kidder in an article on some subject to be chosen by himself. In a future number, Mr. M. Grier Kidder will contribute a vivisection of spiritualism, and later, one on Christian Science. Overland Monthly is not a partisan, and it does not sanction the very strongly expressed views of Mr. Kidder, in many respects, but it submits the articles to its readers on their merits, and as an exposition of the ideas of a man who has made the world, the men and women peopling it, a life study.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

EVERY RASCAL is Dante enough to suggest an Inferno which every fool is Dore enough to advertise. To the majority, thought is a stranger, or a white elephant, and to the variety of rascality and the vagaries of folly we owe the galloping nightmares of to-day. While castle-building is the relaxation of intelligence, it is the occupation of ignorance; the first doubts till reason convinces, the second howls: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

Socialism may be defined as faith fathered by wish, manufactured premise in labor with impossible conclusion, expectation sired by hope and damned by certainty, a will-o'-the-wisp in the cemetery of intelligence which has stampeded all the fools who were not haltered to the corpse of precedent. It is a species of emasculated Anarchy to which it is related as varioloid to small pox, harmless theory to devilish practice.

Human credulity is infinite, and if you make up your mind to believe an absurdity, you can believe it as easily as if you hadn't mind enough to doubt it. Ignorance is not necessarily the mother of devotion nor intelligence the father of doubt. Of the mind we know, relatively, nothing; literally, next to nothing. Psychologists grope their way until confronted by that veil that separates the proved from the unproved, known territory from Don't Know Land; that twilight realm of hope, despair, fear, faith, speculation, doubt and dogma. Folly rushes in where wisdom fears to tread, and to the vulgar, the Promised Land is realized by desire even if "Jordan rolls between." Mystery invites, alike, the investigation of reason and the faith of fancy.

I have never met a Socialist who could define Socialism or could believe in my definition. He seems to think that, as in theology, if you understood what is preached there would be no room for faith. Why tell me that "poverty is a bad thing!" That's stale! Or that, "Existing conditions are not favorable to a poor man!" What conditions are? or that "The trusts grab all they can reach!" Who doesn't? He deluges me with what I know and calls me a damn fool because I ask him to tell me what I don't know, and, perhaps, I am. I don't want the doctor to tell me I am sick, or that poor health is worse than good health. I knew that before he arrived; what I want to know is. how to get well.

Hypotheses are cheap, impressions cost nothing, and an unproved assertion merely calls attention to the asserter; so does a bray. The Socialist explains what nobody knows in language nobody understands; emphasized gibberish substantiating nonsense! His dream, while too complicated for analysis, is too pleasant to repudiate; he doesn't know what he has hold of, but it's too good to let go. If you try to tell him what Socialism is, he thinks you are crazy; if he tries to tell you, you are certain *he* is. He is the only missionary I have met who gets angry if you ask him to explain his creed; the only man I know of who considers you personal when you try to quench your thirst for a little useful information. No sane man looks for agreement between poverty and wealth in political economy; man is the creature of his environments, the slave of his surroundings, the essence of his association; change of state is change of nature. Nothing is naturally jealous of something; envy is the homage that failure pays to success; he that never covets never emulates.

Socialists agree that rent, interest and patent laws are iniquitous. I must pay the carpenter wages for building my house, but he shouldn't pay me rent for living in it; I pay you mule hire, but you shouldn't pay me money hire. Of course, they believe in co-operation; what poor man does not? They can't see that the truest benevolence is the benevolence that guarantees one against the benevolence of others. Poverty is not only uncomfortable; it is dishonorable; it is dangerous; there is nothing more threatening than an empty stomach; destitution is the prolific mother of temptation. Yet poverty, like bad health, is in the majority of cases self-inflicted. An unmarried man receives five dollars a day for ten years, wastes it on whiskey and other luxuries, then assails "existing conditions." And of such is the kingdom of Socialism! To wear the crown, you must first bear the cross. Wealth, like other good things, cost something; if this wasn't so, there would be no premium on good things. For my poverty I blame myself; I ate my cake; it was good, and the digestion thereof perfect. Now I console myself with the consciousness, that while Rockefeller can't eat what he likes, I could, if I could get it. I have never had dyspepsia, and under "existing conditions," I don't believe I'll catch it.

Well, suppose Socialism is realized, will our office-holders be kept honest by their love for their constituents? I asked a Socialist that, and he said that under Socialism there would be nothing to steal, and I said I thought so, too. So, you see, we agree on some things, after all. These politico-economic vertebrates lay great stress on the amount of money a man makes dishonestly, and until they have decided how much he can make honestly, the Socialist Party will remain conscientiously poverty stricken. To do Socialists justice, they are necessary in Russia, Spain and Italy; so would an epidemic be. In short, Socialism is necessary where there can be no change without improvement; no revolution without evolution. But after the Government is subverted, Socialism's solicitude should cease; the time is then ripe for those who can build up and keep up. I know somewhat of my text because I was in San Francisco when the Government was Socialism intensified by the Rev. Peter C. Yorke. We had to put everybody in jail to stop co-operative improvement. If there was ever a time when the workingman had his fling, it was then. If there was ever prima facie evidence that rascals can lead fools to the satisfaction of both, this unhappy city furnished it. It is noteworthy as being the only case on record when Socialists recognized their need of a chaplain.

As to the trusts, a trust is as useful in building up a new country as Socialism is in tearing down an old Government. But, like Socialism, the trust shows a disposition to survive its usefulness. This is largely due to the fact that men, assuming risk for profit, are naturally slow in surrendering profit for principle. Socialists say the railroads stole, if they hadn't. what would there be for any body else to steal? Suppose Morgan and Harriman are rascals, they employ thousands who are not. If the Southern Pacific pilfered land it gave us the Pullman for the ox-cart. If Rockefeller monopolized oil, he raised its quality and lowered its price. Now, which are most useful to the country—syndicates that are progressive for profit or

Socialists that are paupers for principle? I don't believe in the divinity of Mr. Rockefeller; I'm a Unitarian. I care not whether he be hypocrite or consistent deep-water Baptist; his divinity and dampness are alike immaterial to me. But in doing much for himself he has done more for millions, and any man who is not socialistically idiotic, knows I speak the truth. Periodically, some crank bewails the lack of Christlike principles in our corporations. The Beatitudes would be as much out of place in modern finance as the Holy Family's flight into Egypt by automobile. The majority of these capitalists were poor; Huntington was the son of a Yankee umbrella mender; Carnegie was poor and a Scotch Presbyterian at the same time; Rockefeller hadn't the money to buy enough oil to lubricate a gimlet; Jay Gould was penniless; Lipton belonged to the same syndicate; Harriman was as poor as a rat. But to these men poverty was monotony; appetite, lack of variety. Money was their God, and there wasn't a backslider in the congregation. Instead of worrying about others, each made a specialty of his own business. Result, concentration and its legitimate child, Success! "The tools to him who can use them!" Let him who can't, make way for him who can. Criticism of others comes naturally to the man who is honest from lack of temptation and sinless from want of opportunity. "He who never made mistakes never tried to make anything else!" Now, Haywood is Socialist candidate for President of the United States. And these are the men whose war cry is "Equality!"—whose expectation is "mutual help!" and whose dream is a Utopia founded on laziness and governed by conscience.

Conscience is, to a great extent, regulated by the absence of opportunity, and the presence of the police. No one knows the strength of his principles until it has been tested; integrity is to temptation as theory to practice, fits or misfits awaiting trial. The penitentiary is made up of the bad who didn't want to fly from temptation and didn't; and the good who did want to but couldn't. The only safe course morally is to do nothing, for he who does something is in danger of doing something wrong. Enterprise introduces its disciple to many phases of temptation to which the sloth is never exposed. The best man may be open to the criticism of the worst.

As to what a man should give away, it strikes me that this depends, somewhat, on how *he* feels about it. Every rich man is overwhelmed with appeals for help; you ought to see some of the letters I receive. Philanthropy is good to a certain extent, but most of us prize the philanthropy in the proportion that we can use the philanthropist. Looking out for another atrophies your faculties for looking out for yourself while inviting no other to look out for you. Under Socialism, of course, there would be a mutual looking out. The man who had devoted time, labor and health to acquiring something would "divy," finding his reward in the applause of his conscience.

This equality, mutual-benefit-association theory isn't new; the Spartans tried it, the Puritans tried it, *I* tried it; a friend and I agreed to share a room, he to cook one day, I another. At the end of the first month he evaporated surreptitiously, leaving me to pay rent and carrying off my pyjamas and umbrella. That cured me of "collective ownership." My only consolation is the hope that through the assistance of my cooking he has become a confirmed dyspeptic. As I said above, San Francisco tested the Altruistic doctrine. What God Almighty forgot to equalize with his earthquake, the working man evened off with his vote. The Infinite has received several valuable suggestions from this town of late.

Pensioning the aged, which Socialists advocate, has this drawback: the certainty of a future pension would guarantee nothing but age to justify it; everybody in the present would bank on the future at everybody else's expense; it would be the death blow to prudence, the blinding of foresight. Men save because they have to save; all the virtues spring from necessity. We amount to something because there is no choice between something and nothing. The poor boy works for a modest competence; that realized, habit, born of necessity, becomes second nature, and he can't stop; few men realize immense wealth with malice forethought. The poor boy has the advantage of "have to;" the rich boy the disadvantage of "already have." A faculty or organ coddled by prosperity

atrophies; adversity is the sole spur, fear of starvation the only stimulant. Under Socialism, such progress is impossible. Why should you clip my wings because *you* can't fly? A dependent family may stir a man's energy; hardly a dependent neighbor. It's the old, old story, wait for the other fellow to do something, then "do" him.

Socialism is the dream of fools, the vision of idiots, the apocalypse of lunatics. We are told that when this millenium arrives, no one will have to work more than three hours a day. Every town will have a big department store to which every man will carry a ticket to draw his rations. There will be neither class, "four hundred," nor "Newport set;" everybody will call everybody else "Tom," "Dick" or "Harry." Exclusiveness will be the unpardonable sin, and a tendency to pick your own company, social blasphemy. The elegancies of life, art, literature, painting, music, everything that liberty fosters, will be stifled in the fetid atmosphere of this moral quagmire of poverty, ignorance, equality, laziness, license, free love and intolerance. This dream is soothed by a literary lullaby nicknamed, "An Appeal to Reason," "the which if any man believeth he shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Abrupt reformation must ever be a failure. Evolution, the slow and tireless missionary, carries us gradually toward perfection, but that state of stagnation we shall never reach. Rob man of his hope for better things and he becomes a clam; keep him from going ahead and he goes backward. "Without a vision, the people perish," but the vision must paint a well-defined ideal on their horizon of hope. As we attain one ideal, we create another. Forget our ideal in contentment and we are lost! Our happiness lies in our determination to realize; realization satisfies but for a moment. Specious sophistry is the logic of little minds and a sermon with "equal division" for its text never lacks a congregation. The thirst to possess a thing is not quenched by the knowledge that another possesses it; the sanctity of ownership appeals mostly to the owner.

Man may reach that angelic state in which mutual solicitude warrants conscientiousness and sense of duty crowds out selfishness, but if he does, he will be a negative, namby-pamby bepanted nothing, good through weakness, self-sacrificing through lack of ambition. The world is unfitted for angels at present, and the brother who has all the virtues, if you do not watch him, is going to have something else that doesn't belong to him. Canada is largely peopled by runaway saints whose saintliness lacks sufficient alloy of deviltry to keep it sweet. Where individuality is, wealth is; where wealth is, security is; there is little to reassure in a community whose honesty is the necessary result of its poverty. When I discover equality in four-legged animals, I'll hunt for it in the two legged. Then why try to equalize artificially the naturally unequal? Socialists complain that the present laws favor the rich; under Socialism the law would impartially coerce everybody and repress alike budding ambition and blossoming aspiration whether prompted by money or science. A marked trait in man is to consider something new and unanswerable because he has just heard of it, and nobody thinks it worth answering. What pleases the vulgar convinces them; emotion is their thought; imagination their proof.

There is no real harm in Socialism; on the contrary it is a psychological question of considerable importance to the insane specialist. Its harmlessness lies in its want of a definition; there is no settled delusion that the patients are enabled to find and fortify, only a variety of emphasized symptoms on a fruitless hunt for a definite disease, a mania whose bewitching convictions stimulate the ecstacies of the feeble-minded to expect a heaven where milk and honey will be free, sort of "forty acres and a mule," rhapsody where house rent will cease to trouble and the lazy be at rest.

I have collected considerable data from the afflicted, partly because, in spite of my modesty, I feel intellectual by comparison when talking with them, and largely from the fact that a certain class of people insist upon finding in me congenial company. Sometime ago a man, who had broken out of the Illinois State Insane Asylum and started a paper before he was caught, wrote to me, asking for a contribution. He said that the "Lunatic Herald" would be devoted to showing that

the only sane were in the asylums and the only insane out. He also said he was a Socialist; in fact, his call to the unconverted was replete with superfluous information. And yet, he came nearer defining Socialism than any of his confreres to whom I have gone for facts; all of which I attribute to the high grade he has attained in his cult.

Only the ridiculous can be ridiculed; nothing worth living need be hedged about with laugh-proof fortifications; every fraud shies instinctively at sacrilege. The most frivolous man grows serious when the shafts of levity are launched against his sanctified nonsense; for this reason, I take it, the most benign Socialist contracts a severe mien when confronted with the irreverent. The faintest show of doubt uncorks his vials of wrath, and when he begins to erupt, there are but three means of relief, unconditional surrender, setting up the drinks, or asking him if he has paid his poll-tax. Every age has been fertile in dignified tomfooleries, and when lazy brains cease to plan work for the brainless muscle, selfishness and enterprise will have left this planet. Jealousy is vulgar emulation, and without jealousy among the great unwashed, there would be no hope of rising, for, sad though it be, aspiration is born of covetousness. To be satisfied is to be ambitionless, and before we commend a man for his contentment, let us find out whether he is above worldly ambition or whether he is below it.

I come now to the most painful phase of Socialism, its utter lack of piety, and which, I grieve to say, is apparent to the most casual observer. I have never met a Socialist whose future welfare, I feel, does not rest upon the utmost stretch of divine prerogative. He is of the earth earthy; too enthusiastically turning this world into an earthly heaven, and its inhabitants into flesh and blood angels to waste a thought on his immortal soul. In fact, under Socialism, from all I can learn, salvation is the only thing that will not be free. Nothing portrays this spirit more than the answer given a clergyman by a prominent Socialist of this city. Being asked by the clergyman if he thoughtlessly had ever committed the unpardonable sin, he replied that he "didn't care a damn whether he had or not."

After all, perhaps the most bizarre theory of improvement is preferable to abject and resigned misanthropy that considers the present merely the warmed-over past, and the future only what is left over from the present. A comforting mistake is to be encouraged if its correction be not too abrupt. The mob has been fed on falsehood so long that it finds truth as unpalatable as indigestible. Such people are naturally impatient of practical suggestions, and it is only by degrees that they can be taught that the specious is not necessarily the truthful. The curse of a republic is, everybody out of the lunatic asylum is encouraged to think himself a statesman in embryo. The most flamboyant, spread-eagled advocate for popular Government cannot fail to see that what was good for the country seventy-five years ago is not sufficiently restrictive now. We seem to think that, because a European peasant has been given the franchise, that his gratitude will do the rest, as if sudden liberty to a slave was not an invitation to license. The franchise to the vast majority of our immigrants is a newly-found intoxication fermenting into delirium. One extreme is mighty lonely till it finds another; the slave is not satisfied with his own freedom, and the man who has been delivered from one tyrant, if given the chance, will not stop short of being another. Was there ever a man or woman governing who did not need the eternal vigilance of the governed? What is there in oppression to fit a man for anything but revolution?

Witness the present howl for the "referendum." Before trying it with the country at large, I think we should test it at San Quentin and Agnews; safety is found between two extremes; liberty between despotism and license. A nation is an aggregation of individuals, and I shall not believe in the angelic nature of the many I don't know until the few I do know begin to sprout wings. Woman has been sucked into this maelstrom of Socialism and undergone an intellectual whirl that has intensified her normal giddiness into politico economic hysteria. I was speaking with one of these gyrating sisters lately, and she said what puzzled

her is, why the world hasn't found out Socialism before. Then I asked her what it is, and she was puzzled to discover that she hadn't found it out herself. Socialists have aggravated their idolatry with a fanaticism that tinctures everything they say. Like Cato of old with his *"Carthago est delenda,"* "Socialism" is never irrelevant, it is the future panacea, the Procrustean bed upon which everybody and everything is to be stretched or shrunk till it fits.

Ah, what an alchemist is distance! How she transmutes everything base into gold. The rising or setting sun shining through the vapor and dust of the atmosphere paints heaven with earthly pigment. How we dwell with rapture upon the yesterday and dream of to-morrow as distance divests them of the gross environments of to-day. But every dream ends in the awakening that introduces the dreamer to practical work. Without work there is the empty stomach, and what visions can an empty stomach inspire but visions of a full one. Alas! what a short step from the sublime revels of fancy to the stern call of imperative duty.

The safeguard of our country lies in the right of free speech; the multitude is never dangerous till silenced; forbid people theory and they will drift into practice and a Government that can't stand the criticism of wisdom and the abuse of ignorance has no excuse for standing. The "brotherhood of man" theory is on a par with the "vox populi vox Dei!" nonsense. I am unacquainted with the range of the Infinite's vocal gifts, but if it be not sacrilege to call "the voice of the people the voice of God," it can hardly be blasphemy to suggest a course in elocution to both.

A MAIDEN'S SONG

BY SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT

A maiden light of heart am I!
I know no care or pain,
My eyes know naught of rain;
My days are bright as summer sky;
With sweetest song-birds flitting by,
I prithee, truant Love, come nigh.

A maiden happy, blest am I!
My heart a song has heard;
A song of but one word.
My days have bright and brighter grown,
My song-birds caught a sweeter tone;
For Love has found and claimed his own.

* * *

Alas! a maiden sad am I!
My days are dull with pain,
With winter-chill and rain;
No sunshine in the leaden sky,
My song-birds all affrighted fly.
Love lingered but awhile—to die.

SOME RUINS OF EASTERN MEXICO

In the eastern part of Mexico lie the ruins of large cities, some of them now in the midst of dense forests, in which, before Columbus and Cortes arrived, lived peoples in a more advanced state of civilization than some American Indians of the present day. Not long ago, an archaeologist of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution was sent to this region to study some of the ruins, to find out what he could about the culture of their inhabitants, and what relation it bore, if any, to that of the mound builders in the southern part of the United States. A preliminary report of the expedition, upon which this article is based, contains many interesting and some original observations on these little-known ruins.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

ALTHOUGH IN the eastern part of Mexico lie the ruins of massive structures representing an advanced civilization at a time before Columbus, in recent years the region has seldom been visited by investigators, and comparatively little is now known of the culture of the prehistoric races that inhabited it. Several years ago, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, was sent into this field to engage in some comparative studies on these early peoples. He was to determine, if possible, whether or not they bore any relationship to the ancient tribes whose monuments are in some cases still standing north of the Rio Grande, and within the area of the United States. Although the investigations were not extensive enough to warrant a definite conclusion, Dr. Fewkes has embodied in a preliminary report just published in connection with a report of the Bureau to the Smithsonian Institution, many interesting and some original observations on what these advanced aborigines knew and did. A half dozen ruins were visited, and a large number of archaeological objects studied.

In regard to the early history of the region, Dr. Fewkes says:

"When Hernando Cortes disembarked his little army of invasion in what is now the State of Vera Cruz he found it inhabited by aborigines of comparatively high culture. The inhabitants called themselves Totonac, and their territory was known as Totonocapan. The conqueror was not long in discovering that the Totonac were subjects of Moctezuma, a great ruler in the mountains to whom they unwillingly paid tribute, and that they chafed under his yoke. Shortly after landing, Cortes visited their settlements at Quiauistlan and Cempoalan, near the former of which he laid the foundation of a city that he called Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, the Rich Town of the True Cross. He was well received by the inhabitants of these cities, making friends with those above mentioned and thirty other dependent pueblos, whose aid greatly facilitated his march to the interior of Mexico. But this friendship of the natives of Cempoalan and their settlements for Cortes was not shared by all the Indians of the Mexican gulf coast. In the valleys of the Panuco and Tamesi rivers, that is, in what is now northern Vera Cruz and southern Tamaulipas, dwelt the so-called Huaxtec people. They had populous towns, having reached a high degree of culture, and they had never been conquered by the Aztec. At first they resisted the Spaniards, but subsequently were subdued by Cortes and their main city, called Chila, situated on the Panuco river about 15 miles from its mouth, and

certain other settlements on lagoons of the Tamesi near the present pueblo Altamira, were destroyed. The survivors of these villages who escaped slavery or massacre fled to the mountains, where their descendants, bereft of ancestral arts, lost much of their culture and settled in new localities."

One of the most important of these forgotten cities was Cempoalan. At the time of the Spanish conquest early in the 16th century it was so striking a metropolis that it excited the admiration of the Europeans, and from its many temples and large buildings was called Sevilla. Its streets and plazas were said to have swarmed with people, one student estimating its population at 30,000. After the conquest, it declined rapidly, and the number of its inhabitants so dwindled that in 1580 an authority says there were only thirty houses in which people lived, and in 1600 only one or two still remained on the old site, most of the survivors having been distributed into new congregations by the all-powerful Viceroy. The adjacent forests and exuberant tropical vegetation rapidly grew over the deserted buildings of the once populous city, so that in a few generations it had become a place of the past.

Thus it remained until not a generation ago a Mexican lady, a collector of land shells, called attention to these ruins of a past civilization hidden in the forests. An investigator was sent out, and in 1891 the Mexican Government had a survey made of the vast buildings and models constructed for exhibition, which are now in the National Museum in Mexico City. Since then, however, they have again been practically neglected, so that Dr. Fewkes' party, in order to make a study of the ancient abandoned city, was forced to cut its way through the forests with machetes.

They found guarded by underbrush the fallen remains of a metropolis over a mile square, but the main buildings, and those best preserved, were crowded into a limited area. On every side in this neighborhood, if vegetation permitted, were encountered evidences of former human occupation. Not only did mounds and pyramids rise on all sides, but plastered walls and fragments of concreted road-beds lined with rows of stones set in cement, not unlike curbs, were seen.

Dr. Fewkes says:

"So far as can be determined, the four buildings of old Cempoalan now standing are pyramids, the bases of former temples. They are constructed of a concrete core made of water-worn stones laid in lines one above another and faced with concrete. Wherever this superficial covering has fallen, especially on the stairways, rows of stones are clearly seen. The surfaces of these buildings were originally highly polished, so smoothly that it was supposed by one of the soldiers of Cortes that the walls were covered with plates of silver. These walls were decorated with yellow and red paintings, traces of which are still visible, especially in places not exposed to the weather. Two typical forms of buildings are represented in Cempoalan, one circular, the other rectangular. Both types have stairways with massive ballustrades on one side."

On one of the largest of these massive foundations rose the Temple of the Air supposed to have been dedicated to the Plumed Serpent, or God of the Air. Around it are crowded many smaller mounds, indicating houses once possibly inhabited by priests. A quarter of a mile distant among closely built walls now in ruins, probably near the center of the city, stand two massive pyramids, one known as the Temple of the Fountains or as "Chimneys," and the other nameless. Not far away down a ruined avenue is one of the best preserved buildings, called Las Caritas, or "Small Heads," from the many small pottery heads found at its base, apparently having fallen out of the walls. Another pyramid called the House of Moctezuma, and a group of structures around a plaza, together with these, are practically all that stands of the former city.

Usually associated with Cempoalan was a city called Quiausitlan, and in connection with its people, who moved to another site, was founded a town called Vera Cruz, where now "the remains of crumbling walls and the little church mark the oldest settlement of Europeans on the continent of America."

A set of ruins called Xicochimalco, not far from the present town of Jalapa,

on the route of Cortes's march inland, was visited by Dr. Fewkes. In this region were found a series of large angular mounds of earth enclosing a courtyard now planted with bananas and coffee. They are different from the neighboring ruins, and many stone objects found near them are not like the Aztec relics of the locality, so that there remains the possibility of their having been the homes of some peoples prior to the Aztecs and of a higher standard of culture.

Not many miles away lay what was left of still another ancient town, with pyramids and fallen walls of buildings studding the slope of a hill and stretching out over a plain below. A large stone idol was still in place in front of a temple.

Other pueblos and pyramids both ancient and modern in the eastern part of Mexico were examined, notably the pyramid called the Lightning, near Papantla. In this connection it is stated:

"The modern pueblo, Papantla, situated in the midst of the vanilla zone of Vera Cruz, is a community of Totonac Indians among whom survive many ancient customs. One of the most interesting of these is the game of the flyers, which was once widely distributed in Mexico. In this play, men disguised as birds, mount to the tops of upright poles, and attaching themselves to ropes, jump into space, seeming to fly through the air. It would appear that this game has preserved in Papantla some of its ancient vigor, and that the performance here retains much that is more or less ceremonial. An old woman, the so-called witch, makes offerings of capal, aguadiente and a fowl, which are placed in the hole when the pole is put in position, and various minor rites are performed during the several days the ceremony continues."

Many curious idols, stone yokes, sling stones, paddle-shaped stones, bowls and clay images, were examined in connection with the habits and customs of these forgotten early peoples to determine, if possible, just what they were like.

In drawing conclusions, until the region has been more carefully studied, little can be said with authority, but the archaeologist points out that the manner of structure of some of the pyramid temples resembles that of others farther south, and that the nearest northern analogues must be looked for in the Mississippi Valley. He says:

"The Northern Indian of certain parts of the Mississippi Valley bore somewhat the same relation to those who built some of the mounds as the surviving Totonac and Huaxtec do to their own ancestors who erected the temple mounds of Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas. The present culture of the survivors of the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley, however, and of those of the Tamaulipas region is very different from that of their ancestors."

In what is now Indian Territory, before the Europeans came, the tribes that built mounds had changed their mode of life to a roving one, and therefore it is hard to tell whether they were related to the peoples of Mexico. In any case, so much of the region about the Rio Grande has been unexplored archeologically, that definite conclusions may not yet be drawn and cut and dried descriptions may not be made as to the relationship of the mound builders of Louisiana to those of Eastern Mexico.



THE TEXAN

BY DONALD KENNICOTT

The "Texan" is a story of the West, that West that is slowly but surely becoming little more than a memory. It is a pretty story, very simply told. Mr. Donald Kennicott has caught the local color, and his characterization of his big hero and the delightful muchacha, his diminutive heroine, appeal to our imaginations. What other ending than the right one and the "loving ever afterward," could come to so simple a tale of love at first sight?—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



AMPBELL MELOY, lord of a dozen square miles of fenced gamma-grass, of six hundred grade Herefords, and of a spacious bachelor's domicile, lowered his field-glasses, clambered down from the roof of his house, and—swore. It was indeed a matter quite beyond the milder forms of speech. That a Mexican should drive a flock of sheep through a Texan's fence, to pasture on a Texan's gamma-grass, was bad enough; that he should live to repeat the offense was maddening; that he should dare a third trespass was unthinkable. Yet there they were—little white dots scattered all over the southeasterly corner of his pasture.

The Texan saddled a horse, picked up a rifle, and then paused with his foot in the stirrup. What was he going to do? One couldn't very well shoot a decrepit old dotard such as this fellow was. At the first trespass a couple of weeks since he had abused the old fellow roundly, and had driven him off; the second time he had shot a dozen or so of the sheep by way of warning—and the wretch had sat him down with a dead sheep in his arms, and wept. Now what was one to do with an old fool like that?

Certainly the sheep must be gotten out of there; perhaps this time they would be in charge of some one upon whom he could retaliate. Yet on the contrary, when he arrived on the scene, he found them not tended at all. Not a man in sight, though the field-glasses swept every bush for miles. There was no help for it; he, Cam' Meloy, must herd sheep, a deed more degrading than murder or theft. He spent an unhappy forenoon in driving the woolly idiots out of his pasture, and a couple of miles beyond; then riding homeward, he made up his mind. He would set out for town that very afternoon, finding out to whom these sheep belonged, and if needs must, invoke the aid of the law against this curiously unassailable intruder.

Just at sundown that evening, as the Texan was unsaddling his horse beside a brackish little spring, half way to San Obispo a faint scuffling noise startled him. Whirling about, he beheld a white burro limping painfully toward him, beaten at regular intervals by an obscure figure that trudged in the dust behind. A moment later the white burro was drinking noisily from the pool, and there had appeared from out the dust a slim young girl, dressed gaily in green, her jet black hair bound up in a flaming yellow silk kerchief. Yet her raw-hide sandals were broken to tatters and her cheeks were tear-stained; and when Meloy stepped forward with a gallant greeting, she only muttered an indistinct reply, and set about relieving the burro of the two wicker hampers that burdened it. Coming to her aid, he found the baskets very heavy and very fragrant.

"Que es?" he asked.

"Chabacan," she answered listlessly. *"Albaricoque*—how you say—apricot?"

She offered no further explanation, but knelt and proceeded to hobble the burro.

The beast pulled away, squealing, and as the Texan caught it and lifted up the little hoof to tie the rope, his face turned grave.

"Sure don't need no hobblin'," he remarked shortly, and pointed to the swollen fetlock. "Mesquite thorn," he added, taking out his knife after a momentary examination. "Clear to the bone. He can't travel again for a week. Where you goin' with them apricots?" He turned to the girl, to find her tears flowing afresh.

"*Aie,*" she moaned, rocking back and forth, "but I mus'. Mi papa ver' seek. I take chabacan to town; sell heem; buy doctor, buy med'cina. Mi papa ver' seek."

Meloy whistled softly. "Why, girl, it's a good twenty miles from here to town. Where you live?"

"Mesa de Vaca." She pointed to the high, level line of the mesa to the West.

Again the Texan whistled—twenty miles more. He eyed the girl questioningly for a moment, and then without further comment, set out to explore the vicinity, his eyes fixed on the ground. Laden with three pieces of dead buck-horn cactus, one devil's head ditto, and a heaven-dropped bit of cracker-box, he returned half an hour later, to find the disconsolate maiden sitting composedly on the ground, her serape folded decorously about her shoulders, dust and tears all washed from her cheeks. Beside her on a flat stone, the yellow silk kerchief was spread as the cloth for a feast—a little yucca-leaf basket of apricots in the middle, and on either side of it three tortillas. Gravely, she motioned to him to sit down.

"Them sure does look fine," he responded, haltingly, in great fear of offense, "but don't you reckon coffee and side-meat would be more strengthenin'? You-all's got hard travelin' ahead."

Abstemiously she waited while he prepared his contribution, and then, in the roseate twilight of the plains, they supped together solemnly.

"What your name?" Meloy asked, as he took the last apricot from the basket, broke it in two, and replaced the larger piece.

"Leonor'," she answered sleepily, her eyelids fluttering. Then holding up her head, she elaborated with emphasis: "Leonora Jesusa, Maria de los Mercedes, Demoron."

Abashed, the Texan relapsed into silence until presently her drooping head and slow breathing told him that she slept. Lighting a match, he regarded her placid features until the flame flickered out. "Poor little devil," he muttered, and rising, dragged forward his saddle. Timorously he placed it under her head, and spread his blanket over her; then tip-toeing to a boulder on the other side of the spring, he seated himself on the ground, pulled off his boots, and leaning back against the boulder, proceeded to roll the inevitable cigarette. The midnight moon revealed him in the same position, disconsolately smoking the last of his tobacco.

Cramped and chilled to the bone, he rose with the first light of dawn, brought up his horse, and after a repetition of the evening's search for fuel, prepared breakfast in careful silence. He then went to awaken his friend Leonora, but found her on her knees, occupied curiously with a string of beads, and so had to retreat to the other side of the pool until she saw fit to join him. She brought with her another tiny basket of apricots, and giving her fellow-traveler a shy "*Buenos Dias,*" she exchanged it for the tin cup which he offered her, and seated herself on the ground beside him.

Breakfast proceeded in silence. Stumbling awkwardly on three legs, the burro came up to the pool and drank; then with one gigantic ear cocked forwards, he stared them steadily in the face, the impersonation of Dilemma. Meloy finished his coffee, took out his cigarette papers, and frowning in perplexity, rolled one after another into tiny, futile spirals.

"I reckon it's a case of pack and walk," he muttered at length, and rose briskly to his feet. Roping together the two wicker hampers with his lariat, he threw them over the back of his astonished pony, and then, after adding his blankets and "war bag" to the improvised pack, he turned to Leonora. "*Vamanos,*" he called; and taking his hand, she trudged off at his side, smiling as if all trouble were banished from the world.

That night, Campbell Meloy, stepping delicately in the high-heeled boots which had made his day of pedestrianism one of torture, appeared among the tables at the Golden Eagle Saloon, bearing a wicker

hamper slung on his shoulder. He marched up to the faro table, and handing a diminutive basket of apricots to his friend, Mr. Turtle McIlhenny, explained succinctly:

"This here fruit is bein' sold for a friend of mine that's walked forty miles to get help for her sick dad. I reckon it's worth about a dollar."

The Texan pocketed a dollar and pursued his foray of extortion.

Two hours later he appeared at the "livery corral," hired a two-seated vehicle with four mules, and drove them to the residence of the town doctor—only to find that worthy somnolent from one of his periodic attacks of the morphine devil. Nevertheless, a doctor was a doctor, and Meloy bundled him, feebly protesting, into the wagon, collected in a sack all the bottles and instruments he could find about the place, and packed them in with him. Proceeding then to the boarding house where he had left Leonora, he found her standing before the door, in earnest conversation with the parish priest. The old padre would come also. He was acquainted with the father of Leonor'; for a year the old man had been dying, and it would be an ill thing if he were now to get away unshriven. Ten minutes afterward the little party of four drove out of the little town in the moonlight, on the long, forty mile drive to Mesa de la Vaca.

The sun had risen when they came to the winding road that led up to the mesa from the plain below; and it was nearly noon, when at the direction of Leonora, the Texan turned the mules up a weed-grown trail, and pulled in before an old, white-plastered house, shaded by a pair of mulberry trees. Except for the dull humming of bees in a tiny alfalfa meadow, there was no sign of life about the place. Leonora led the way in, and running to a door at the end of the house, pulled it open, and then on the threshold stopped suddenly.

Over her shoulder the men looked into a low, dark room; on a shelf in one corner was a cheap lithograph of the Virgin, a brass crucifix and a guttered candle; beneath, among disordered coverlids, the face of a man was visible, the glassy stare of the open eyes telling plainly that aid had come too late. The doctor moved quickly to the window, pulled aside the serape which darkened it, and turned to the bed. Mumbling prayers, the priest dropped to his knees, and with a little low cry which seemed of fear as much as of grief, Leonora turned to the Texan and clung to him. But Meloy, who had recognized the face among the coverlids as that of the decrepit, trespassing shepherd, averted his reddened countenance and would not look at her.

Yet just before sunset that evening, when he had completed a rough box of boards torn from the roof of a shed, he sought out and found the priest sitting on a bench under the mulberry in front of the house.

"Padre," he said, seating himself also, "hasn't she got any folks?"

The priest shook his head. "Julian Demoron came here fifteen years ago from Chihuahua, bringing a baby with him. He has never come to confession. It is not known that he had relatives."

"What's goin' to become of her?"

"*Solo sabe Dios.* There were some sheep that may be sold for her support. And it may be that I can find employment for her in some family."

The Texan refrained from pursuing the inquiry further, and sat there silently, drawing patterns in the dust with the toe of his boot. The darkness deepened, and suddenly Leonor' appeared, a slender, breathless figure, fleeing from the darkness and the stillness within. She dropped on her knees beside the gentle Texan, and clutched at a large, warm hand with two tiny cold ones.

"Ver' bad here," she said, slowly, after a moment. "Where we go now?"

"We?" the Texan queried, "You want to go with me?"

She looked up at him with a wan shadow of a smile, nodded, and then flushing suddenly, hid her face in his coat.

"I reckon, then," said the Texan, patting her shoulder, "that to-morrow we'll go in to town along with the Padre. And next day we'll go out to my place—just you and I."

TOLD BY THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS

BY HENRIETTE ROTHSCHILD KROEBER

GOLDSMITH justly said:

> "A bold peasantry,
> the country's pride,
> When once destroyed,
> can never be supplied."

He meant all that appertains to rural life, untrammeled and in sympathy with nature in her many moods and conditions. There is really no more homeful spot than an Indian rancheria, with its unkempt inhabitants and homes that seem to have just grown out of the very spots on which they stand, and that time is surely wiping out. Once let storms, winds, snows or rains lay waste these picturesque homes, and the Indian moves to other quarters. The site remains, but no trace of life can be found in the old place, and no human hand can again rebuild the little village. It "can never be supplied."

The California Indians have selected some beautiful sites, and we owe the exploring scientists much, for they have made it possible by word and picture to conjure to our minds the child-like belief the aborigines have in their legends and myths. As civilization lays its hands on these "Red-skins" and they move to towns, leaving their river and mountain homes, their outward way of thinking changes. Yet they cling tenaciously to their aboriginal teachings, and often, when properly handled, will tell story after story which sheds light on their past history and enable us to appreciate how keen is their love of ancestry, and how freely their imaginations play. The following was picked up at a little rancheria in the heart of the Sierras.

An Indian and his wife became tired of living in their little home at the old rancheria, with no change of surroundings whatsoever, and of the food consisting of acorn meal and the various changes to which this lends itself. Waksachi did not care to be the one to suggest leaving, for fear, if the venture should not be as pleasant as anticipated, his woman would hold him responsible ever after. The woman grew more restless daily. Waksachi noticed this, and although not surprised when she asked leave to speak to him, feigned great astonishment when she said:

"Man, let us gather up our belongings and move to another part of the country. We have no children and all our relatives are dead. Why should we bind ourselves to this rancheria? Listen to my council and let us go, and you will find that you can work and become prosperous elsewhere. Then, too, will we meet new faces and once again be able to eat meat."

The husband, just for effect, remonstrated and argued against her, but finally was over-ruled. Both set to work seriously, and in less than twenty-four hours they had all in readiness for departure.

They bade their friends good-bye, and with a "Good luck to you" from the whole assemblage, started on their journey. Light of heart and happy in anticipation of the change, they little minded the rough road nor the great heat. Every mile passed over was one nearer to their new home. At noon, overcome by hunger, they decided to make a short stop. They unbridled their stock and sat down under a shady oak. She prepared the acorn mush, and both ate of it heartily. She told Waksachi she was sure that by night-fall they would have bagged game. But he was a little doubtful, and his only reply was a shrug of the shoulders.

When man and beast had rested sufficiently, they again started. Waksachi turned back longingly as though he knew that he should never look upon these mountains and rivers again. And anxious as she was to leave the old stamping grounds, tears rolled over her coppered bony cheek when they stood on the ridge that was to separate the new and the old

land. Each tried to hide the already growing regret from the other.

She was the bravest, and giving her horse a heiho and a loose rein, made the descent into her mind's promised land. The landscape changed. Vegetation became scant, and where in their land trees spread out hospitable branches for their shelter, great cold, barren boulders stood upright, and, as the sun sank, cast long shadows across the trail. At times deep caverns could be seen worn into the mountain sides, and as the Redskins picked their way, either he or she would recall some tale that they had heard. After sun-down, Waksachi thought it best to find a shelter for the night, and as by magic his horse stopped directly at the opening of a large cave.

There they would spend the night, and here they would chant to the Great Chief for aid to lead them into the land of plenty. They built a log fire to keep off the bears and other prowlers, for even though armed, they were not courageous. In fact, the woman was fearful and disappointed, and abused her man until he dozed off.

The night air was uncannily still. Every breath they took was audible. Of a sudden she became all excitement and gathered herself together. She was sure she had heard some one call. Listening attentively, she again heard the call, and was convinced that it was not her imagination, but in all likelihood a messenger sent to them in answer to their invocations. She shook her man and called him to task for his lax ways. Again the clarion call—ah, it was the owl. She said to her husband:

"Answer, yes, call in the same way."

He did her bidding. She told him that the owl was sent so that he could shoot it and they could eat it, and know once more what meat tasted like. Fearing he might not return, she entered the cave to bring him his bow and arrows, giving him strict instructions to continue his answers to the call.

Again and again Waksachi imitated the hoot, and was finally rewarded, for the owl lighted on the only tree within shooting range. The firelight guided the Redskin, and he shot. Aiming precisely and directly, he killed it. The woman ran to pick it up. She was voracious; she smelt blood, and was not satisfied with one bird; so she told him:

"Do it again! Another one will come."

The call worked wonders, and even though the owl knew that its mate had been killed, it, too, lighted on the tree. Again it was brought to earth.

The woman urged he man to continue his calling. But he said:

"It is enough now. The Great Chief will be angry with us for being greedy and immodest in our desires, and will punish us, for when wrathful, he knows no mercy."

She laughed at him. She said he was a coward and unless he hoot she would do so, and would also use the bow and arrow. No man likes a woman to challenge him, nor does he like to let a woman believe she is the stronger. So he called again. His wife said:

"They only come at night. We do not know when we shall have meat again. If you call enough we shall have meat for a long time, and you will be satisfied to have followed my advice."

His hooting brought many owls. Every limb of the tree seemed weighted down by their numbers. There were more and more of them. He shot, but more came. At last all his arrows were gone. The woman went into the cave for more, but her attempts to find more were vain, for there were none left. Waksachi rested. He was exhausted.

Forthwith the owls came closer and closer, and attacked first the woman, for she had caused him to call and shoot. He tried to fight them off with sticks from the fire, scorching and burning them, but all to no end—he was one against numbers. He covered his wife with a basket and kept on fighting. He was her natural protector and must do his best even though she had been the cause of his merciless treatment of them. The birds hooted, and more and more owls came. At last, after hard fighting, they killed both Waksachi and his wife, the tempter and the tempted meeting a common fate.

And the spot where all this transpired is pointed out to the traveler as he goes over the trail, and the rustling leaves of the lonely tree still hoot as did the owls and Waksachi.

STUDYING MAN'S PHYSICAL GROWTH

Physical anthropology deals with the physical structure of man—what he was, what he is, and what he is likely to be. It is based upon extensive measurements of the various living groups of mankind, of skeletons and skulls with their brain spaces, and of the remains of all extinct races of men, running back into the apes and the monkeys. As a separate science, it is one of the youngest. This article summarizes the views of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the U. S. National Museum, one of the few American physical anthropologists, on what his science has done, the handicaps in its way, what it is doing, and what can be done toward foretelling and influencing the future growth of mankind.—EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

MAN HAS always been interested in himself. He has taken delight in finding out what he can do physically and mentally, what is good for him and what is not, and what can be done for him in order to improve either his individual condition or his condition as one of a great family of animals. In general the study of mankind is called anthropology.

For purposes of investigation, the study of man has been divided by those engaged in such researches into physical and cultural anthropology. Cultured anthropology deals usually in a comparative manner, with everything that has been done or can be done in the industrial, economical and social development of mankind. Physical anthropology treats, also in a comparative manner, of the structure of man, his past development as an animal, the influences that affect his physical growth, and the lines along which he is likely or may be made to develop in the future. Strange as it may seem, physical anthropology, as a separate science, is one of the youngest. Even now there are not many men of science to whom the term physical anthropologist might be applied—investigators who give their whole time to the study of these questions of the structure of mankind. In the United States there are fewer than in the European countries. Among those in this field is Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the United States National Museum, who not long ago completed exhaustive investigations of all the recognized remains of the so-called early man in North America. His conclusions, that to the present day on this continent no human bones of undisputed geological antiquity are known—thus challenging the claims of many noted finds from the Calaveras skull to the Nebraska "loess man"," attracted attention.

Dr. Hrdlicka recently summarized what has been done, what is being done, and of much wider scope, what it is still possible to do through investigations of this sort.

What Physical Anthropology Is.

In the name of physical anthropology are conducted investigations to determine what man was physically, how he is today, and in what direction he is likely to develop in the future. Such investigations are conducted, when authoritative at all, by exhaustive systems of measurements and comparisons of living beings, and of skulls, brain spaces and skeletons. Data thus obtained and calculations based on them are then used to determine the average and the range of variation in form of one race of men and women, the white race, for instance, which in turn are placed alongside of similar figures taken from the black race, the yellow race

or the red race, and their differences scientifically determined. Such measurements of men of the present day may then be considered in relation to very early remains dug up in Southern Europe or the skeletons and skulls of anthropoid apes, to find out just what changes have taken place since man became man. From considerations of this sort, when thoroughly worked out, it may be possible to tell in what direction we are growing.

But measurements of the structure of present man are also very useful in determining the organic characteristics of exceptionally capable men or physically defective human beings such as chronic alcoholics, epileptics, idiots and criminals.

The Beginnings of Study.

The beginnings of study in the field of physical anthropology were obstructed by many barriers of religious beliefs, Governmental restrictions and even police regulations. The first book in what might be called this field, was published, however, as early as 1655, by Peyrere, under the title of Preadamites." Another appeared in 1699 by Tyson called "Comparative Anatomy of Man and Monkey." Linnaeus in 1735, in his cornerstone of science, the "Systema Naturae," gave a foundation upon which to base physical anthropology by considering man for the first time in connection with living creatures in general. Not until fifty years ago, however, did students of man begin to get together. A petition to the Prefect of Police to organize a society in Paris was flatly refused, but no law being found to prevent the assembly of less than twenty persons, eighteen were allowed to meet at stated intervals in the presence of a plain dressed police officer, to see that nothing was said against Government or religion. After that, anthropological journals began to be published, and finally the study of man in general was divided so that man's structure became a separate branch of the subject.

What Has Been Done.

The imperfect knowledge of anatomy for this purpose, the lack of full collections of material, of properly trained men and of publications on the subject, have handicapped investigators, yet much has been accomplished. Physical anthropology has directly advanced general anatomy, especially in regard to the skeleton and the brain, and has contributed to zoology, general biology, and other natural sciences. It has established the physical knowledge of races and many of their subdivisions. It gave an impetus to search for remains of early man, and determined the physical characteristics of the finds; it actuated and largely carried out the study of man's development from his very beginning. It brought about physical investigation, and through this a vast improvement of our knowledge of the criminal and other defective classes. It led directly to the practical systems of identification of criminals. It took part in and promoted the studies in human heredity, variation, degeneration and racial intermarriage. It added to the knowledge of the functions and pathology of the human body and especially the brain. It furthered vital statistics, and it has already begun to assist other branches in pointing out, on the basis of gained knowledge, ways toward the safeguarding and improving of the human race.

What Is Being Done.

What men engaged in research of this sort are aiming to do now in order to tell in general what the man of the future will be like, and perhaps to look out in a way for his needs, has been summarized by Dr. Hrdlicka. They are completing a study of the normal white man living under average conditions, and of the complete range of his variations, to have a firm standard of comparison. They are perfecting the world's knowledge of the structure, function and composition of the primates, or apes and monkeys. They are determining the development and variation of man's structure and composition as far back as they can. They are comparing one race with another, drawing more closely the lines of demarkation of one race from another, and studying the effects of intermarriage on offspring. They are attempting to find out the effect of extremes of elevation, climate, foods, habitation, occupation and customs on the structure of man. They are testing the

physical characteristics of men mentally below the average. They are studying the effect of surroundings on the growth of children.

In America.

In America proper, investigations have already contributed in no small way to the study of child growth. Energies may also be applied not only to discovering the details of the first appearance of man on this side of the water, but in the present day to the problem of the characteristics and racial relations of the Indian and the Eskimo, the physical assimilation of the new families of the white race immigrating to America, the development of the negro element, and the effect of the mixture of the white with the negro and Indian, and to questions of a similar nature arising in regard to the Philippines, Hawaii, Samoa and our other possessions.

In general, the ultimate aim of the science of physical anthropology is, on the basis of accumulated knowledge, and together with other branches of research, to show the tendencies of the future development of man and to lay down indications for its possible regulation or improvement.

SEA CUCUMBERS

AN ANIMAL THAT LOOKS LIKE A PLANT

The results of a thorough scientific study of two families of small marine animals commonly called from their appearance sea cucumbers, which are published by the Smithsonian Institution, have brought to light interesting details concerning their structure, powers and habits. Although these odd creatures are found in nearly every part of the world from above low water mark to two miles under the sea, to the present, comparatively little has been known about them. They vary from a quarter of an inch to a foot in length, breathe by taking in oxygen through all parts of their bodies, and when parts of their bodies are cut off, they are able to reproduce them. They look stationary like plants, but it has been found that they can travel at a speed varying from one-twentieth to a quarter of an inch a minute.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



EA CUCUMBERS are not plants, but small marine animals that look very much like the land growth from which their popular name is taken. Although their manner of living is a peculiar one, until lately comparatively little has been authoritatively known about them. Two families of them, officially called the synaptidae and the molpadiidae of the special scientific variety of apodous holothurians, which means sea cucumbers without tube feet, have been the subject of thorough research by Dr. Hubert Lyman Clark, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge.

These animals, ranging from a quarter of an inch to a foot in length, according to their species, are sometimes of a shape not unlike the plant from which is derived their colloquial name, sea cucumbers —but with flowery tentacles at one end. They are often of bright colors, and their shade, like that of many birds, insects, fishes and other animals, is usually determined by the color of their surroundings —as in this case by the corals and seaweeds among which they live. Thus in Jamaica they are of the reddish brown

prevailing among the submarine growths off that island, and off Bermuda they are of a bright green hue.

They are found, however, in all parts of the world, from above the low water mark to as deep as two and a half miles at least. They appear to be most abundant southeast of Asia, and scarcest west of South America. Though they flourish in tropical waters, many genera are found in Arctic and sub-Arctic regions.

They seem to have, as a whole, three separate modes of life. Some live in burrows which they make for themselves by swallowing and working aside the sand and mud in their way. Some hide under stones and in similar protected places. A third group loaf out their existence among corals and seaweeds. Why they should hide, however, is not known, for as far as can be discovered, they have no enemies.

A feature of their life, if the mode of their existence may be called life, is the almost prohibitive rate at which they are able to move. They get along by a contraction and expansion of their bodies, and by the aid of liquids inside of them, at about a twentieth to a quarter of an inch a minute.

Their method of breathing is by taking in oxygen through the skin of all parts of their bodies, mainly through their tentacles. They have no true circulation in their blood system, and their so-called blood merely serves to carry nutrition throughout their bodies.

Their senses are extremely simple. They have touch, particularly in their tentacles, and the character of the object touched is appreciated to a limited degree. By sight they can only distinguish between light and shade, and experiment has shown that some such sense as that of taste or smell is possessed by some species. They have no sense of hearing, but they can tell whether they are going up or down. They have nothing which can be called intelligence, and though it is practically impossible to prove, they probably have no pain.

If parts of their bodies are cut off, as in similar submarine animals, those parts will grow out again of their own accord, and only by cutting entirely all the tentacles, which are the most vital part of their bodies, will the animals be killed.

BANJO SONG

BY STACY E. BAKER

De ol' 'jo sing dis song tuh me—
"Heigh, O, mah gal!"
Gwine ter wuk some time, I be—
Ol' Marse Possum quit he tree,
Then I wuk tuh get him, see?
"Heigh, O, mah gal!"

De ol' 'jo sing all fru de night—
"Heigh, O, mah gal!"
I done go out tuh see de sight—
Ol' Boss Coon an' de houn'-dog fight,
But de ring-tail run an' de ol' hoont bite;
"Heigh, O, mah gal!"



AUCKLAND, "THE CITY OF WHARVES." COASTAL SHIPPING DOCK, NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND

THE DOMINION OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

SOME PICTURES IN THE LAND OF ALP AND GEYSER

PROBABLY NO land washed by the seas of the Pacific, not even Japan, carries greater interest for the traveler than the islands of New Zealand, a country lately promoted to the dignity of a dominion of the British Empire. This outermost warden of the English flag occupies a unique position on the world's map, lying near the middle of the greatest oceanic area on the globe, and its physiography and its indigenous fauna possess, too, features of a unique character. It is a remnant, geologists say, of the old, old southern continent that once extended perhaps nearly to the coasts of South America; a long-buried continent where tropic forest bloomed and gigantic struthious birds roved, but where now roll the waves of the loneliest of oceans.

"New Zee-land," the old Dutch cartographers called it when they mapped "Skipper-Commandeur" Abel Janz Tasman's discoveries in the great South Seas from his sketch-charts of two centuries and a half ago. The name perpetuates under southern skies the memory of the half-drowned coasts of the Netherlands, but this New Zee-land was a very

different country to the low, flat birthland of the Dutch navigator. Long and high, with mountain peaks that rise to regions of perpetual ice and snow, with islands and coasts of the most irregular and picturesque form, this isolated country down in the South Pacific is as unlike the land of dykes and windmills as it is possible to conceive. Tasman, who was despatched on his exploring cruise to the Pacific by the Dutch East Indies Government in Batavia, Java, in 1642, first named it "Staten-Land," after the Dutch States, but as "Novae Zealandia," or New Zealand, it soon came to be known. After all, though, New Zealand is not at all an inappropriate name. It is truly a "New Sea-land"—a lofty land uplifted from the wastes of the most romantic and mysterious sea that ever the old high-pooped galleons and barkeys of Spain and Holland ventured into; those quaint old ocean wagons, with their tall lanthorns, their sails piously painted with crosses, and their gilded sterns with saints' pictures, and their little sprit-sail masts sticking up from sharply-steeved bowsprits. New Zealand's scenery and its life are largely of the sea.

Long bright arms of blue water stretch far up among the hills, long tidal rivers carry the salt sea for miles and miles inland and provide grand waterways; beautiful islands like great hill-and-wildwood parks are strewn about the warm seas of the northern coasts; and in the south, immense deep sea fiords push their way through narrow ice-carved water-canons, with tremendous perpendicular walls, lifting sometimes quite a mile into the air, until they end abruptly at the foot of huge mountains, whose indomitable steepness and sternness are only redeemed from utter and overpowering gloom by the wondrously lovely garment of moss and fern and clinging, flowering shrubs that the humid climate fosters in these strange regions of the far South. A Sea-land that is breeding a true sea-faring, sea-loving race, too. No part of the country is quite



MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND.



MT. COOK (12,349 FT.), HOOKER RIVER, SOUTHERN NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

eighty miles from the coast. In some places the coast-settlers are half-farmers, half-sailors; they can run a motor launch or sail a cutter, and build one, too, as well as hold a plough or fell a kauri-pine; the sounds and estuaries and mangrove-fringed sea creeks are their high-roads.

Not so long ago, New Zealand was a very wild country, the most inhospitable and dangerous land that any unfortunate sailor could be cast away upon. Its soil was fertile, and its shore aspect pleasant; its forests harbored no beasts of prey, but it was peopled by the most desperately savage of brown-skinned races, the Maoris, who ate human flesh and cut off many an unwary ship's crew. Eighty or ninety years ago, every vessel from New South Wales or further afield that ventured to the New Zealand coasts to trade with the cannibal inhabitants carried guns and small arms as for a voyage through pirate seas, and lay at an anchor with boarding nettings up. No law but Maori law—the law of tomahawk and musket—ruled in the islands of New Zealand until sixty-seven years ago, when the wild new country passed to the British Crown, under the Treaty of Waitangi, signed by most of the great Maori chiefs. Yet for many years after this the white man really only lived in New Zealand on sufferance, the uncertain toleration of his Maori neighbors, who would have swept him from the islands, had a few tribes combined. To-day, behold what a few short decades have wrought! Not only have the brown and white races changed places in the domination of Maori Land, but the white has succeeded in hewing and building the one-time Cannibal Islands into a peaceful, happy, prosperous State, from which the newness of pioneering has passed.

In other countries these changes have been the slow and gradual accretion of century upon century of a steadily growing civilization. Here the pioneers builded quickly. Men still living saw New Zealand when not a European town or village stood upon its shores, except one or two rowdy bay-town ships, where whaling crews came for three main "supplies" of the rough old whaling days—wood, water and temporary Maori wives. Many of the



HELL'S GATE. THE INFERNO. PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND, TIKITERE.

earliest settlers were indeed not a very reputable lot, and if they sometimes lost their mess number, and made a meal for some tatooed Maori, it was perhaps a fate that fitted their deserving. Amongst them were some good stock, the traders for Sydney firms and leaders of the whaling parties, whose names to-day are borne by half-caste descendants. But they were merely coast-squatters; their concern was with the sea. The men who were to develop the great waste country that lay behind the coast ranges did not come till 1840 and later. English, Scotch and Irish, they were the best of their breed. It has been said that a nation's best sons are those who leave her to go across the seas for their fortunes; at any rate, young New Zealand got the pick of the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic stock in her early settlers, who from 1840 to 1870 sailed half the circumference of the globe in search of a freer and bolder life than the old land afforded. And it took a stout heart to seek New Zealand in those days, when the passage from London or Liverpool or the Clyde meant a three or four months' voyage in a crowded "wind-jammer" with none of the luxuries of modern ocean travel. But there lay the land of promise that from so far away seemed so fair. Even from Nova Scotia some of them came, the founders of the Scottish Highland settlements of Omaha and Waipu in North Auckland. Those strenuous times of the pioneer seem very remote, so rapidly does life move in a new country. Life in New Zealand is more settled, more pleasant. Indeed, the transformation of the colony from a war-ravaged wilderness into a strong, confident young civilized state has been nothing short of marvelous in its speed. Peace, a fertile soil, a good climate and regular seasons of plenty, have all contributed to the general prosperity, and it must not be forgotten that New Zealand enjoys another blessing that is an important factor in the satisfactory condition of the Dominion to-day, a good, stable Government, which makes the welfare of the farmer, the worker and producer its particular concern. Consider the output of this remote little country. Little for its white population is less than

a million; but then in a land where the immigrant population has been subject more or less to a process of careful selection nearly every man is of account, an effective contributor to the common wealth. Seventy years or so ago, New Zealand gave nothing to commerce beyond trifles like the dressed flax fibre from the *phormium tenax* (the native hemp), and the pigs that the trading schooners from Sydney obtained by barter from the Maoris in exchange for muskets and powder, blankets and rum; *kauri* spars; oil and bone from the whales that abounded round the coasts and sealskins from the far south. But for the year 1906-7, New Zealand exported produce to the value of close on twenty million pounds sterling ($100,000,000). The total value of her manufactures and works was probably near twenty-five million pounds. The farms of the Dominion produced wealth to the estimated value of £20,000,000, of which amount some £15,000,000 worth was shipped to foreign countries—chiefly to England in the form of wool, frozen meat (mutton and beef), butter and cheese. Of gold, over £2,000,000 was mined and exported; up to date the Dominion has produced about £70,000,000 worth of gold. The country is by no means dependent upon one or two staples. The sheep-runs, the dairy farms, the grain districts, the forest, the mine, the fisheries, all send their quota. Less than thirty years ago, New Zealand relied chiefly on its wool, and next on its gold mines for its commercial well-being. Up to 1880 a slight rise or fall in the price of wool on the London market made all the difference in the world to the struggling colony. But the refrigerator revolutionized things. Twenty-five years ago some enterprising South New Zealand meat men, with many doubts and fears, sent the first shipment of frozen mutton to England by one of the sailing ships of the Shaw-Savill line fitted with freezing chambers. That old ship was the pioneer of a great industry. To-day there are more than forty ocean-steamers, with from 5000 to 12,000 tons register engaged in part in carrying frozen mutton, lamb and beef, besides dairy produce, to the United Kingdom. The ex-



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. A PICTURESQUE AND DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED CITY.

port trade in meat—the best mutton and lamb in the world—is worth, say £3,000,000 a year to the Dominion. The wool that the Dominion's twenty million sheep carry on their backs is still, as it always was, the commodity of most value—last season's clip was worth more than seven and a half millions sterling, but it is no longer the one big item.

Of the four large cities of New Zealand, Auckland, the northernmost, and for many years past the New Zealand port of call for the San Francisco mail steamers (which have for the present ceased running), probably holds the greatest attractions for the traveler. It occupies one of the most beautiful sites to be found in the world. Sitting on a ten-mile wide isthmus, where the Hauraki Gulf and the Manukau harbor almost cut the North Island in two, it rests a hand on a harbor on either side. The isthmus was the Tamaki-makau-rau of the Maoris—"Tamaki-of-a-hundred-lovers"—called so because of the tribal contests waged in ancient times for the possession of its rich volcanic slopes and flats, where the semi-tropic esculents grew to perfection, and its fish-teeming bays and creeks. To-day it is a lovely land, this Tamaki-makau-rau, with its profusion of foliage and fruit and flowers, its pretty homes, its green garden lands, and its great parks covering the crater topped hill-cones wonderfully scarped and terraced in tier after tier of earth works by the Maori warriors of other days. The city and suburbs are spreading out right across the isthmus; in a few years' time the borough of "Greater Auckland" will extend from the Waitemata to the Manukau. Seawards on the east and north the eye sweeps over a land-and-water picture of uncommon beauty. The sheltered outer gulf is strewn with high wooded or grassy islands of picturesquely broken outlines, with blue triple-peaked Rangitoto Island swelling evenly up in the sweeping lines of rest that tell of its volcanic origin, and standing sentry-like high above all. The mainland bends in and out in rounded knoll and tree broidered headland and sandy bay; the long silver harbor of the Waitemata bends in sharply from the outer gulf and washes the curving city-front, one of the finest in the world.

Some Travel Districts.

Auckland province is a beautiful and a wonderful land, from its surf-beaten "Land's End," where the Maori "spirits' leap" dips down to the restless kelp-strewn sea, down through the delightful North Auckland Peninsula of balmy airs and sub-tropical fruits, of orange groves and vineries, land of a thousand white-beached bays and bays within bays, long tidal rivers, highways for timber vessels, and astir with all the lively business of the kauri-timber men; down to the Hauraki's many islanded seas and the jumbled and scarred golden hills of the Coromandel and Thames and Ohinemuri; southwards through the farms of the Waikato and the once "tapu" King Country, where the hero of the New Romance, the pioneer with his axe and plough, is breaking in the land; down to Taupo's blue inland sea that lies in the Island heart like a huge tank of sapphire, with the Olympic mountain trio of the Tongariro National Park mounting guard over its southern shore.

And the fuming wonders of Geyserland, the past year has witnessed quite a revival in activity of some of the most famous of the geysers that have helped to make the name of Rotorua a world-celebrated one. One or two of the great geysers in the Whakarewarewa Valley, close to Rotorua town, had been quiescent for some time; one, Waikite, was apparently extinct; it had not played for over ten years. During the past winter, however, it suddenly burst into life again, playing in a beautiful fountain from a tall, terraced mound of glittering silica, and simultaneously with its revival there has been increased activity on the part of the other geysers in the district even down to Tokaanu, at the Southern end of Lake Taupo. These grand boiling fountains are to-day pretty well as active as when Dr. Ferdinand Hochstetter first penned his wonderfully accurate description of New Zealand's Geyserland over forty years ago.

Rotorua, the pretty lake-side town from which one explores these valleys of wonder, is a very pleasant summertime holiday nook. Nearly a thousand feet above the sea; and just within the northern fringe of Wonderland, it is only a few hours' run by rail from the City of Auckland.

Stretching far to the southward is the Thermal Springs district, terminating a hundred miles away in the volcanic peaks of the Tongariro Mountain Park. Around Rotorua runs a rim of wooded ranges, rising gently from a circular depression about ten miles in diameter, the deepest part of which is occupied by a beautiful blue lake. The town stands at the southwest corner of the lake—a well-built place, with numerous hotels and a score or more of boarding houses, electric light, a good gravitation water supply, and fine, wide, tree-shaded streets. You have not alighted from your train before some of the peculiar characteristics of the place are borne in on you. The air is delightfully clear and crisp, but with the breeze from the lake comes the whiff of sulphurous fumes that tells you this is Hot Spring Land, and dotted over the landscape there are white jets and clouds of steam that at first glance you would almost take for smoke rising from a hundred scrub fires.

A strange, uncanny spot is often one's first impression of Rotorua. The newcomer naturally marvels at the bizarre environments of the town where hot springs plop and gurgle close by the townsmen's gardens—and sometimes even in them—and where the realms of Pluto and Vulcan seem uncomfortably near the surface of the earth. The sulphuretted odors wafted from the multitudinous boiling springs are sometimes more insistent than one would desire, yet it is surprising how soon the visitor becomes accustomed to this characteristic of Geyserland, so used to it, in fact, that he misses it when he takes train again out of this queer region, and often, too, will not be content until he once more renews his acquaintance with the fascinating land of hot water and sulphur.

Of the wonderful medicinal waters of Rotorua—waters of healing for tens of thousands of sufferers—there is not space to tell here. The invalid who thinks of visiting the springs cannot do better than procure one of the Government balneolo-



SHEEP COTE OR PENS, MASTERTON, NEW ZEALAND.



IN A KAURI FOREST.

gist's brochures on the mineral waters of New Zealand. Without doubt it is one of the unrivaled spas so far as its supply of natural hot waters is concerned. Incredible quantities of highly mineralized water flow from the hot springs of Rotorua and Whakarewarewa and neighborhood, and but a fraction of these are as yet scientifically utilized.

A particularly interesting spot in Geyserland is Whakarewarewa, the home of the Tuhourangi Maori tribe, two miles from Rotorua town. This place teems with strange sights—geysers, immense cauldrons of boiling water and boiling mud, blue springs, yellow springs, brown springs, black springs, boiling lakelets, cliffs of pure alum and of sulphur, and silica terraces that glitter like chalk or snow in the sun. Here are to be seen the most beautiful of all the New Zealand geysers, Waikite and Pohutu and Wairoa, which throw fountains of boiling water from fifty to a hundred feet into the air, besides several smaller "spouters." Sometimes all three are playing at once, or at very short intervals of each other, and the visitor sits entranced for hours on his vantage-ground overlooking this wonderful stage of Geyserland, watching the bursting forth of the ever-marvelous *puias* with their pulsing spurts, their upheaved lofty jets, their cascades of warm rain and glittering spray, and smoke-like clouds of rolling sulphurous vapor. Very beautiful, too, are some of the great ever-boiling pools of clearest water, such as Alfred Domett word-pictured when he wrote of

> "* * * A great sapphire steaming
> In the coralline crater gleaming;
> Upwelling ever, amethystal,
> Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal."

A twenty-mile radius from Rotorua embraces the most wonderful thermal phenomena in the world. Most remarkable of all excursions is that from the town out to the Rotomahana-Waimangu zone, where the traveler traverses Lakes Tarawera and Rotomahana in the Government launches, and on marvelous Rotomahana feels the thump of sub-aequeous geysers against the keel of his motor-boat. The geyser-pitted

cliffs of Rotomahana, despite the splashing and seething and boiling waters, are gardens of ferns and bright shrubs, and over all is spread a delicate veil of steaming haze that glorifies these bluffs of Wonderland with a strange ethereal beauty. Other interesting water-sheets are seen—Okataina, the "Laughing Lake," with its rocky battlements and its richly-wooded shore, Tikitapu, the sacred, of a pretty turquoise blue, dragon-haunted in Maori legend; Rotoiti of the white sands and fine old forests and rich blue waters; those bush-bound gems of Lakes Rotoehu and Rotoma—and many another beautiful lake and tarn. For the Land of Geysers is also the Land of Lakes.

Southward again are regions of beauty and of wonder. There are a multitude of fascinating geyser districts beyond the Waimangu belt; some close to the highway, others hidden in deep ravines or in the green hollows of the *manuka*-clad hills and seldom visited except by the Maoris. One of these weird yet beautiful spots is the geyser valley of Orakei-Korako, where the deep, dark blue Waikato river sweeps swiftly through a bold defile, bordered by countless boiling springs and some active geysers, and by remarkable sinter terraces of chalky white and vivid crimson and yellow, which descend even to the eddying surface of the river. Another marvelous place is Wairakei—between Orakei-Korako and Lake Taupo—with its boiling springs, its wild cauldrons and its feathery geysers.

Taupo, the largest lake in New Zealand, is a magnificent sheet of deep water. Not far from its southern shore the great volcanic peaks of the Tongariro group lift their heads; the steaming heights of Tongariro, the wonderfully symmetrical cone of Ngauruhoe, with its huge, ever-smoking crater, 7,500 feet above the sea, and Raupehu, 9,000 feet high, the King of the North Island Peaks. These mountains are now a great national park, and are a fine summer climbing ground.

All this Geyserland is a grand region for the angler. In the Rotorua district, trout are caught literally in tons during the fishing season. Big rainbow trout, ranging up to and over twenty pounds in weight swarm in these lakes and streams; and trolling from oil-launches and boats is a favorite method of fishing. Various minnows are used with success; about 30 fathoms of strong line are required, mounted in the ordinary way on a rod and reel. Oil launches have proved the most successful for trolling purposes. Every



THE CANTERBURY FIELDS REMIND ONE OF THE BIG AMERICAN FARMS IN THE DAKOTAS AND THE STATE OF WASHINGTON AND CALIFORNIA. AMERICAN HARVESTERS ARE IN USE IN NEW ZEALAND.

day, during the seven months' fishing season, these launches may be seen out with fishing parties. The launch moves along at slow speed until a cry of "Fish!" announces a rainbow trout on the hook, and the boat is immediately stopped for the exciting fight between angler and fish. But the splendid fish of the rivers south and east of Rotorua give even better sport. An English angler who last season fished the Tongariro river, flowing from the mountains into Taupo, had such magnificent sport with the big, heavy trout of that river that he pronounced it by far the best fly-fishing he had ever enjoyed, and he had fished in all parts of the world. The beautiful Waikato river (of which the Tongariro is the source) abounds with big rainbow trout. The Rangitaiki river (a day's drive from Rotorua) is becoming a favorite fishing place with over-seas anglers, producing as it does splendid fish of phenomenal size. Lake Waikaremoana—a beautiful mountain lake 2,000 feet above the sea, a day's coach drive from Wairoa, Hawkes Bay—also carries grand fish, which, like those of Rotorua, scale anywhere from five to twenty pounds.

Another fascinating travel-route is that along the great winding canon river, the Wanganui, where one voyages for day after day through magnificent water-gulches and embowering forests and gardens of great fern-trees. The Wanganui is indeed a dream of sylvan loveliness. There are long, calm, mirror-like reaches, alternating with numerous rapids. Steamers and oil-launches trade up and down the Wanganui, which is navigable for 140 miles from the sea. In this distance there are over 100 rapids. Down these the riper craft shoots with the speed of a railway train. Very different is the up-river trip. The Maori canoeist laboriously pole up the swifter reaches and the rapids. The steamers climb the more difficult rapids by hauling themselves along with a wire rope, which is laid down in the channel and picked up and taken to the steam winch when the foot of the white water is reached.

Then there is Taranaki, a particularly beautiful province, girt by its curving coast of black iron-sand beaches. Taranaki's physical character combines charm of landscape with fruitfulness of soil in a high degree; the two in fact seem almost interdependent, for the very feature of the province that gives it its supreme quality of scenic grandeur is also the great source of its productiveness—the splendid mountain peak of Egmont. Lifting away up to the clouds in a gracefully tapering white spearhead, its gentler slopes covered with forests, its massive base falling gently away into the "rich blue goodness" of the well-wooded and well-grassed pastoral lands, Egmont is, indeed, as it looks, the mountain father of the province. Far removed from other high mountains it stands alone, commanding and enriching all that goodly region that curves in a sweeping half-moon of coast line round from Waitara in the north to Patea in the south, a snowy land-mark for the sailor a hundred miles out in the Tasman Sea. It is as shapely a volcanic cone as Teneriffe or Japan's sacred mountain. The Maoris revered Egmont; and the white settler, too, has come to love it; he may well do so, for it is on the good volcanic soil that comes from its slopes that he fattens his sheep and cattle, and makes his prime butter and cheese; on Egmont's woody sides rise the innumerable beautiful springs, streams and rivers of the purest, coolest water and that make the province the best watered in New Zealand. From the railway line that traverses Taranaki province there is easy access to the mountain, and there are four mountain houses for the convenience of tourists and climbers about half way to its snowy summit.

The South Island.

The South Island has no geysers or boiling lakes; the scenery is of a more majestic, more severely Alpine character. There is the 300 mile long Alpine range, with its summits never free from ice and snow, where the glaciers plunge down in some places to within a few hundred feet of sea-level. An English Alpinist recently wrote of New Zealand's Alpine chain: "There, indeed, a glorious field is open for the mountaineer; a range which, with a snow level of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, reaches 12,000 feet, and has the glaciers of the Alps, the forests of the Caucasus, and the fiords and waterfalls of Norway all brought into the closest juxtaposition."

This great saw-edge of icy peaks, a long white wall, is the biggest national recreation ground the Dominion possesses—a free indomitable wilderness, where the tremendous forces of nature are supreme, and where man must exert his utmost powers of skill and courage and resource and perseverence if he is to scale the great backbone of the land with its snowy peaks rising ten and twelve thousand feet into the sky.

To the Mt. Cook Hermitage, the Government Tourist Department's hostelry in the heart of Alpine-land, one goes from Timaru by rail and motor car and coach—a good one-day run through a fine wide, breezy pastoral country and past the shores of two large glacial lakes, Ohau and Pukaki. The ranges between which the Hermitage stands forms the portals to some of the grandest of all ice and mountain-scapes. On the east and south the valley is walled in by the Sealey range, rising almost sheer from the plain for three thousand feet, and culminating in the cone of Mt. Sealey (8631 ft.) Northwest the vision is bounded by the majestic ice-hung crags of Mt. Sefton, towering cliff on cliff for more than ten thousand feet. Further away, but towering over all the Alpine chain, is magnificent Aorangi (or Mt. Cook), 12,349 feet, a gabled giant of black rock and blazing ice fields. The enormous amount of glaciation is perhaps the most wonderful feature of this mountain land. The largest of the many great glaciers close to the Hermitage is the Tasman, 18 miles long and two miles wide, and perhaps a thousand feet deep—a truly enormous ice river, considerably larger than any in the Swiss Alps. The Tasman fills the floor of a great Alpine valley, walled by mountain peaks rearing their glittering crests ten, eleven, twelve thousand feet skywards. A marvelous sight, too, is the Hochstetter Ice-fall, a tremendous frozen cascade broken up into fantastic pinnacles and spires and cliffs, a precipitous glacier 4,000 feet high and a mile and a half wide. The Hochstetter descends from Mt. Cook into the Tasman, and the junction is a wonderfully wild scene of squirming compressed ice, mountain-like moraines, and glittering frosty walls. Crossing the Tasman, some beautiful ice-caves are seen, some with the loveliest blue streams and wells in their pure crystalline depths: deep *moulins* blinking an exquisite quivering purple, ghostly blue crevasses and castellated and peaked *seracs*. In the spring and summer time the mountain slopes around these glaciers are wild gardens of Alpine flowers clothing the rugged slopes for miles and miles with a blaze of white and gold.

High up in the Tasman Valley are two convenient and comfortable little mountain cottages, the Ball Hut (3,400 feet.) and the Malte Brun Hut (5,700 ft.) each a two-roomed iron structure, stocked with provisions and bedding for the use of Alpinists. These are easily reached from the Hermitage, the Ball Hut on horseback, and the Malte Brun by a glacier walk of about 8 miles beyond the Ball. From these huts numerous glacier and mountain excursions are open to the climber.

Other South Island scenic pilgrimages include the coach routes over the southern Alps by way of the Otira Gorge and down through the forested canyon of the foaming Buller; the green garden lands of Nelson and Marlborough and Akaroa; the still unconquered forests and snow-rivers and the wood-belted lakes of the famed land of gold and green stone, Westland, that narrow tenuous province jammed betwixt Alps and ocean, stretching for 250 miles down the West Coast of the Island. South, away on this West Coast, there are some particularly glorious sights, the great glaciers of the Franz Josef and the Fox, which descend from the Alpine heights right down to within the borders of the flower-decked forest, less than 700 feet above sea-level.

Then further south the great lakes, very deep and very clear and cold, fed by icy streams and occupying the winding beds scooped out by glaciers ages ago. There are the thick and noiseless and mysterious forests, where seldom man disturbs the eternal stillnesses, and where great beards of white and gold moss hang from the ancient fern-matted trees, beneath which the singular flightless birds, the *kiwi* and *kakapo*, have their hiding places.

Most lovely of all lakes is Manapouri, lying close to Te Anau. This beautiful water-sheet, 23 miles in length, is as

many-armed as a star-fish, is the deepest lake in New Zealand (in some places its glacier-gouged floor is nearly a thousand feet *below* the level of the ocean), and is dotted over with little fairy islands, nearly forty of them, all wooded to the water's edge. Around its shores rise great mountains; the snowy Cathedral Peaks in some places lift almost perpendicularly above the dark purple waters for more than four thousand feet.

And, last of all, but finest, the Fiordland National Park, that colossal wild domain of peak, forest, canyon, lake and waterfall—covering more than two million acres of the southwest corner of the island, with its cyclopean indents, the Sounds. Here the vistas of forest-filled Alpine canyons are quickly succeeded by tremendous ice-carved sea-fiords, where the cliffs lift straight up for three thousand, four thousand, five thousand feet above one's head. In some parts, the ice-carved sides of Milford Sound rise nearly a mile in the air, lifting in some places so straightly as to apparently lean over the deep blue-black waters impressively, insistently majestic.

WESTERN LAND

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Oh, Western land, oh, Western land,
Where last the day's sun shines;
We love thy hills and foaming rills,
Thy leagues of stately pines.
We love thy long slopes reaching down
From fadeless crests of snow
To meadow sod where blossoms nod
And waving grasses grow.

Oh, Western land, oh, Western land,
Of mingled frowns and smiles;
Of canyon stark—and hidden park
Where ev'ry inch beguiles.
So stanchly poised with arms which hold
Vast treasures scarce yet seen.
Thy proud head high in turquoise sky,
Thy feet amidst the green.

Oh, Western land, oh, Western land,
Of bounding blood, and red;
By peak and vale onleads thy trail
For those of fearless tread.
And who shall elsewhere take his way
That once thy trail has pressed,
Must ever yearn, and dream return,
To thee, oh, magic West.



The Last of The Pack.



BY C. NELSON MILLER

Mr. C. Nelson Miller, the author of "The Last of the Pack," has given us a nature story possessed of a great deal of vigor and showing a deep insight as to the habits of the wolf. Mr. Miller enlists your sympathies for the four-footed brigand, and before the last act closes and the curtain goes down, you catch yourself admiring the last of the pack in his brave fight against stupendous odds, for life.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.



LONG, LOUD and mournful came the high-pitched, quavering howl of a wolf. Borne on the night wind, as it went whistling through the leafless branches of autumn wood, the sound echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, then falling with the gale, developed into a succession of spiteful yelps, and gradually died away into silence.

In the sombre forest where fantastic shadows played, and dead leaves rustled at every touch, there was a wild scurrying of many small feet pattering over the dead vegetation that lay ridged in fluctuating heaps under every tree and shrub. Self preservation was the first law among animals to-night, and long before the harsh, discordant cry had been hushed by the stillness the wily denizens of darkness were fleeing away to the most remote recesses and nooks. Even a fat porcupine so far forgot his native dignity as to make undue haste up a dead sycamore.

It was the night before Christmas, the time of year preceding the first heavy fall of snow. From behind a mass of filmy clouds the moon peered, casting a weird, ghostly light on the earth. Great banks of snow clouds lay piled along the horizon ready to sweep across the heavens and sift their fleecy contents on the wooded height, penciled in dark relief in the background. At the edge of the valley where a low range of hills begun and extended to the West, sat the wolf beneath the creaking boughs of a gnarled elm on a low hummock of earth, the legendary grave of an Indian brave. A solitary owl from the hollow of a gigantic oak hooted in derision at the disturber of the solitude, while small coyotes watched him furtively from safe distances ready to vanish at a moment's warning helter-skelter from view as quickly as though the earth had opened and swallowed them.

He had just come from his home in the side of an almost inaccessible hill by a path of many intricate windings which led around limestone boulders covered with a network of vines and with a final zig-zag down a steep declivity opened into the valley through a fissure in the rocks.

He was the last of the pack. The one-time leader of a breed of great size and strength that infested the region a half-

dozen years before. One after another his companions went down before the unerring aim of the pioneer huntsmen or fell victims to traps and baits until only he alone remained a robber and an outcast. Haughty and defiant, he would stalk in the moonlight up and down the long stretch of valley or skulk through the blackness of night to some sheep-fold or hen house. When the house-dog gave chase, he would scurry away with every evidence of fear, crouch behind some bush, and with bared fangs spring upon the wretched mongrel when he came raging up, and rend him to pieces.

For years his sly cunning and subtle treachery kept him from the death that lurked behind every tree. Many a hunting party trailed him all day long with dogs and guns, only to find him as elusive as some will-o'-the-wisp, or perhaps perceive a shadowy form regarding them in the gathering dusk from some lofty hill, which always glided away untouched by the shower of lead sent after it by the over-zealous marksmen. But his day was almost past. The long night was coming on that would remove him from the old haunts forever.

Since the beginning of cold weather, food had become extremely scarce. Live stock owners anticipating his intentions, had taken every precaution to guard against his foraging incursions. With sheep sheds closely locked, pig stys strongly barricated, and every poultry house for miles under lock and key, it was a question of only a few days when he must push his way toward the setting sun to find a new hunting ground or perish of slow starvation.

To make matters worse, a fortnight before, while prowling in the wood in search of food, he came upon two wild-cat cubs playing at the foot of a large tree; when he attempted to make a supper of one—all unconscious of the mother's presence, she sprang upon him from the branches above, and a desperate fight ensued. At one time such a struggle would have ended in his favor, but enfeebled from age and long abstinence from food, he was barely able to defend himself against her sharp claws and teeth. His clutch on the throat that had destroyed the life of many an enemy was broken, and with one bound the bob-cat sprang away, and followed her frightened kittens up a large spruce, making the night hideous with her raucous spitting, leaving the wolf to limp away, torn and bleeding, and for the first time conquered.

For two weeks he remained in seclusion, sallying forth at intervals to find what food he could obtain in the vicinity of the big hill, which was indeed scanty, as game had almost forsaken this part of the region. Since his encounter with and injury by his female opponent, he had subsisted on rabbits and a few miserable grubs. But what were these to one whose hunger was never satisfied, and who was even now famishing for food. Only tempters to whet the appetite and send the blood coursing madly through the veins in a fierce desire to hunt and kill. To-night it must be food or to-morrow's light would find him mad with his own misery.

Intuition told him there was no food in this part of the country for a fugitive and an outcast, whom everyone's hand was against. But far away he would journey to the vast wilderness of the West, where he could live and hunt unmolested by men. Yet one more night he would tarry, then the old scenes would know him no more.

Once again his long, lithe body was in motion, passing over the ground at a graceful canter. By a wide detour he skirted a settler's cabin and passed through a field of corn stalks fluttering dismally in the evening breeze. Then over meadow, bare and brown, to a sheep fold some eight miles away.

After crossing a small creek, he paused, and sniffing uneasily around an oak log, sprang at a fat possum. But the cunning little animal tantalizingly disappeared within the hollow, when his gaping jaws were almost closing around it. Once snugly inside his wooden fort, the contented possum gazed at his wolfship with such a look of satisfaction in his small, beady eyes that the former gave up in despair. A chill wind racing around the log pierced his gaunt frame, causing him to shiver and quickly decide to move on.

Leaving the river, he crossed the valley and was soon in the upland, stealing noiselessly along a high rail fence. Involuntarily, he paused; from somewhere came

the dreaded smell of a human being. As quick as a flash he dropped in a corner and lay so still it would have taken more than an ordinary observer to distinguish him in the gloom for a log or stone. A man with a gun slung carelessly across his shoulder climbed the fence within six feet of where he lay and passed down the hill. But not until long after the sound of footsteps had passed from hearing and the stillness all about unbroken by any sound, did the motionless figure arise from its crouching position.

Years of experience and narrow escape had taught him the story of the death that followed in the wake of those small, leaden messengers which hustled through the air with such an uncomfortable noise.

A half-hour's traveling brought him to a barn and sheep sheds enclosed by a high stone wall, over which he vaulted with as much ease as though it were but a foot high. Before him was a long, low building, with wide stone sides and ends, a low roof covered with brush and thatched with long grass from the marsh. Around and around he trotted, sniffing at every crevice, whining softly, and pausing occasionally to listen. Once he fancied some one was coming, but it was only the wind rattling some loose board on the barn.

Leaping upon the roof, he scratched away the frail covering with his eager paws, and dropped down among the terrified, bleating flock with a ferocity born of starvation. He seized a large ewe and buried his stiletto-like teeth in her throat. Hither and thither fled the terrified flock, vainly endeavoring to escape; yet one after another he slew them, and gloatingly drank their blood. In his wild intoxication he had thrown caution to the wind, and was utetrly oblivious to the fact that a new actor had arrived to give a new aspect to the scene. Outside was heard the sharp, quick bark of a dog. Before the wolf could escape, the aperture in the roof was darkened. A large, black bulk dropped to the floor, and a powerful mastiff closed with him. With all his old-time zeal and courage, the old fighter arose to the emergency.

This time, however, his enemy was no cur ready to flee at the first assault, but a thorough-bred whose nature taught him to fight to the bitter end. Under his terrible onslaughts the wolf's lean flanks were soon crimson with wounds inflicted by the now thoroughly aroused mastiff. Taken at a disadvantage, he would spring high above the dog to evade his terrible rushes, and alight squarely on his back, only to be shaken off as lightly as a feather. Fighting in silence, broken only by an occasional growl from the dog, the battle might have been taken for a friendly scuffle as the two enraged beasts rolled over and over. But the contest was too unequal to last long. The wolf's efforts to clutch his burly opponent's throat had proved ineffectual, while the latter was certainly getting to the weak side of him at last.

Suddenly the dog seized his foe's hinder limb and crushed it in his iron jaws. The intense agony caused the wounded animal to writhe, until, bending his body nearly double, he secured almost by a miracle a firm hold on the mastiff's throat. His long, slender teeth, as sharp as needles, sank into the jugular, causing the canine to release his grasp and thrash about the narrow enclosure in a vain attempt to extricate himself, but his efforts were futile, as the wolf no longer assumed the defensive, but content with the advantage gained, held on with an inexorable grip that was slowly choking him to death. His eyes no longer held the fire of battle, but started from their sockets, and a wheezing sound came from his throat. Less and less frantic came his efforts as the steel jaws of the wolf closed tighter and tighter, until within twenty minutes after the commencement of the struggle the dog lay on his back dead.

Not till every vestige of life was extinct did the wolf release his foe and spring through the door, which had been forced open by the frightened sheep. From the direction of the house came the sound of hurried footsteps, and a confusion of voices. Darting forward, he reared high to clear the wall, but exhausted by the long struggle and the pain of a broken limb, he landed, instead, on the top, where he paused for the fraction of a second. The instant's hesitation, however, proved his undoing. Before he could drop to the outside, two jets of red fire spurted out of the darkness from the opposite wall, and two sharp reports, sounding in quick succession, split the air with startling dis-

tinctness. A multitude of buck shot thudded into his starved frame with force enough to knock him from the wall, sending a million pains racking him from head to foot like knife thrusts.

Lurching from side to side, he fled away from the perilous spot at a faltering, uncertain gait, but one that carried him beyond pursuit and brought him in half an hour to the summit of the hills bordering the low lands along the stream. The moon had long ago set behind the clouds, and great flakes of snow had begun to fall in whirling, eddying blasts. One thought only remained in his flickering brain—to gain the protecting shelter of the big hill. His long lope was becoming more shaky at every mile, his tongue lolled out, and a red mist danced before his eyes. Several times he ran against trees with such an impetus that the shock flung him to the ground, yet staggering up, he pressed on.

Suddenly a white, winding streak loomed out of the distance and floated across his blurred vision, appearing to glide in undulating motion in and out among the pines and hemlocks, then lose itself among a labyrinth of trees. It was moving toward him; he was almost upon it. Yet he did not fear it. He would spring upon it and die fighting.

Ah, it was the river. Now he was on its glassy surface, and the sound of the soft ripple of the water around the rocks told him the old ford below was open and the icy current flowing pure and clear over its pebbly bed. Standing on the thin, crusted ice, he drank greedily from the rift; all the agonizing pain was leaving him, and a restful drowsiness stealing over him. How pleasant it would be to lie down in some sheltered spot and be lulled to sleep by the waters. With the instinct peculiar to his kind to hunt seclusion when wounded, he toiled wearily upward, and with one mighty effort climbed to his den under the rocks. Back some twenty feet he crept to where the long, narrow passage opened into a cavern.

Outside, the world had turned a feathery white, only the muffled roar of the falling snow like the sound of some distant waterfall could be heard. With his nose between his paws, the last survivor of the once famous pack had fallen asleep. His long journey to the West was over. He had made his last kill.

A GRAY DAY

BY DONALD A. FRAZER

Gray is the sky, and the hills are gray;
A gray mist hangs in the heavy air;
A gray ship sails on a smooth gray sea;
And a dull gray care fills the heart of me.
Yea, 'tis somberness everywhere.

Stay! There's a rift in yonder cloud;
A golden beam darts earthward now;
The gray ship looks like a fairy craft.
Then a ray of hope, like the magic shaft
Lifts care and shade from my heart and brow.

The Reversion of McGowan



BY WILL C. BEALE

Mr. Beale has had his ear close to Nature's heart. He knows the West and the primitive men of the West, and, in "The Reversion of McGowan, he has given our readers a lasting impress of the early period now passing away. Overland Monthly is of the West western, and its past volumes contain much fiction that will be quoted in ages to come as a valuable sidelight on history. Mr. Beale's story reflects the local color of the old ranch life. The Southwest is full of these stories. McGowan is a type. Mr. Beale has limned him in words as no painter could in colors. McGowan was saved by the homeopathic scintilla of Anglo-Saxon that was not spoiled by the enervation of climate, drink, cards and companionship.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A HUM OF sudden life, cut through by the slash of breaking glass, animated the stillness of the street—the doors of the Three Stars were thrown violently apart, and McGowan was hurled into the street. He blinked a few minutes in the intense light of sand and sun like a ground owl suddenly thrust out into the blaze of daylight. Then he pulled himself together, and with an access of sudden vitality, strode to a long-patient horse, the only living thing visible in the great white quiet, unhitched the bridle with decisive passes, leaped astride and rode down the deserted street and out into the glare beyond.

McGowan was a lightweight. Burke of the Three Stars said he was no good, and the emphatic finality of Burke's remarks left no doubt but that, to his own mind at least, he knew what he was talking about. Then, too, the fact that McGowan spent most, if not all, his time at the Three Stars, would, of course, give its introspective proprietor ample opportunity for study of character sufficient to justify his ultimatum.

"He's no use whatever," Burke was expounding while he swept up some shattered counter-fixtures. "He won't work only long enough to buy a drink, and if it wasn't for his greaser woman he'd uv starved t' death long ago. The Naught Bar outfit was easy to take him on there, and he's lasted about as quick as I thought." Burke paused to run a soothing thumb under each distorted suspender, and jerk his head clear from a tight-

ened neck band. "When he's all in and his roll's wilted, he always comes and wants to die here. I ain't keepin' no recooperatin' sanitarium, and he's got my permission to keep out."

To McGowan, plodding along in the heat, was coming a large bunch of new feeling—brand obscure. He was not wholly himself as yet, but the edges of his impressions were growing sharper and more incisive with every rod. Liveliest in the assortment, however, stirred and bristled a stinging sensation of soreness—a primitive constituent always alert to command. This nettled and prodded with convincing presence regardless of the feeble stirrings of the newer influences as yet struggling upward to recognition with but the weakness of new birth. His soreness was concrete, and from constant training. well-defined—thus, to his still blurry mind, more dirigible. At present it was directed with tense precision at Burke the inhospitable. To his shifty reasoning it appeared that Burke's demeanor when he, McGowan, possessed a roll, had no possible bond of consistency with his pronounced attitude of the morning when he, McGowan, chanced to be temporarily embarrassed, and in an undefined future of meting out quantities of justice, the uncharitable proprietor should suffer.

Vaguely the incident floated along in retrospect. A chance month's pay had swept to a glorious finish the day before, and with the last flecks thereof he had gone to the Three Stars the previous night. After that, it was a very vague picture. The next sharp recollection was of being awakened with a dash of cold water and jerked suddenly to his feet. Half stupefied, he had listened to Burke's injunction that, in view of the fact that the confines of the place were to a limit constricted, there were infinite varieties of room outside, and for McGowan to make speedy trial thereof. He had also intimated in terms not possible of misconstruction that if McGowan should never return, he would try and bear it with fortitude. McGowan had reached for his gun, but it had disappeared sometime in the chaos of his drunk, and Burke had laid violent hands on him and hurled him toward the door. Some of the Naught Bar boys standing round had given him the laugh when, dazed, disarmed and helpless to act, he had been thrust out.

A man may stand abuse, insult and injury rhinoceros-hided, but ridicule him and you lacerate his soul.

Gradually, as McGowan's head cleared, the groping cleaner impressions reaching out for recognition, came to dominate. Away back in the beginning he had been straight—even trustworthy, but with an easy-going make-up disproportionate to the demands of the country. But for a long time no one had wanted him round even in the infrequent periods of his evanescent wealth. Now, this fact struck home with belittling clearness; the shame of the manhood outcast was his, and he knew himself for what he was—a worthless parasite which no manner of man countenances. His shriveled self-respect was stung into painful prominence, and soon the mounting new impressions faced a clear track.

McGowan straightened up in the saddle and shook himself in the heavy heat. Self-introspection had never been a pastime of his, and the maze confused him. He was well out from Ysleta, and he hurried along the sweating horse as if in escape from an unlovely prospect.

The Mexican woman marked McGowan's return with surprise and some trepidation. To see him back on the place in the daytime was completely out of the ordinary, and doubtless boded her no good. The usual time for his approach was in the night—mostly surly, sometimes roaring drunk and ugly, and the degree of alacrity with which the woman moved to get him fed on these occasions was guaged by the emphasis of his manner. To-day she hastened to take the horse, but he quickly had the saddle off himself, slapped the animal into the little cactus-enclosed corral and went into the house.

The little black-eyed brood which had scattered into the sage-brush like so many chicks at McGowan's arrival, began to stir forth again, and in curious expectancy, entrenched themselves where they could see. But nothing happened. By and by the man appeared in the doorway and the black heads ducked precipitately. The mother waited the keynote of action.

"Is there anything to eat, Bonita?" asked McGowan, quietly.

Relief and surprise came into the woman's face.

"Et ees leetle thair ees," she said. "I will see."

McGowan sat at the table and surveyed the food the woman placed before him. A few Mexican beans and some scraps of tortillas made up the menu. The poor little layout did not even attain to the dignity of the free lunch at the Three Stars. McGowan wondered abstractedly how they managed to live on that. He looked at the furtive little heads in the doorway, and at the stolid woman moving about the room, and it seemed to come to him for the first time that they all belonged to him, that he was responsible for them all—the patient cart-horse of a woman and the shy little brown animals. He had been of small help to the mother, and as for the little ones what, beyond the error of their existence, did they owe to him?

Suddenly McGowan did a wonderful thing. He pushed back his plate, strode to the bed and picked up the fretful little last baby. Then with the little scrap wide-eyed in his arms, he sat down on the doorstep to think.

For the next few days the man tried earnestly to look up a job. He could still see thirty in the close rear-distance, and through all he had retained a convincing physical activity which, in seeking a berth had often won him trials—sometimes in the face of better judgment. But most of the cattlemen knew him of old and they knew no good of him. At every source his repute for all-round worthlessness rode his chances like an old man of the sea, and there was nothing doing.

Between whiles he put in his time on the wretched little place out Ysleta way. He patched up the ragged little palisade of cactus and barrel staves which enclosed the yard, and mended the adobe walls of the house. When Bonita went to the town to wash, he even foraged meals for the little brown tribe of his half-naked offspring.

Toward the end of the week, McGowan realized to the limit what manner of position he had hitherto occupied in El Paso and Chihuahua counties.

There was but half a chance left, and in contemplation of trial thereof, even in his discouraging strait, his nerve failed and he left it until the last. The Naught Bar people owned a little goat ranch over in the foothills toward Mt. Franklin, and in his short sojourn with them he had learned that they were going to install a new manager. The Naught Bar people had taken him on only because they needed him badly, trusting that after a period of strenuous vagrancy, his good sense might prevail, at least until they could get along without new hands. And now to go to them after proffering them so summary a throw-down was like stealing a horse and trying to sell it back.

Bascomb of the Naught Bar laughed aloud when McGowan sought him out and made known his errand. Something in the interview resembling the simile of the stolen horse seemed to strike him also.

"Say, McGowan," he remarked, "your gall is supreme."

With the tenacity of recognizing a last resort, McGowan made his talk, and still Bascomb had smiled.

"What's the use of talking," he concluded, "you won't work, McGowan. And, besides, we're looking for a man who wants to go into the thing with some of his own stuff; you bring us a hundred rubles or so to show us your color, and we'll talk to you."

Back in El Paso, McGowan, in his complete discouragement, felt with cutting realism how hard it was to try and inspire confidence in the face of such a record as his was. The town was throwing itself into the joys of the carnival season, and the festivity on all sides threw into black relief the shadow of his disheartenment. Over in Juarez, on the Mexican side, the people were going in for a good time with complete Mexican abandonment. Absently he followed the crowd to the river, crossed into the town and onward to the bull ring which was drawing most of the people.

Riding home that afternoon, McGowan weighed and considered a compelling idea.

On the last Sunday of the carnival, the Mexican town over the river was a veritable whirlpool of culminating festivity. The fiesta was to end in a blaze of

glory, with a bull-fight of surpassing interest. In conspicuous places bi-lingual posters had announced, as was customary on such events, that the lists would be open for amateur aspirants for honor in any of the characters, noting the rewards for the different combatants and a tempting inducement for an amateur matador.

Some of the Naught Bar boys had ridden in during the morning, and had been in evidence through the town many times throughout the forenoon. As the hour of the performance drew nigh, Henderson, one of the ropers-in-chief, gleaned some of the others from the faro and roulette crowds, and the party, with extremest nonchalance, bunched their assortment of drinks and made for a spot under the side of the arena.

To the detachment another hurried with eager haste.

"Say, boys," he said hurriedly, "who do you suppose was the only candidate who volunteered for the pig stickin'?"

"Give it up, Keegan," said Henderson. "Fire away."

"Why, Dan McGowan."

"Who—Rapid Transit? Aw, g'wan."

"Straight," claimed Keegan. Fuentes told me so himself." Fuentes was the matador ordinary of the Juarez bull ring.

Henderson laughed with searing derision.

"Him?" he scoffed. "Say, I'll bet twenty-five dollars that he wouldn't git down into the ring and mix up with a new-calved cow, let alone a fussy steer, and if he did he'd git punctured the first ground hop."

The dressing room of the matador happened to be just a few feet along the circumference of the arena from the colloquy. Inside, McGowan had heard the announcement of his entry into the lists and the manner of its receipt. With a sudden idea he kicked open the board door, and, undoing the strands of his neckcloth, stood facing the bunch.

"I'll take that bet, Dave," he stated, quietly.

Cornered, Henderson's temperature mounted by jumps. He was a considerable portion drunk, but he knew too much to squeal. He thought, however, that he sighted a means of evasion.

"Put up yer money," he sneered, doubtfully.

McGowan had won twenty-five dollars in a roping contest earlier in the day. It was like betting on his life, and thus challenging Providence, but he had gone into this thing for blood, and it was all or nothing.

Keegan took his pitiful little roll and tucked it away—a trumpet flared up a rocket summons from inside and the fight was on.

McGowan turned to his preparations. Four bulls was the complement of every performance, and his was to be the last.

From time to time a flurry of hoarse yells from within proclaimed specially exciting torture or the ultimate death of some poor, tormented animal. He knew the whole cruel scene in all its brutal intensity. Growing repugnance seemed to supplant any feeling of possible hazard to himself, and in his disgust at the nature of his task, the man rejoiced that, by both birth and temperament, he belonged beyond the Rio Grande.

After the despatch of the third bull, Fuentes entered. He wore an air of ennui as though the killing of infuriated bulls was but a tasteless pastime.

Immediately the rising inflection from the trumpet inside gave signal for the entry of the last bull, and McGowan stepped quietly out into the passageway around the ring to watch the preliminary baiting performance of the other toreadors and to estimate what sort of an adversary was to be his. Concurrent with his exit into the passageway, the bull dashed into the ring from the opposite side, and McGowan noted grimly that he was not to be spared on the score of an unworthy animal. This madly careering brute, stopping now and then to paw the earth and give vent to a throaty bellow, was no Mexican *vaca,* but a mighty Texas steer and a leader of his kind. Leaning over the passageway from the pens into the ring, a Mexican attendant had driven into the animal's shoulder as he rushed past a barbed dart with its handle set in a rosette of colored paper, and, in trying to shake out this stinging insignia, the bull was executing grotesque eccentric bounds like some great mechanical toy with the mechanism disordered.

The work of the *chulos,* with their scarlet lures, was mere scared pretense.

The shivering, blindfolded mount of the first picador had scarcely been lashed forward within the entrance when the great black creature struck across the ring at a tangent, and, with lowered head and elevated tail, pounded toward him across the dust. In sudden panic the rider lost his nerve—his long pike not even poised. With sickening impact, one of the wide horns sank deep into the flank of the nervously dancing horse, and the squealing animal was tossed up until his feet left the ground.

That ended the turn of the *picadores*—the companion performer refused to enter.

McGowan, peering over the top board of the ring-side saw that the half-hearted courage of these green first performers would finally turn over to him an animal in no wise weakened by loss of blood and scarce even winded. The *banderilleros* were taking the ring, and he saw with gratification that one was a professional. He deemed that at best their performance would be but brief, and turned and entered his room for his sword.

Fuentes languished on a bench smoking a cigarette. He watched McGowan's preparations with a slight surprise.

"Shall you go in, Senor?" he asked.

"Of course," said McGowan.

"I will lend you my *cuchillo,*" volunteered the Mexican. "Doubtless you will need it."

McGowan took the little heavy-handled knife and stuck it in his belt.

"Thanks," he said.

From within came a great shout. Some of the *banderilleros* had made good, anyway.

McGowan gathered up his red cloak, picked up his sword and stepped out. The *banderilleros* had just left the ring, and McGowan noted with satisfaction that at least one of them had been successful in placing his darts.

The animal was maddened by the stabbing tortures dangling from his neck. In crazed efforts to dislodge them, he lifted his fore feet from the ground and shook himself like a great dog.. Then he sighted in the ring with him a sole torturer who stood in maddening coolness and waved a glowing cloth like a scarlet flame, and with a rumbling roar of pent-up fury he charged. The onslaught was terrific, but McGowan watched closely and sprang aside, and the black hide flashed past like a streak. Instantly the animal wheeled and again shot toward the man with a rush like a locomotive, and again McGowan avoided him. The brute seemed hurled along by the undiminished vigor of all his powers; the preliminary efforts of the previous performers had drawn so little blood that he was now thoroughly infuriated without being in any wise weakened. McGowan realized that his only chance of a successful thrust would be when the bull was completely winded, and this he deliberately set about to accomplish. The circumference of the arena offered a better field than the inadequate shorter charges, and, trailing his lure out behind like the wing of a great, gaudy insect, he drew the bull along in his wake until the sweeping horns were lowered for a charge, when he would slip behind one of the screening guards at the ring-side and let the animal rush past. This he repeated several times. The maneuvre was having its effect, evinced in the heaving flanks and snorting breath; and still the man kept well beyond reach.

Finally the creature exhibited a change of tactics. With head raised and eyes glowing like emerald slits in the black hide, he stalked majestically toward the flaming lure, momentarily still. Although against his better judgment, McGowan thought that the moment had arrived when the curious predominates over the aggressive; for the merest instant he hesitated whether to avoid dangerous proximity or to chance the bull's pausing to sniff the cloth—and in the blind rush that came at him he saw his error. It was too late to spring aside, and at the promptings of instinct, rather than reason, he seized hold of the wide-reaching horn in a desperate attempt to keep clear. The cloth fell over the animal's eyes, and with a wicked up-beating of the great head he hurled cloth and man to one side.

McGowan was on his feet in an instant, and almost fell behind a guard, while the vindictive horns slithered up the planks of the other side in a splintering r-r-rip.

McGowan leaned up against the wall

behind him to pull himself together. The horns had beaten into the flesh of his thigh, and he could feel a hot streak down the side of his leg.

Already the mob was howling after him like wolves scenting his blood, and with an effort he stepped from behind his shelter into the ring.

Almost simultaneously with his appearance, the bull saw him from across the ring, and was on the way like a bullet. With difficulty, McGowan kept clear for several minutes. He felt that he was waging a terribly uneven battle. The animal plowed the sand of the ring like a black-hided battery of galvanic shocks, and it called for tensest concentration to continually avoid him. Although the long darts still flung about from the hide of his neck, the bull had lost but little blood therefrom, and they only served to keep him in a constant state of maddened torture. At no time had opportunity justified any attempt at a thrust, and McGowan felt that soon it would be too late.

Finally he noted with a faint springing of hope that the animal was showing signs of being favorably winded, and on that he worked with the concentrated power of every energy. Keeping at dangerously close range, he flaunted and poised his lure until the bull, ignoring the man, gave it his whole attention, sighting it from a short distance; gathering himself with increasing speed and plunging his horns into the cloth with vicious fury—passing through and doubling back with remarkable swiftness. Puzzled at the constant elusion, he finally paused with dropped head before the cloth and for a second swayed back and forth for a charge, and in that instant McGowan made his lunge at the spot just before the left shoulder.

A thousandth part of a second too late. The sword was wrenched from his hand and the bull shot madly across the ring with the weapon half-buried in his shoulder. Suddenly he stopped as if confused, and with great cavernous coughs tried to expel the welling flood from his lungs, while the great circle of yelling throats swept a tornado down into the ring.

McGowan lost no time. Now *he* was pursuer. Plucking the stubby little knife from his belt, he crossed to the stricken beast, which backed away with drooping head and muzzle dripping bloody slaver.

The noise stopped.

One second McGowan guaged the distance—the cuchillo poised by the blade; then let fly. In the dead silence was audible a faint *snick* as the blade struck through to the base of the skull. Like a shock, the creature's feet left the ground —and the performance was over.

* * * *

Some days later, the little place out Ysleta way was being cleared out for emigration. Four little burros were hitched to a rough cart which contained the chattels of the entire household. When all was ready, the Mexican woman came out from the door slinging a baby round her shoulders in the folds of a flaming bull-fighter's cloak.

McGowan gently detached the lurid garment and tossed it on the rubbish fire.

"No, Bonita," he remarked, "we'll try and get along without that hereafter. I'll carry Tonio."

He unhitched the waiting horse, swung astride with the child on his arm, and the household moved out from the little yard and took up their way across the sand.





BY F. MARION GALLAGHER

A NOVEL OF POWER.

"The Weight of the Name," by Paul Bourget.

One advantage of being compelled to read scores and scores of bad and indifferent novels is, that when you run across the infrequent work of fiction that is really good, you enjoy it all the more. After a surfeit of sugar-and-starch literature, which appears to be quite the thing this year among our American publishers, to take up this latest work of Paul Bourget is a delightful and gratifying experience.

"L'Emigre" is the name by which the book is known in France. Mr. George Burnham Ives, who made the English translation, and did his work admirably, is probably responsible for the title under which the novel appears in this country. And "The Weight of the Name" suits the volume admirably. The story is pitched in modern conditions in France, and brings out clearly the difficulties that met the scion of an illustrious family simply because he had to bear the family name and follow the family traditions. No profession was open to him except that of arms, and even in military circles his illustrious ancestry was his most serious handicap. In defense of the family name, which bore him down more heavily day after day, he was compelled to sacrifice his religious and political convictions, his hope of happiness in the married state, and his chances of advancement in his profession. All this, M. Bourget drives home with a force and a vividness that few living writers possess, and then, thanks to a device that perhaps only a Frenchman could use successfully, he extricates his hero from the weight of the name by revealing the fact that the hero has no right to the name to begin with.

To praise M. Bourget's skill as a novelist would be almost as absurd and unnecessary as to compliment Master William Shakespeare on the fifth act of "The Merchant of Venice." The deftness of touch and delicacy of suggestion which we have learned to associate with all representative French novelists are here; and here, too, are those delightful psychological observations which in the average English book bore us awfully, and in the average German book drive us to literary suicide. The character analysis in "The Weight of the Name" is of a sort to defy hostile criticism; the portrait of the old French nobleman, "L'Emigre," being particularly well painted.

"The Weight of the Name," in fine, is a work of fiction that no one can afford to miss. There are both pleasure and profit in store for the men and women who have not read this book, which is a well-told story and something more.

(Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

INTERPRETATION OF BROWNING.

"Browning and the Dramatic Monologue," by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Litt. D.

That Browning is not, and in the nature of things, ought not to be the exclusive property of the literary clubs is the unexpressed but definitely intimated belief of Dr. Curry. The present volume is a successful attempt to exploit the nature of the dramatic monologue and to offer helpful suggestions to interpreters of this overlooked form of literature. The author takes Browning as the most conspicuous poet who embodied his ideas in the monologue and proceeds to show, and with relative success, that the man who wrote "The Ring and the Book" and "Sordello," is not near as obscure as he is commonly thought to be.

The book is a serious study and deserves to be taken seriously. Dr. Curry is not a mere "elocutionizer," breaking into print. He brings to his work an open and critical mind, an enthusiasm essential to

the teacher and the critic, and a literary acumen all too rare in these days of correspondence courses and university extension. And he is no mere Christopher Columbus of the obvious. Without in the least pretending to have a "message" for Browningites, Dr. Curry makes it quite clear that he has certain things to say regarding the interpretation of Browning's dramatic monologues that no serious student of the poet can well afford to ignore.

The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the monologue as a literary form, and the second discussing the manner in which the monologue should be read. Dr. Curry is persuaded that the monologue as a literary form is not of nineteenth century origin. "A glance over English literature shows us the fact that the monologue was no sudden invention of Browning's, but that it has become gradually developed, and is a natural form, as natural as the play. A genuine form of poetry is never invented. It is a mode of expressing the fundamental life of man, and while authors may develop it, bring it to perfection, and make it a means for their 'criticism of life,' we can always find hints of the same form in the works of other authors, nations and ages." The monologue is clearly differentiated from the drama, the lyric and the other literary forms, and the distinction between the monologue and the soliloquy is well made. A group of typical monologues from Browning constitutes a valuable appendix.

(The Expression Company, Pierce Building, Boston.)

SCIENCE IN JUVENILE FICTION.

"The Boy Geologist in School and in Camp," by Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D., is a concoction of science and fiction adapted to youthful palates. A professor of geology in a local college assures me that its science is perfectly orthodox, and that his only adverse criticism is that there is not enough geology in the book. The office-boy, who is quite an authority in his way, avers that the book is all right in places, "like where they have the fight," but that certain passages are decidedly "on the rocks." Put the verdicts together and draw your own conclusion—it is bound to be logical. The volume is attractively gotten up and appropriately illustrated.

(Henry Altemus Company,. Philadelphia.)

A STORY OF THE NORTHWEST.

"The Heart of the Red Firs," by Ada Woodruff Anderson.

Neither the plot of this story nor its characters seriously count, but the book stands alone in its class owing to the exceptionally convincing way in which it reproduces the life of an era in American history now drawn to a close. It is carefully and sympathetically written, and though the author lacks something of the sureness and delicacy of touch that transmutes life into literature, she has given us a book that will be eagerly welcomed by those of us over whom has fallen the indefinable charm of the Pacific Northwest. The volume is appropriately dedicated to "those few remaining pioneers who knew the Nisqually trail into the great solitudes, in times before the logging railroad devastated the Puget Sound hills, and the wilderness began to recede at the coming of the builder of townsites."

(Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER.

"Seeing England with Uncle John" is one of the books the traveler cannot get along without. In the home and the library it is indispensable. It is a history, a story, and a companion. It tells in an agreeable manner the story of Yvonne on her travels.

Pretty Yvonne and Lee are married, and living happily in Oxford when Uncle John cables, sans date, sans name of steamer, that he is sailing, please meet him in Liverpool. So Yvonne and Lee travel post-haste to Liverpool to find Uncle John and Dilly, a staid old college professor, the unhappy victim of Uncle John's hospitality, madly off to Carlisle. Uncle John stays scarcely any time at all in a place—though he does give Edinburgh a half day—he loses his trunk and Dilly's too; and his comments on English sights and English travel and Dilly grow funnier with every hour. Meanwhile Yvonne and Lee get real pleasure out of their sudden

trip, set down in clever letters home; and at last the wild chase ends merrily in Oxford, and Uncle John starts home, innocently but deliciously funny to the last.

The Century Company is the publisher, and Anne Warner, who has beguiled us before, is the writer. She is the author of other attractive books. Notable among these is "Seeing France with Uncle John."

"THE LOOM OF THE DESERT."

Stories of the desert are usually written by the tenderfoot, who sees a mirage from a car window and gets his local color from the Indians who peddle fake curios at the railroad stations. But the stories that make up "The Loom of the Desert" are drawn from the experience of Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge, who lived on a Nevada cattle ranch for many years, and who knows the cow-puncher, the Indian, the prospector, and also the sheepman as Mary Austin of "The Land of Little Rain" knows them. There is real life in the slightest of these sketches, each of which depicts some phase of this strange existence on the desert, with its terrible monotony, its nearness to death, and its indescribable charm. The book is finely printed in heavy-faced type, and is illustrated with some spirited sketches by Maynard Dixon. Mrs. Strobridge, who is an expert book-binder, has given the volume a pretty dress.

For sale at the Artemisia Bindery, 231 East Ave. 41, Los Angeles; price $1.50.

"The Next Step in Evolution" is a booklet that deals with the probability and the significance of the second coming of Christ. It is a treatise entirely within the realm of fancy and established scientific fact is left so far astern that it is nowhere visible to the reader. It is a pleasant book, for the individual capable of working himself up to the faith that he believes that "Christ came the first time into men's visions by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time by lifting them up into his plane of spiritual comprehension. It means a new step in the evolution of man." The book does not deal in the evolution of man at all, and its title should be: "The Evolution of the Religious Dogma." The author is Isaac K. Funk, D. D., LL. D. Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers.



The increase of advertising and reading matter has changed the plans for the issue of the Overland Monthly this month. The regular serial of architectural designs is omitted, and it is impossible to give space to the serial pictures of notable Californians, by Miss F. Soule Campbell, the staff artist. The editor assures me that his plans for the month of July are such that this will be one of the best months of the year. It is difficult to think of a number of any magazine that can in any way excel the present, the book that is now before you. The stories have action and good local color, and are Western, and are by men and women of red blood and pulse with life! In the semi-scientific Overland Monthly is presented articles, three of them by the leading lights in the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution, that cannot be duplicated as to authority or style. There is nothing dry about this, and the subjects are handled in a very entertaining manner.

The article descriptive of New Zealand or Maori land, is written in a most charming manner, and the poetry in the book is of the very best. Mr. Marion Gallagher

has given us an insight into the life of that splendid modern Irish poet, Mr. Seumas MacManus that has not reached any readers of American magazines up till now. The Overland Monthly is the first to give the reading world a sketch of Seumas MacManus's daily life that has the signet of the poet's own approval.

Mr. Kidder deals in a masterly and epigrammatic manner with the question of socialism, and his trenchant article is sure to create a stir. Mr. Kidder is a new addition to the Overland stars. He is well known to the readers of the daily and weekly press, but to the magazines he has still, until now, never been asked to contribute. Mrs. Lola Ridge contributes another poem this month, the Under Song, that is quite characteristic and very beautiful.

All in all, I feel like congratulating the editor, and I think I will do so now, taking all of the readers of the Overland into my confidence.

F. A. M.

TALKS WITH THE ADVERTISERS.

The increase in advertising patronage in the columns of the Overland, under the new proprietorship and management is perceptibly larger, but, following an old-established rule of the office, no very great effort is being made to solicit or push matters in this line. The argument advanced last month that the Overland Monthly or any other magazine of recognized large family and railroad circulation was the very best medium whereby hotels may reach the public, has borne fruit in an increase of hotel advertising patronage. Generally, the advertising business shows signs of improvement, but the most gratifying advance is being made by the circulation department of the Overland Monthly. New subscribers are coming in very rapidly. From all over the country, from the Philippines, from Hawaii and Alaska, the little pink sub. blanks with new names are coming in. In the line of circulation, every energy is being brought to bear to increase the number of copies that carry the advertisers' message to the people of the Great West every month of the year. This is the only argument that is used with the advertiser. A circulation among a liberal people who have the money to pay for what they want, who buy what they want, and who know what they want because they saw it in the Overland Monthly.

F. A. M.

Everybody knows that of late years natural forces have been wonderfully subjected to man's need. We are dazzled by the spectacular achievements in steam and electricity, but are likely to forget the less noisy but no less marvelous conquest of animal and plant life.

Horses are swifter, cattle heavier, cows give more milk and sheep have finer fleeces than in days gone by. In plants the transformation is even more marked. People now living can remember when the number of edible fruits and vegetables was far less than at present, and even those that could be grown were vastly inferior to what we now have. For example, our parents knew nothing of the tomato except as a curious ornament in the garden. Sweet corn was hardly better than the commonest field sorts. All oranges had seeds. Celery was little known, and poor in quality. In the flower bed the magnificent pansy has replaced the insignificant Heart's Ease, from which it was developed, and the Sweet Pea in all its dainty splendor traces its origin to the common garden vegetable.

This progress has been made in spite of the great tendency manifested in all plants and animals to go back to the original type. It is indeed a battle to keep strains pure and up to the standard they have already attained, let alone any improvement. The practical results are accomplished by man operating largely for love of the work, like Luther Burbank in California, and Eckford in England, as well as by the great seed merchants, D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., who are not only eternally vigilant to hold what ground has been gained, but have a corps of trained specialists backed by ample means to conduct new experiments. The results of their experiences can be found in their 1908 Seed Annual, which they will send free to all applicants.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY,